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THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

XI.

RALPH took a resolve after this not to misinterpret her words, even when Miss Stackpole appeared to strike the personal note most strongly. He bethought himself that persons, in her view, were simple and homogeneous organisms, and that he, for his own part, was too perverted a representative of human nature to have a right to deal with her in strict reciprocity. He carried out his resolve with a great deal of tact, and the young lady found in her relations with him no obstacle to the exercise of that somewhat aggressive frankness which was the social expression of her nature. Her situation at Gardencourt, therefore, appreciated as we have seen her to be by Isabel, and full of appreciation herself of that fine freedom of composition which to her sense rendered Isabel's character a sister spirit, and of the easy venerableness of Mr. Touchett, whose general tone, as she said, met with her full approval, — her situation at Gardencourt would have been perfectly comfortable, had she not conceived an irresistible mistrust of the little lady to whom she had at first supposed herself obliged to pay a certain deference as mistress of the house. But she presently discovered that this obligation was of the lightest, and that Mrs. Touchett

cared very little how Miss Stackpole behaved. Mrs. Touchett had spoken of her to Isabel as a "newspaper-woman," and expressed surprise at her niece's having selected such a friend; but she had immediately added that she knew Isabel's friends were her own affair, and that she never undertook to like them all, or to restrict the girl to those she liked.

"If you could see none but the people I like, my dear, you would have a very small society," Mrs. Touchett frankly admitted; "and I don't think I like any man or woman well enough to recommend them to you. When it comes to recommending, it is a serious affair. I don't like Miss Stackpole, — I don't like her tone. She talks too loud, and she looks at one too hard. I am sure she has lived all her life in a boarding-house, and I detest the style of manners that such a way of living produces. If you ask me if I prefer my own manners, which you doubtless think very bad, I will tell you that I prefer them immensely. Miss Stackpole knows that I detest boarding-house civilization, and she detests me for detesting it, because she thinks it is the highest in the world. She would like Gardencourt a great deal better if it were a boarding-house. For me, I find it almost too much of one! We shall never get on together, therefore, and there is no use trying."

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Mrs. Touchett was right in guessing that Henrietta disapproved of her, but she had not quite put her finger on the reason. A day or two after Miss Stackpole's arrival she had made some invidious reflections on American hotels which excited a vein of counter-argument on the part of the correspondent of the Interviewer, who in the exercise of her profession had acquired a large familiarity with the technical hospitality of her country. Henrietta expressed the opinion that American hotels were the best in the world, and Mrs. Touchett recorded a conviction that they were the worst. Ralph, with his experimental geniality, suggested, by way of healing the breach, that the truth lay between the two extremes, and that the establishments in question ought to be described as fair middling. This contribution to the discussion, however, Miss Stackpole rejected with scorn. Middling, indeed! If they were not the best in the world, they were the worst, but there was nothing middling about an American hotel.

"We judge from different points of view, evidently," said Mrs. Touchett. "I like to be treated as an individual; you like to be treated as a 'party.'"

"I don't know what you mean," Henrietta replied. "I like to be treated as an American lady."

"Poor American ladies!" cried Mrs. Touchett, with a laugh. "They are the slaves of slaves."

"They are the companions of freemen," Henrietta rejoined.

"They are the companions of their servants, — the Irish chambermaid and the negro waiter. They share their work."

"Do you call the domestics in an American household 'slaves'?" Miss Stackpole inquired. "If that's the way you desire to treat them, no wonder you don't like America."

"If you have not good servants, you are miserable," Mrs. Touchett said, se-

renely. "They are very bad in America, but I have five perfect ones in Florence."

"I don't see what you want with five," Henrietta could not help observing. "I don't think I should like to see five persons surrounding me in that menial position."

"I like them in that position better than in some others," cried Mrs. Touchett, with a laugh.

"Should you like me better if I were your butler, dear?" her husband asked.

"I don't think I should; you would make a very poor butler."

"The companions of freemen, — I like that, Miss Stackpole," said Ralph. "It's a beautiful description."

"When I said freemen, I didn't mean you, sir!"

And this was the only reward that Ralph got for his compliment. Miss Stackpole was baffled. She evidently thought there was something treasonable in Mrs. Touchett's appreciation of a class which she privately suspected of being a mysterious survival of feudalism. It was perhaps because her mind was oppressed with this image that she suffered some days to elapse before she said to Isabel, in the morning, while they were alone together, —

"My dear friend, I wonder whether you are growing faithless!"

"Faithless? Faithless to you, Henrietta?"

"No, that would be a great pain; but it is not that."

"Faithless to my country, then?"

"Ah, that I hope will never be. When I wrote to you from Liverpool, I said I had something particular to tell you. You have never asked me what it is. Is it because you have suspected?"

"Suspected what? As a rule, I don't think I suspect," said Isabel. "I remember now that phrase in your letter, but I confess I had forgotten it. What have you to tell me?"

Henrietta looked disappointed, and her steady gaze betrayed her.

"You don't ask that right,—as if you thought it important. You are changed,—you are thinking of other things."

"Tell me what you mean, and I will think of that."

"Will you really think of it? That is what I wish to be sure of."

"I have not much control of my thoughts, but I will do my best," said Isabel.

Henrietta gazed at her in silence for a period of time which tried Isabel's patience, so that our heroine said at last,—

"Do you mean that you are going to be married?"

"Not till I have seen Europe!" said Miss Stackpole. "What are you laughing at?" she went on. "What I mean is that Mr. Goodwood came out in the steamer with me."

"Ah!" Isabel exclaimed quickly.

"You say right. I had a good deal of talk with him; he has come after you!"

"Did he tell you so?"

"No, he told me nothing; that's how I knew it," said Henrietta, cleverly. "He said very little about you, but I spoke of you a good deal."

Isabel was silent a moment. At the mention of Mr. Goodwood's name she had colored a little, and now her blush was slowly fading.

"I am very sorry you did that," she observed at last.

"It was a pleasure to me, and I liked the way he listened. I could have talked a long time to such a listener; he was so quiet, so intense; he drank it all in."

"What did you say about me?" Isabel asked.

"I said you were on the whole the finest creature I know."

"I am very sorry for that. He thinks too well of me already; he ought not to be encouraged."

"He is dying for a little encouragement. I see his face now, and his earnest, absorbed look while I talked. I never saw an ugly man look so handsome!"

"He is very simple-minded," said Isabel. "And he is not so ugly."

"There is nothing so simple as a great passion."

"It is not a great passion; I am very sure it is not that."

"You don't say that as if you were sure."

Isabel gave rather a cold smile.

"I shall say it better to Mr. Goodwood himself!"

"He will soon give you a chance," said Henrietta.

Isabel offered no answer to this assertion, which her companion made with an air of great confidence.

"He will find you changed," the latter pursued. "You have been affected by your new surroundings."

"Very likely. I am affected by everything."

"By everything but Mr. Goodwood!" Miss Stackpole exclaimed, with a laugh.

Isabel failed even to smile in reply; and in a moment she said,—

"Did he ask you to speak to me?"

"Not in so many words. But his eyes asked it,—and his hand-shake, when he bade me good-by."

"Thank you for doing so." And Isabel turned away.

"Yes, you are changed; you have got new ideas over here," her friend continued.

"I hope so," said Isabel; "one should get as many new ideas as possible."

"Yes, but they shouldn't interfere with the old ones."

Isabel turned about again. "If you mean that I had any idea with regard to Mr. Goodwood"—And then she paused; Henrietta's bright eyes seemed to her to grow enormous.

"My dear child, you certainly encouraged him," said Miss Stackpole.

Isabel appeared for the moment to be on the point of denying this charge, but instead of this she presently answered, "It is very true; I did encourage him." And then she inquired whether her companion had learned from Mr. Goodwood what he intended to do. This inquiry was a concession to curiosity, for she did not enjoy discussing the gentleman with Henrietta Stackpole, and she thought that in her treatment of the subject this faithful friend lacked delicacy.

"I asked him, and he said he meant to do nothing," Miss Stackpole answered. "But I don't believe that; he's not a man to do nothing. He is a man of action. Whatever happens to him, he will always do something, and whatever he does will be right."

"I quite believe that," said Isabel. Henrietta might be wanting in delicacy; but it touched the girl, all the same, to hear this rich assertion made.

"Ah, you *do* care for him," Henrietta murmured.

"Whatever he does will be right," Isabel repeated. "When a man is of that supernatural mould, what does it matter to him whether one cares for him?"

"It may not matter to him, but it matters to some one's self."

"Ah, what it matters to me, that is not what we are discussing," said Isabel, smiling a little.

This time her companion was grave. "Well, I don't care; you have changed," she replied. "You are not the girl you were a few short weeks ago, and Mr. Goodwood will see it. I expect him here any day."

"I hope he will hate me, then," said Isabel.

"I believe that you hope it about as much as I believe that he is capable of it!"

To this observation our heroine made no rejoinder; she was absorbed in the feeling of alarm given her by Henri-

etta's intimation that Caspar Goodwood would present himself at Gardencourt. Alarm is perhaps a violent term to apply to the uneasiness with which she regarded this contingency; but her uneasiness was keen, and there were various good reasons for it. She pretended to herself that she thought the event impossible, and, later, she communicated her disbelief to her friend; but for the next forty-eight hours, nevertheless, she stood prepared to hear the young man's name announced. The feeling was oppressive; it made the air sultry, as if there were to be a change of weather; and the weather, socially speaking, had been so agreeable during Isabel's stay at Gardencourt that any change would be for the worse. Her suspense, however, was dissipated on the second day. She had walked into the park, in company with the sociable Bunchie, and after strolling about for some time, in a manner at once listless and restless, had seated herself on a garden bench, within sight of the house, beneath a spreading beech, where, in a white dress ornamented with black ribbons, she formed, among the flickering shadows, a very graceful and harmonious image. She entertained herself for some moments with talking to the little terrier, as to whom the proposal of an ownership divided with her cousin had been applied as impartially as possible, — as impartially as Bunchie's own somewhat fickle and inconstant sympathies would allow. But she was notified for the first time, on this occasion, of the finite character of Bunchie's intellect; hitherto she had been mainly struck with its extent. It seemed to her at last that she would do well to take a book; formerly, when she felt heavy-hearted, she had been able, with the help of some well-chosen volume, to transfer the seat of consciousness to the organ of pure reason. Of late, however, it was not to be denied, literature had a less absorbing force, and even after she had re-

minded herself that her uncle's library was provided with a complete set of those authors which no gentleman's collection should be without, she sat motionless and empty-handed, with her eyes fixed upon the cool green turf of the lawn. Her meditations were presently interrupted by the arrival of a servant, who handed her a letter. The letter bore the London postmark, and was addressed in a hand that she knew, — that she seemed to know all the better, indeed, as the writer had been present to her mind when the letter was delivered. This document proved to be short, and I may give it entire : —

MY DEAR MISS ARCHER, — I don't know whether you will have heard of my coming to England, but even if you have not, it will scarcely be a surprise to you. You will remember that when you gave me my dismissal at Albany, three month ago, I did not accept it. I protested against it. You in fact appeared to accept my protest, and to admit that I had the right on my side. I had come to see you with the hope that you would let me bring you over to my conviction ; my reasons for entertaining this hope had been of the best. But you disappointed it ; I found you changed, and you were able to give me no reason for the change. You admitted that you were unreasonable, and it was the only concession you would make ; but it was a very cheap one, because you are not unreasonable. No, you are not, and you never will be. Therefore it is that I believe you will let me see you again. You told me that I am not disagreeable to you, and I believe it ; for I don't see why that should be. I shall always think of you. I shall never think of any one else. I came to England simply because you are here. I could n't stay at home after you had gone ; I hated the country because you were not in it. If I like this one at present, it is only because you are here. I have been

to England before, but I have never enjoyed it much. May I not come and see you for half an hour ? This at present is the dearest wish of, yours faithfully,
CASPAR GOODWOOD.

Isabel read Mr. Goodwood's letter with such profound attention that she had not perceived an approaching tread on the soft grass. Looking up, however, as she mechanically folded the paper, she saw Lord Warburton standing before her.

XII.

She put the letter into her pocket, and offered her visitor a smile of welcome, exhibiting no trace of discomposure, and half surprised at her self-possession.

"They told me you were out here," said Lord Warburton ; "and as there was no one in the drawing-room, and it is really you that I wish to see, I came out with no more ado."

Isabel had got up ; she felt a wish, for the moment, that he should not sit down beside her. "I was just going in-doors," she said.

"Please don't do that ; it is much pleasanter here. I have ridden over from Lockleigh. It's a lovely day." His smile was peculiarly friendly and pleasing, and his whole person seemed to emit that radiance of good feeling and well-being which had formed the charm of the girl's first impression of him. It surrounded him like a zone of fine June weather.

"We will walk about a little, then," said Isabel, who could not divest herself of the sense of an intention on the part of her visitor, and who wished both to elude the intention and to satisfy her curiosity regarding it. It had flashed upon her vision once before, and it had given her on that occasion, as we know, a certain alarm. This alarm was composed of several elements, not all of

which were disagreeable; she had, indeed, spent some days in analyzing them, and had succeeded in separating the pleasant part of this idea of Lord Warburton's making love to her from the painful. It may appear to some readers that the young lady was both precipitate and unduly fastidious; but the latter of these facts, if the charge be true, may serve to exonerate her from the discredit of the former. She was not eager to convince herself that a territorial magnate, as she had heard Lord Warburton called, was smitten with her charms; because a declaration from such a source would arouse more questions than it would answer. She had received a strong impression of Lord Warburton's being a personage, and she had occupied herself in examining the idea. At the risk of making the reader smile, it must be said that there had been moments when the intimation that she was admired by a "personage" struck her as an aggression which she would rather have been spared. She had never known a personage before; there were no personages in her native land. When she had thought of such matters as this, she had done so on the basis of character, — of what one liked in a gentleman's mind and in his talk. She herself was a character, — she could not help being aware of that; and hitherto her visions of a completed life had concerned themselves largely with moral images, — things as to which the question would be whether they pleased her soul. Lord Warburton loomed up before her, largely and brightly, as a collection of attributes and powers which were not to be measured by this simple rule, but which demanded a different sort of appreciation, — an appreciation which the girl, with her habit of judging quickly and freely, felt that she lacked the patience to bestow. Of course, there would be a short cut to it, and as Lord Warburton was evidently a very fine fellow it would probably also be a safe cut. Isabel was able to say

all this to herself, but she was unable to feel the force of it. What she felt was that a territorial, a political, a social magnate had conceived the design of drawing her into the system in which he lived and moved. A certain instinct, not imperious, but persuasive, told her to resist, — it murmured to her that virtually she had a system and an orbit of her own. It told her other things besides, — things which both contradicted and confirmed each other: that a girl might do much worse than trust herself to such a man as Lord Warburton, and that it would be very interesting to see something of his system from his own point of view; that, on the other hand, however, there was evidently a great deal of it which she should regard only as an incumbrance, and that even in the whole there was something heavy and rigid which would make it unacceptable. Furthermore, there was a young man lately come from America who had no system at all, but who had a character of which it was useless for her to try to persuade herself that the impression on her mind had been light. The letter that she carried in her pocket sufficiently reminded her of the contrary. Smile not, however, I venture to repeat, at this simple young lady from Albany, who debated whether she should accept a brilliant English viscount before he had offered himself, and who was disposed to believe that on the whole she could do better. She was a person of great good faith, and if there was a great deal of folly in her wisdom, those who judge her severely may have the satisfaction of finding that, later, she became consistently wise only at the cost of an amount of folly which will constitute almost a direct appeal to charity.

Lord Warburton seemed quite ready to walk, to sit, or to do anything that Isabel should propose, and he gave her this assurance with his usual air of being particularly pleased to exercise a social virtue. But he was, nevertheless,

not in command of his emotions, and as he strolled beside her for a moment in silence, looking at her without letting her know it, there was something embarrassed in his glance and his misdirected laughter. Yes, assuredly, — as we have touched on the point, we may return to it for a moment again, — the English are the most romantic people in the world, and Lord Warburton was about to give an example of it. He was about to take a step which would astonish all his friends and displease a great many of them, and which, superficially, had nothing to recommend it. The young lady who trod the turf beside him had come from a queer country across the sea, which he knew a good deal about; her antecedents, her associations, were very vague to his mind, except in so far as they were generic, and in this sense they occurred to him with a certain vividness. Miss Archer had neither a fortune nor the sort of beauty that justifies a man to the multitude, and he calculated that he had spent about twenty-six hours in her company. He had summed up all this, — the perversity of the impulse, which had declined to avail itself of the most liberal opportunities to subside, and the judgment of mankind, as exemplified particularly in the more quickly-judging half of it; he had looked these things well in the face, and then he had dismissed them from his thoughts. He cared no more for them than for the rosebud in his button-hole. It is the good fortune of a man who for the greater part of a life-time has abstained without effort from making himself disagreeable to his friends that, when the need comes for such a course, it is not discredited by irritating associations.

"I hope you had a pleasant ride," said Isabel, who observed her companion's hesitancy.

"It would have been pleasant if for nothing else than that it brought me here," Lord Warburton answered.

"Are you so fond of Gardencourt?"

the girl asked, more and more sure that he meant to make some demand of her; wishing not to challenge him if he hesitated, and yet to keep all the quietness of her reason if he proceeded. It suddenly came upon her that her situation was one which a few weeks ago she would have deemed deeply romantic: the park of an old English country-house, with the foreground embellished by a local nobleman in the act of making love to a young lady who, on careful inspection, should be found to present remarkable analogies with herself. But if she were now the heroine of the situation, she succeeded scarcely the less in looking at it from the outside.

"I care nothing for Gardencourt," said Lord Warburton. "I care only for you."

"You have known me too short a time to have a right to say that, and I cannot believe you are serious."

These words of Isabel's were not perfectly sincere, for she had no doubt whatever that he was serious. They were simply a tribute to the fact, of which she was perfectly aware, that those he himself had just uttered would have excited surprise on the part of the public at large. And, moreover, if anything beside the sense she had already acquired that Lord Warburton was not a frivolous person had been needed to convince her, the tone in which he replied to her would quite have served the purpose.

"One's right in such a matter is not measured by the time, Miss Archer; it is measured by the feeling itself. If I were to wait three months, it would make no difference; I should not be more sure of what I mean than I am to-day. Of course I have seen you very little; but my impression dates from the very first hour we met. I lost no time; I fell in love with you then. It was at first sight, as the novels say; I know now that it is not a fancy phrase, and I shall think better of novels forever-

more. Those two days I spent here settled it. I don't know whether you suspected I was doing so, but I paid — mentally speaking, I mean — the greatest possible attention to you. Nothing you said, nothing you did, was lost upon me. When you came to Lockleigh, the other day, — or rather when you went away, — I was perfectly sure. Nevertheless, I made up my mind to think it over, and to question myself narrowly. I have done so; all these days I have thought of nothing else. I don't make mistakes about such things; I am a very judicious fellow. I don't go off easily, but when I am touched it's for life. It's for life, Miss Archer, — it's for life," Lord Warburton repeated in the kindest, tenderest, pleasantest voice Isabel had ever heard, and looking at her with eyes that shone with the light of a passion that had sifted itself clear of the baser parts of emotion, — the heat, the violence, the unreason, — and which burned as steadily as a lamp in a windless place.

By tacit consent, as he talked, they had walked more and more slowly, and at last they stopped, and he took her hand.

"Ah, Lord Warburton, how little you know me!" Isabel said, very gently; gently, too, she drew her hand away.

"Don't taunt me with that: that I don't know you better makes me unhappy enough already; it's all my loss. But that is what I want, and it seems to me I am taking the best way. If you will be my wife, then I shall know you, and when I tell you all the good I think of you, you will not be able to say it is from ignorance."

"If you know me little, I know you even less," said Isabel.

"You mean that, unlike yourself, I may not improve on acquaintance? Ah, of course, that is very possible. But think, to speak to you as I do, how determined I must be to try and give satisfaction! You do like me, rather, don't you?"

"I like you very much, Lord Warburton," the girl answered; and at this moment she liked him immensely.

"I thank you for saying that; it shows you don't regard me as a stranger. I really believe I have filled all the other relations of life very creditably, and I don't see why I should not fill this one, — in which I offer myself to you, — seeing that I care so much more about it. Ask the people who know me well; I have friends who will speak for me."

"I don't need the recommendations of your friends," said Isabel.

"Ah, now, that is delightful of you. You believe in me yourself."

"Completely," Isabel declared; and it was the truth.

The light in her companion's eyes turned into a smile, and he gave a long murmur of satisfaction.

"If you are mistaken, Miss Archer, let me lose all I possess!"

She wondered whether he meant this for a reminder that he was rich, and, on the instant, felt sure that he did not. He was sinking that, as he would have said himself; and indeed he might safely leave it to the memory of any interlocutor, especially of one to whom he was offering his hand. Isabel had prayed that she might not be agitated, and her mind was tranquil enough, even while she listened and asked herself what it was best she should say, to indulge in this incidental criticism. What she should say, had she asked herself? Her foremost wish was to say something as nearly as possible as kind as what he had said to her. His words had carried perfect conviction with them; she felt that he loved her.

"I thank you more than I can say for your offer," she rejoined at last; "it does me great honor."

"Ah, don't say that!" Lord Warburton broke out. "I was afraid you would say something like that. I don't see what you have to do with that sort

of thing. I don't see why you should thank me; it is I who ought to thank you, for listening to me, — a man whom you know so little, coming down on you with such a thumping demand. Of course it's a great question; I must tell you that I would rather ask it than have it to answer myself. But the way you have listened — or at least your having listened at all — gives me some hope."

"Don't hope too much," Isabel said.

"Oh, Miss Archer!" her companion murmured, smiling again in his seriousness, as if such a warning might perhaps be taken but as the play of high spirits, — the coquetry of elation.

"Should you be greatly surprised if I were to beg you not to hope at all?" Isabel asked.

"Surprised? I don't know what you mean by surprise. It would n't be that; it would be a feeling very much worse."

Isabel walked on again; she was silent for some minutes.

"I am very sure that, highly as I already think of you, my opinion of you, if I should know you well, would only rise. But I am by no means sure that you would not be disappointed. And I say that not in the least out of conventional modesty; it is perfectly sincere."

"I am willing to risk it, Miss Archer," her companion answered.

"It's a great question, as you say; it's a very difficult question."

"I don't expect you, of course, to answer it outright. Think it over as long as may be necessary. If I can gain by waiting, I will gladly wait a long time. Only remember that in the end my dearest happiness depends upon your answer."

"I should be very sorry to keep you in suspense," said Isabel.

"Oh, don't mind. I would much rather have a good answer six months hence than a bad one to-day."

"But it is very probable that even six months hence I should not be able

to give you one that you would think good."

"Why not, since you really like me?"

"Ah, you must never doubt of that," said Isabel.

"Well, then, I don't see what more you ask!"

"It is not what I ask; it is what I can give. I don't think I should suit you; I really don't think I should."

"You needn't bother about that; that's my affair. You needn't be a better royalist than the king."

"It is not only that," said Isabel; "but I am not sure I wish to marry any one."

"Very likely you don't. I have no doubt a great many women begin that way," said his lordship, who, be it averred, did not in the least believe in the axiom he thus beguiled his anxiety by uttering. "But they are frequently persuaded."

"Ah, that is because they want to be!" And Isabel lightly laughed.

Her suitor's countenance fell, and he looked at her for a while in silence.

"I'm afraid it's my being an Englishman that makes you hesitate," he said, presently. "I know your uncle thinks you ought to marry in your own country."

Isabel listened to this assertion with some interest. It had never occurred to her that Mr. Touchett was likely to discuss her matrimonial prospects with Lord Warburton.

"Has he told you that?" she asked.

"I remember his making the remark; he spoke, perhaps, of Americans generally."

"He appears himself to have found it very pleasant to live in England," said Isabel, in a manner that might have seemed a little perverse, but which expressed both her constant perception of her uncle's picturesque circumstances and her general disposition to elude any obligation to take a restricted view.

It gave her companion hope, and he immediately exclaimed, warmly, —

“Ah, my dear Miss Archer, old England is a very good sort of country, you know! And it will be still better when we have furbished it up a little.”

“Oh, don’t furbish it, Lord Warburton; leave it alone; I like it this way.”

“Well, then, if you like it, I am more and more unable to see your objection to what I propose.”

“I am afraid I can’t make you understand.”

“You ought at least to try; I have got a fair intelligence. Are you afraid — afraid of the climate? We can easily live elsewhere, you know. You can pick out your climate, the whole world over!”

These words were uttered with a tender eagerness which went to Isabel’s heart, and she would have given her little finger at that moment to feel, strongly and simply, the impulse to answer, “Lord Warburton, it is impossible for a woman to do better in this world than to commit herself to your loyalty.” But though she could conceive the impulse, she could not let it operate; her imagination was charmed, but it was not led captive. What she finally bethought herself of saying was something very different, — something which altogether deferred the need of answering: “Don’t think me unkind if I ask you to say no more about this today.”

“Certainly, certainly!” cried Lord Warburton. “I would n’t pain you for the world.”

“You have given me a great deal to think about, and I promise you I will do it justice.”

“That’s all I ask of you, of course, — and that you will remember that my happiness is in your hands.”

Isabel listened with extreme respect to this admonition, but she said after a minute, “I must tell you that what I shall think about is some way of letting

you know that what you ask is impossible, without making you miserable.”

“There is no way to do that, Miss Archer. I won’t say that, if you refuse me, you will kill me; I shall not die of it. But I shall do worse: I shall live to no purpose.”

“You will live to marry a better woman than I.”

“Don’t say that, please,” said Lord Warburton, very gravely. “That is fair to neither of us.”

“To marry a worse one, then.”

“If there are better women than you, then I prefer the bad ones; that’s all I can say!” he went on, with the same gravity. “There is no accounting for tastes.”

His gravity made her feel equally grave, and she attested it by again requesting him to drop the subject for the present. “I will speak to you myself, very soon,” she said. “Perhaps I will write to you.”

“At your convenience, yes,” he answered. “Whatever time you take, it must seem to me long, and I suppose I must make the best of that.”

“I shall not keep you in suspense; I only want to collect my mind a little.”

He gave a melancholy sigh, and stood looking at her a moment, with his hands behind him, giving short, nervous shakes to his hunting-whip. “Do you know I am very much afraid of it — of that mind of yours?”

Our heroine’s biographer can scarcely tell why, but the question made her start, and brought a conscious blush to her cheek. She returned his look a moment, and then, with a note in her voice that might almost have appealed to his compassion, “So am I, my lord!” she exclaimed.

His compassion was not stirred, however; all that he possessed of the faculty of pity was needed at home. “Ah! be merciful, be merciful!” he murmured.

“I think you had better go,” said Isabel. “I will write to you.”

"Very good ; but whatever you write, I will come and see you." And then he stood reflecting, with his eyes fixed on the observant countenance of Bunchie, who had the air of having understood all that had been said, and of pretending to carry off the indiscretion by a stimulated fit of curiosity as to the roots of an ancient beech. "There is one thing more," said Lord Warburton. "You know, if you don't like Lockleigh, — if you think it's damp, or anything of that sort, — you need never go within fifty miles of it. It is not damp, by the way ; I have had the house thoroughly examined ; it is perfectly sanitary. But if you should n't fancy it, you need n't dream of living in it. There is no difficulty whatever about that ; there are plenty of houses. I thought I would just mention it ; some people don't like a moat, you know. Good-by."

"I delight in a moat," said Isabel. "Good-by."

He held out his hand, and she gave him hers a moment, — a moment long enough for him to bend his head and kiss it. Then, shaking his hunting-whip with little quick strokes, he walked rapidly away. He was evidently much excited.

Isabel herself was excited, but she was not agitated, as she would have expected beforehand to be. What she felt was not a great responsibility, a great difficulty of choice ; for it appeared to her that there was no choice in the question. She could not marry Lord Warburton ; the idea failed to correspond to any vision of happiness that she had hitherto entertained, or was now capable of entertaining. She must write this to him, she must convince him, and this duty was comparatively simple. But what excited her, in the sense that it struck her with wonderment, was this very fact that it cost her so little to refuse a great opportunity. With whatever qualifications one would, Lord Warburton had offered her a great opportunity ; the situation might have dis-

comforts, might contain elements that would displease her, but she did her sex no injustice in believing that nineteen women out of twenty would accommodate themselves to it with extreme zeal. Why, then, upon her also should it not impose itself ? Who was she, what was she, that she should hold herself superior ? What view of life, what design upon fate, what conception of happiness, had she that pretended to be larger than this large occasion ? If she would not do this, then she must do great things, she must do something greater. Poor Isabel found occasion to remind herself from time to time that she must not be too proud, and nothing could be more sincere than her prayer to be delivered from such a danger ; for the isolation and loneliness of pride had for her mind the horror of a desert place. If it were pride that interfered with her accepting Lord Warburton, it was singularly misplaced ; and she was so conscious of liking him that she ventured to assure herself it was not. She liked him too much to marry him, — that was the point ; something told her that she should not be satisfied, and to inflict upon a man who offered so much a wife with a tendency to criticise would be a peculiarly discreditable act. She had promised him that she would consider his proposal, and when, after he had left her, she wandered back to the bench where he had found her, and lost herself in meditation, it might have seemed that she was keeping her word. But this was not the case ; she was wondering whether she were not a cold, hard girl ; and when at last she got up and rather quickly went back to the house it was because, as she had said to Lord Warburton, she was really frightened at herself.

XIII.

It was this feeling, and not the wish to ask advice, — she had no desire what-

ever for that, — that led her to speak to her uncle of what Lord Warburton had said to her. She wished to speak to some one ; she should feel more natural, more human ; and her uncle, for this purpose, presented himself in a more attractive light than either her aunt or her friend Henrietta. Her cousin, of course, was a possible confidant ; but it would have been disagreeable to her to confide this particular matter to Ralph. So, the next day, after breakfast, she sought her occasion. Her uncle never left his apartment till the afternoon ; but he received his cronies, as he said, in his dressing-room. Isabel had quite taken her place in the class so designated, which, for the rest, included the old man's son, his physician, his personal servant, and even Miss Stackpole. Mrs. Touchett did not figure in the list, and this was an obstacle the less to Isabel's finding her uncle alone. He sat in a complicated mechanical chair, at the open window of his room, looking westward over the park and the river, with his newspapers and letters piled up beside him, his toilet freshly and minutely made, and his smooth, fine face composed to benevolent expectation.

Isabel approached her point very directly : " I think I ought to let you know that Lord Warburton has asked me to marry him. I suppose I ought to tell my aunt ; but it seems best to tell you first."

The old man expressed no surprise, but thanked her for the confidence she showed him. " Do you mind telling me whether you accepted him?" he added.

" I have not answered him definitely, yet ; I have taken a little time to think of it, because that seems more respectful. But I shall not accept him."

Mr. Touchett made no comment upon this ; he had the air of thinking that, whatever interest he might take in the matter from the point of view of sociability, he had no active voice in it,

" Well, I told you you would be a success over here. Americans are highly appreciated."

" Very highly indeed," said Isabel. " But at the cost of seeming ungrateful, I don't think I can marry Lord Warburton."

" Well," her uncle went on, " of course an old man can't judge for a young lady. I am glad you did n't ask me before you made up your mind. I suppose I ought to tell you," he added slowly, but as if it were not of much consequence, " that I have known all about it these three days."

" About Lord Warburton's state of mind?"

" About his intentions, as they say here. He wrote me a very pleasant letter, telling me all about them. Should you like to see it?" the old man asked, obligingly.

" Thank you ; I don't think I care about that. But I am glad he wrote to you ; it was right that he should, and he would be certain to do what was right."

" Ah, well, I guess you do like him!" Mr. Touchett declared. " You need n't pretend you don't."

" I like him extremely ; I am very free to admit that. But I don't wish to marry any one just now."

" You think some one may come along whom you may like better. Well, that's very likely," said Mr. Touchett, who appeared to wish to show his kindness to the girl by easing off her decision, as it were, and finding cheerful reasons for it.

" I don't care if I don't meet any one else ; I like Lord Warburton quite well enough," said Isabel, with that appearance of a sudden change of point of view with which she sometimes startled and even displeased her interlocutors.

Her uncle, however, seemed proof against either of these sensations.

" He's a very fine man," he resumed, in a tone which might have passed for

that of encouragement. "His letter was one of the pleasantest letters I have received in some weeks. I suppose one of the reasons I liked it was that it was all about you; that is, all except the part which was about himself. I suppose he told you all that."

"He would have told me everything I wished to ask him," Isabel said.

"But you did n't feel curious?"

"My curiosity would have been idle, once I had determined to decline his offer."

"You did n't find it sufficiently attractive?" Mr. Touchett inquired.

The girl was silent a moment.

"I suppose it was that," she presently admitted. "But I don't know why."

"Fortunately, ladies are not obliged to give reasons," said her uncle. "There is a great deal that's attractive about such an idea; but I don't see why the English should want to entice us away from our native land. I know that we try to attract them over there; but that is because our population is insufficient. Here, you know, they are rather crowded. However, I suppose there is room for charming young ladies everywhere."

"There seems to have been room here for you," said Isabel, whose eyes had been wandering over the large pleasure-spaces of the park.

Mr. Touchett gave a shrewd, conscious smile.

"There is room everywhere, my dear, if you will pay for it. I sometimes think I have paid too much for this. Perhaps you also might have to pay too much."

"Perhaps I might," the girl replied.

This suggestion gave her something more definite to rest upon than she had found in her own thoughts, and the fact of her uncle's genial shrewdness being associated with her dilemma seemed to prove to her that she was concerned with the natural and reasonable emotions of life, and not altogether a victim to intellectual eagerness and vague am-

bitions,—ambitions reaching beyond the copious honors of Lord Warburton's petition to something indefinable and possibly not commendable. In so far as the indefinable had an influence upon Isabel's behavior at this juncture, it was not the conception, however unformulated, of a union with Caspar Goodwood; for, however little she might have felt warranted in lending a receptive ear to her English suitor, she was at least as far removed from the disposition to let the young man from Boston take complete possession of her. The sentiment in which she ultimately took refuge, after reading his letter, was a suppressed irritation at his having come abroad; for it was part of the influence he had upon her that he seemed to take from her the sense of freedom. There was something too sensible, something oppressive and restrictive, in the manner in which he presented himself. She had been haunted at moments by the image of his disapproval, and she had wondered—a consideration she had never paid in an equal degree to any one else—whether he would like what she did. The difficulty was that more than any man she had ever known, more than poor Lord Warburton (she had begun now to give his lordship the benefit of this epithet), Caspar Goodwood gave her an impression of strength. She might like it or not, but at any rate there was something very firm about him; even in one's usual contact with him one had to reckon with it. The idea of a diminished liberty was particularly disagreeable to Isabel at present, because it seemed to her that she had just given a sort of personal accent to her independence by making up her mind to refuse Lord Warburton. Sometimes Caspar Goodwood had seemed to range himself on the side of her destiny, to be the stubbornest fact she knew; she said to herself at each moment that she might evade him for a time, but that she must make terms with him at

last, — terms which would be certain to be favorable to himself. Her impulse had been to avail herself of the things that helped her to resist such an obligation ; and this impulse had been much concerned in her eager acceptance of her aunt's invitation, which had come to her at a time when she expected from day to day to see Mr. Goodwood, and when she was glad to have an answer ready for something she was sure he would say to her. When she had told him at Albany, on the evening of Mrs. Touchett's visit, that she could not now discuss difficult questions, because she was preoccupied with the idea of going to Europe with her aunt, he declared that this was no answer at all ; and it was to obtain a better one that he followed her across the seas. To say to herself that he was a kind of fate was well enough for a fanciful young woman, who was able to take much for granted in him ; but the reader has a right to demand a description less metaphysical.

He was the son of a proprietor of certain well-known cotton-mills in Massachusetts, — a gentleman who had accumulated a considerable fortune in the exercise of this industry. Caspar now managed the establishment, with a judgment and an energy which, in spite of keen competition and languid years, had kept its prosperity from dwindling. He had received the better part of his education at Harvard University, where, however, he had gained more renown as a gymnast and an oarsman than as a votary of culture. Later, he had become reconciled to culture, and though he was still fond of sport he was capable of showing an excellent understanding of other matters. He had a remarkable aptitude for mechanics, and had invented an improvement in the cotton-spinning process, which was now largely used and was known by his name. You might have seen his name in the papers in connection with this fruitful contrivance ; assurance of which he had

given to Isabel by showing her in the columns of the New York Interviewer an exhaustive article on the Goodwood patent, — an article not prepared by Miss Stackpole, friendly as she had proved herself to his more sentimental interests. He had great talent for business, for administration, and for making people execute his purpose and carry out his views, — for managing men, as the phrase was ; and to give its complete value to this faculty he had an insatiable, an almost fierce, ambition. It always struck people who knew him that he might do greater things than carry on a cotton-factory ; there was nothing cottony about Caspar Goodwood, and his friends took for granted that he would not always content himself with that. He had once said to Isabel that, if the United States were only not such a confoundedly peaceful nation, he would find his proper place in the army. He keenly regretted that the civil war should have terminated just as he had grown old enough to wear shoulder-straps, and was sure that if something of the same kind would only occur again he would make a display of striking military talent. It pleased Isabel to believe that he had the qualities of a famous captain, and she answered that, if it would help him along, she should n't object to a war, — a speech which ranked among the three or four most encouraging ones he had elicited from her, and of which the value was not diminished by her subsequent regret at having said anything so heartless, inasmuch as she never communicated this regret to him. She liked, at any rate, this idea of his being potentially a commander of men, — liked it much better than some other points in his character and appearance. She cared nothing about his cotton-mill, and the Goodwood patent left her imagination absolutely cold. She wished him not an inch less a man than he was ; but she sometimes thought he would be rather nicer if he looked, for instance, a little different.

His jaw was too square and grim, and his figure too straight and stiff; these things suggested a want of easy adaptability to some of the occasions of life. Then she viewed with disfavor a habit he had of dressing always in the same manner. It was not, apparently, that he wore the same clothes continually, for, on the contrary, his garments had a way of looking rather too new. But they all seemed to be made of the same piece; the pattern, the cut, was in every case identical. She had reminded herself more than once that this was a frivolous objection to a man of Mr. Goodwood's importance; and then she had amended the rebuke by saying that it would be a frivolous objection if she were in love with him. She was not in love with him, and therefore she might criticise his small defects as well as his great ones, — which latter consisted in the collective reproach of his being too serious; or, rather, not of his being too serious, — for one could never be that, — but of his seeming so. He showed his seriousness too simply, too artlessly; when one was alone with him he talked too much about the same subject, and when other people were present he talked too little about anything. And yet he was the strongest man she had ever known, and she believed that at bottom he was the cleverest. It was very strange; she was far from understanding the contradictions among her own impressions. Caspar Goodwood had never corresponded to her idea of a delightful person, and she supposed that this was why he was so unsatisfactory. When, however, Lord Warburton, who not only did correspond with it, but gave an extension to the term, appealed to her approval, she found herself still unsatisfied. It was certainly strange.

Such incongruities were not a help to answering Mr. Goodwood's letter, and Isabel determined to leave it a while unanswered. If he had determined to persecute her, he must take the conse-

quences, — foremost among which was his being left to perceive that she did not approve of his coming to Garden-court. She was already liable to the incursions of one suitor at this place, and, though it might be pleasant to be appreciated in opposite quarters, Isabel had a personal shrinking from entertaining two lovers at once, even in a case where the entertainment should consist of dismissing them. She sent no answer to Mr. Goodwood; but at the end of three days she wrote to Lord Warburton, and the letter belongs to our history. It ran as follows: —

DEAR LORD WARBURTON, — A great deal of careful reflection has not led me to change my mind about the suggestion you were so kind as to make me the other day. I do not find myself able to regard you in the light of a husband, or to regard your home — your various homes — in the light of my own. These things cannot be reasoned about, and I very earnestly entreat you not to return to the subject we discussed so exhaustively. We see our lives from our own point of view; that is the privilege of the weakest and the humblest of us; and I shall never be able to see mine in the manner you proposed. Kindly let this suffice you, and do me the justice to believe that I have given your proposal the deeply respectful consideration it deserves. It is with this feeling of respect that I remain very truly yours,

ISABEL ARCHER.

While the author of this missive was making up her mind to dispatch it, Henrietta Stackpole formed a resolution which was accompanied by no hesitation. She invited Ralph Touchett to take a walk with her in the garden, and when he had assented with that alacrity which seemed constantly to testify to his high expectations she informed him that she had a favor to ask of him. It may be confided to the reader that at this infor-

mation the young man flinched; for we know that Miss Stackpole had struck him as indiscreet. The movement was unreasonable, however; for he had measured the limits of her discretion as little as he had explored its extent; and he made a very civil profession of the desire to serve her. He was afraid of her, and he presently told her so.

"When you look at me in a certain way," he said, "my knees knock together, my faculties desert me; I am filled with trepidation, and I ask only for strength to execute your commands. You have a look which I have never encountered in any woman."

"Well," Henrietta replied, good-humoredly, "if I had not known before that you were trying to turn me into ridicule, I should know it now. Of course I am easy game, — I was brought up with such different customs and ideas. I am not used to your arbitrary standards, and I have never been spoken to in America as you have spoken to me. If a gentleman, conversing with me, over there, were to speak to me like that, I should n't know what to make of it. We take everything more naturally over there, and, after all, we are a great deal more simple. I admit that; I am very simple myself. Of course, if you choose to laugh at me for that, you are very welcome; but I think, on the whole, I would rather be myself than you. I am quite content to be myself; I don't want to change. There are plenty of people that appreciate me just as I am; it is true they are only Americans!" Henrietta had lately taken up the tone of helpless innocence and large concession. "I want you to assist me a little," she went on. "I don't care in the least whether I amuse you while you do so; or, rather, I am perfectly willing that your amusement should be your reward. I want you to help me about Isabel."

"Has she injured you?" Ralph asked.

"If she had I should n't mind, and I

should never tell you. What I am afraid of is that she will injure herself."

"I think that is very possible," said Ralph.

His companion stopped in the garden walk, fixing on him a gaze which may perhaps have contained the quality that caused his knees to knock together. "That, too, would amuse you, I suppose! The way you do say things! I never heard any one so indifferent."

"To Isabel? Never in the world."

"Well, you are not in love with her, I hope."

"How can that be, when I am in love with another?"

"You are in love with yourself, — that is the other!" Miss Stackpole declared. "Much good may it do you! But if you wish to be serious once in your life, here is a chance; and if you really care for your cousin here is an opportunity to prove it. I don't expect you to understand her; that's too much to ask. But you need n't do that to grant my favor. I will supply the necessary intelligence."

"I shall enjoy that immensely!" Ralph exclaimed. "I will be Caliban, and you shall be Ariel."

"You are not at all like Caliban, because you are sophisticated, and Caliban was not. But I am not talking about imaginary characters; I am talking about Isabel. Isabel is intensely real. What I wish to tell you is that I find her fearfully changed."

"Since you came, do you mean?"

"Since I came, and before I came. She is not the same as she was."

"As she was in America?"

"Yes, in America. I suppose you know that she comes from there. She can't help it, but she does."

"Do you want to change her back again?"

"Of course I do; and I want you to help me."

"Ah," said Ralph, "I am only Caliban; I am not Prospero."

"You were Prospero enough to make her what she has become. You have acted on Isabel Archer since she came here, Mr. Touchett."

"I, my dear Miss Stackpole? Never in the world. Isabel Archer has acted on me, — yes; she acts on every one. But I have been absolutely passive."

"You are too passive, then. You had better stir yourself, and be careful. Isabel is changing every day; she is drifting away, — right out to sea. I have watched her, and I can see it. She is not the bright American girl she was. She is taking different views, and turning away from her old ideals. I want to save those ideals, Mr. Touchett, and that is where you come in!"

"Not surely as an ideal?"

"Well, I hope not," Henrietta replied, promptly. "I have got a fear in my heart that she is going to marry one of these Europeans, and I want to prevent it."

"Ah, I see!" cried Ralph. "And to prevent it you want me to step in and marry her?"

"Not quite; that remedy would be as bad as the disease, for you are the typical European from whom I wish to rescue her. No; I wish you to take an interest in another person, — a young man to whom she once gave great encouragement, and whom she now does n't seem to think good enough. He's a noble fellow and a very dear friend of mine, and I wish very much you would invite him to pay a visit here."

Ralph was much puzzled by this appeal, and it is perhaps not to the credit of his purity of mind that he failed to look at it at first in the simplest light. It wore, to his eyes, a tortuous air; his fault was that he was not quite sure that anything in the world could really be as candid as this request of Miss Stackpole's appeared. That a young woman should demand that a gentleman whom she described as her very dear friend should be furnished with an opportunity

to make himself agreeable to another young woman, whose attention had wandered, and whose charms were greater, — this was an anomaly which for the moment challenged all his ingenuity of interpretation. To read between the lines was easier than to follow the text, and to suppose that Miss Stackpole wished the gentleman invited to Gardencourt on her own account was the sign not so much of a vulgar as of an embarrassed mind. Even from this venial act of vulgarity, however, Ralph was saved, and saved by a force that I can scarcely call anything less than inspiration. With no more outward light on the subject than he already possessed, he suddenly acquired the conviction that it would be a sovereign injustice to the correspondent of the Interviewer to assign a dishonorable motive to any act of hers. This conviction passed into his mind with extreme rapidity; it was perhaps kindled by the pure radiance of the young lady's imperturbable gaze. He returned this gaze a moment, consciously resisting an inclination to frown, as one frowns in the presence of larger luminaries. "Who is the gentleman you speak of?"

"Mr. Caspar Goodwood, from Boston. He has been extremely attentive to Isabel, — just as devoted to her as he can live. He has followed her out here, and he is at present in London. I don't know his address, but I guess I can obtain it."

"I have never heard of him," said Ralph.

"Well, I suppose you have n't heard of every one. I don't believe he has ever heard of you; but that is no reason why Isabel should n't marry him."

Ralph gave a little laugh. "What a rage you have for marrying people! Do you remember how you wanted to marry me the other day?"

"I have got over that. You don't know how to take such ideas. Mr. Goodwood does, however; and that's what I

like about him. He's a splendid man and a perfect gentleman; and Isabel knows it."

"Is she very fond of him?"

"If she is n't, she ought to be. He is simply wrapped up in her."

"And you wish me to ask him here," said Ralph, reflectively.

"It would be an act of true hospitality."

"Caspar Goodwood," Ralph continued, — "it's rather a striking name."

"I don't care anything about his name. It might be Ezekiel Jenkins, and I should say the same. He is the only man I have ever seen whom I think worthy of Isabel."

"You are a very devoted friend," said Ralph.

"Of course I am. If you say that to laugh at me, I don't care."

"I don't say it to laugh at you; I am very much struck with it."

"You are laughing worse than ever; but I advise you not to laugh at Mr. Goodwood."

"I assure you I am very serious; you ought to understand that," said Ralph.

In a moment his companion understood it. "I believe you are; now you are too serious."

"You are difficult to please."

"Oh, you are very serious indeed. You won't invite Mr. Goodwood."

"I don't know," said Ralph. "I am capable of strange things. Tell me a little about Mr. Goodwood. What is he like?"

"He is just the opposite of you. He is at the head of a cotton-factory, — a very fine one."

"Has he pleasant manners?" asked Ralph.

"Splendid manners, — in the American style."

"Would he be an agreeable member of our little circle?"

"I don't think he would care much about our little circle. He would concentrate on Isabel."

"And how would my cousin like that?"

"Very possibly, not at all. But it will be good for her. It will call back her thoughts."

"Call them back, — from where?"

"From foreign parts and other unnatural places. Three months ago she gave Mr. Goodwood every reason to suppose that he was acceptable to her, and it is not worthy of Isabel to turn her back upon a real friend simply because she has changed the scene. I have changed the scene, too, and the effect of it has been to make me care more for my old associations than ever. It's my belief that the sooner Isabel changes it back again the better. I know her well enough to know that she would never be truly happy here, and I wish her to form some strong American tie that will act as a preservative."

"Are you not a little too much in a hurry?" Ralph inquired. "Don't you think you ought to give her more of a chance in poor old England?"

"A chance to ruin her bright young life? One is never too much in a hurry to save a precious human creature from drowning."

"As I understand it, then," said Ralph, "you wish me to push Mr. Goodwood overboard after her. Do you know," he added, "that I have never heard her mention his name?"

Henrietta Stackpole gave a brilliant smile. "I am delighted to hear that; it proves how much she thinks of him."

Ralph appeared to admit that there was a good deal in this, and he surrendered himself to meditation, while his companion watched him askance. "If I should invite Mr. Goodwood," he said, "it would be to quarrel with him."

"Don't do that; he would prove the better man."

"You certainly are doing your best to make me hate him! I really don't think I can ask him. I should be afraid of being rude to him."

"It's just as you please," said Henrietta. "I had no idea you were in love with her yourself."

"Do you really believe that?" the young man asked, with lifted eyebrows.

"That's the most natural speech I have ever heard you make! Of course I believe it," Miss Stackpole answered, ingeniously.

"Well," said Ralph, "to prove to you that you are wrong, I will invite him. It must be, of course, as a friend of yours."

"It will not be as a friend of mine that he will come; and it will not be to prove to me that I am wrong that you will ask him, — but to prove it to yourself!"

These last words of Miss Stackpole's (on which the two presently separated) contained an amount of truth which Ralph Touchett was obliged to recognize; but it took the edge from too sharp a recognition that, in spite of his suspecting that it would be rather more indiscreet to keep his promise than it would be to break it, he wrote Mr. Goodwood a note of six lines, expressing the pleasure it would give Mr. Touchett the elder that he should join a little party at Gardencourt, of which Miss Stackpole was a valued member. Having sent his letter (to the care of a banker whom Henrietta suggested), he waited in some suspense. He had heard of Mr. Caspar Goodwood by name for the first time; for when his mother mentioned to him, on her arrival, that there was a story about the girl's having an "admirer" at home, the idea seemed deficient in reality, and Ralph took no pains to ask questions the answers to which would suggest only the vague or the disagreeable. Now, however the native admiration of which his cousin was the object had become more concrete: it took the form of a young man who had followed her to London; who was interested in a cotton-mill, and had manners in the American style.

Ralph had two theories about this young man. Either his passion was a sentimental fiction of Miss Stackpole's (there was always a sort of tacit understanding among women, born of the solidarity of the sex, that they should discover or invent lovers for each other), in which case he was not to be feared, and would probably not accept the invitation; or else he would accept the invitation, and in this event would prove himself a creature too irrational to demand further consideration. The latter clause of Ralph's argument might have seemed incoherent; but it embodied his conviction that if Mr. Goodwood were interested in Isabel, in the serious manner described by Miss Stackpole, he would not care to present himself at Gardencourt on a summons from the latter lady. "On this supposition," said Ralph, "he must regard her as a thorn on the stem of his rose; as an intercessor he must find her wanting in tact."

Two days after he had sent his invitation he received a very short note from Caspar Goodwood, thanking him for it, regretting that other engagements made a visit to Gardencourt impossible, and presenting many compliments to Miss Stackpole. Ralph handed the note to Henrietta, who, when she had read it, exclaimed, —

"Well, I never have heard of anything so stiff!"

"I am afraid he does n't care so much about my cousin as you suppose," Ralph observed.

"No, it's not that; it's some deeper motive. His nature is very deep. But I am determined to fathom it, and I will write to him to know what he means."

His refusal of Ralph's overtures made this young man vaguely uncomfortable; from the moment he declined to come to Gardencourt Ralph began to think him of importance. He asked himself what it signified to him whether Isabel's admirers should be desperadoes or lag-

gards; they were not rivals of his, and were perfectly welcome to act according to their peculiar temperaments. Nevertheless, he felt much curiosity as to the result of Miss Stackpole's promised inquiry into the causes of Mr. Goodwood's stiffness, — a curiosity for the present ungratified, inasmuch as when he asked her, three days later, whether she had written to London, she was obliged to confess that she had written in vain. Mr. Goodwood had not answered her.

"I suppose he is thinking it over," she said; "he thinks everything over; he is not at all impulsive. But I am accustomed to having my letters answered the same day."

Whether it was to pursue her investigations, or whether it was in compliance with still larger interests, is a point which remains somewhat uncertain; at all events, she presently proposed to Isabel that they should make an excursion to London together.

"If I must tell the truth," she said, "I am not seeing much at this place, and I should n't think you were, either. I have not even seen that aristocrat, — what's his name? — Lord Washburton. He seems to let you severely alone."

"Lord Warburton is coming to-morrow, I happen to know," replied Isabel, who had received a note from the master of Lockleigh in answer to her own letter. "You will have every opportunity of examining him."

"Well, he may do for one letter; but what is one letter, when you want to write fifty? I have described all the scenery in this vicinity, and raved about all the old women and donkeys. You may say what you please, scenery makes a thin letter. I must go back to London and get some impressions of real life. I was there but three days before I came away, and that is hardly time to get started."

As Isabel, on her journey from New York to Gardencourt, had seen even less of the metropolis than this, it appeared

a happy suggestion of Henrietta's that the two should go thither on a visit of pleasure. The idea struck Isabel as charming; she had a great desire to see something of London, which had always been the city of her imagination. They turned over their scheme together, and indulged in visions of æsthetic hours. They would stay at some picturesque old inn, — one of the inns described by Dickens, — and drive over the town in those delightful hansoms. Henrietta was a literary woman, and the great advantage of being a literary woman was that you could go everywhere and do everything. They would dine at a coffee-house, and go afterwards to the play; they would frequent the Abbey and the British Museum, and find out where Dr. Johnson had lived, and Goldsmith and Addison. Isabel grew eager, and presently mentioned these bright intentions to Ralph, who burst into a fit of laughter which did not express the sympathy she had desired.

"It's a delightful plan," he said. "I advise you to go to the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, — an easy, informal, old-fashioned place, — and I will have you put down at my club."

"Do you mean it's improper?" Isabel asked. "Dear me, is n't anything proper here? With Henrietta, surely I may go anywhere; she is n't hampered in that way. She has traveled over the whole American continent, and she can surely find her way about this simple little island."

"Ah, then," said Ralph, "let me take advantage of her protection to go up to town as well. I may never have a chance to travel so safely!"

XIV.

Miss Stackpole would have prepared to start for London immediately; but Isabel, as we have seen, had been notified that Lord Warburton would come

again to Gardencourt, and she believed it to be her duty to remain there and see him. For four or five days he had made no answer to her letter; then he had written, very briefly, to say that he would come to lunch two days later. There was something in these delays and postponements that touched the girl, and renewed her sense of his desire to be considerate and patient, not to appear to urge her too grossly, — a discretion the more striking that she was so sure he really liked her. Isabel told her uncle that she had written to him, and let Mr. Touchett know of Lord Warburton's intention of coming; and the old man, in consequence, left his room earlier than usual, and made his appearance at the lunch-table. This was by no means an act of vigilance on his part, but the fruit of a benevolent belief that his being of the company might help to cover the visitor's abstraction, in case Isabel should find it needful to give Lord Warburton another hearing. This gentleman drove over from Lockleigh, and brought the elder of his sisters with him, — a measure presumably dictated by considerations of the same order as Mr. Touchett's. The two visitors were introduced to Miss Stackpole, who, at luncheon, occupied a seat adjoining Lord Warburton's. Isabel, who was nervous, and had no relish for the prospect of again arguing the question he had so precipitately opened, could not help admiring his good-humored self-possession, which quite disguised the symptoms of that admiration it was natural she should suppose him to feel. He neither looked at her nor spoke to her, and the only sign of his emotion was that he avoided meeting her eye. He had plenty of talk for the others, however, and he appeared to eat his luncheon with discrimination and appetite. Miss Molyneux, who had a smooth, nun-like forehead, and wore a large silver cross suspended from her neck, was evidently preoccupied with

Henrietta Stackpole, upon whom her eyes constantly rested in a manner which seemed to denote a conflict between attention and alienation. Of the two ladies from Lockleigh, she was the one that Isabel had liked best; there was such a world of hereditary quiet in her. Isabel was sure, moreover, that her mild forehead and silver cross meant something, — that she was a member of a High Church sisterhood, or was versed in works of charity and piety. She wondered what Miss Molyneux would think of her if she knew Miss Archer had refused her brother; and then she felt sure that Miss Molyneux would never know, — that Lord Warburton never told her such things. He was fond of her and kind to her, but on the whole he told her little. Such, at least, was Isabel's theory: when, at table, she was not occupied in conversation, she was usually occupied in forming theories about her neighbors. According to Isabel, if Miss Molyneux should ever learn what had passed between Miss Archer and Lord Warburton, she would probably be shocked at the young lady's indifference to such an opportunity; or no, rather (this was our heroine's last impression) she would credit the young American with a high sense of general fitness.

Whatever Isabel might have made of her opportunities, Henrietta Stackpole was by no means disposed to neglect those in which she now found herself immersed.

"Do you know you are the first lord I have ever seen?" she said, very promptly, to her neighbor. "I suppose you think I am awfully benighted."

"You have escaped seeing some very ugly men," Lord Warburton answered, looking vaguely about the table, and laughing a little.

"Are they very ugly? They try to make us believe in America that they are all handsome and magnificent, and that they wear wonderful robes and crowns."

"Ah, the robes and crowns have gone out of fashion," said Lord Warburton, "like your tomahawks and revolvers."

"I am sorry for that; I think an aristocracy ought to be splendid," Henrietta declared. "If it is not that, what is it?"

"Oh, you know, it is n't much, at the best," Lord Warburton answered. "Won't you have a potato?"

"I don't care much for these European potatoes. I should n't know you from an ordinary American gentleman."

"Do talk to me as if I were one," said Lord Warburton. "I don't see how you manage to get on without potatoes; you must find so few things to eat over here."

Henrietta was silent a moment; there was a chance that he was not sincere.

"I have had hardly any appetite since I have been here," she went on at last; "so it does n't much matter. I don't approve of *you*, you know; I feel as if I ought to tell you that."

"Don't approve of me?"

"Yes; I don't suppose any one ever said such a thing to you before, did they? I don't approve of lords, as an institution. I think the world has got beyond that, — far beyond."

"Oh, so do I. I don't approve of myself in the least. Sometimes it comes over me, — how I should object to myself if I were not myself, don't you know? But that's rather good, by the way, — not to be vainglorious."

"Why don't you give it up, then?" Miss Stackpole inquired.

"Give up—a"—asked Lord Warburton, meeting her harsh inflection with a very soft one.

"Give up being a lord."

"Oh, I am so little of one! One would really forget all about it, if you wretched Americans were not constantly reminding one. However, I do think of giving up — the little there is left of it — one of these days."

"I should like to see you do it!" Henrietta exclaimed, rather grimly.

"I will invite you to the ceremony; we will have a supper and a dance."

"Well," said Miss Stackpole, "I like to see all sides. I don't approve of a privileged class, but I like to hear what they have got to say for themselves."

"Mighty little, as you see!"

"I should like to draw you out a little more," Henrietta continued. "But you are always looking away. You are afraid of meeting my eye. I see you want to escape me."

"No, I am only looking for those despised potatoes."

"Please explain about that young lady, — your sister, — then. I don't understand about her. Is she a Lady?"

"She's a capital good girl."

"I don't like the way you say that, — as if you wanted to change the subject. Is her position inferior to yours?"

"We neither of us have any position to speak of; but she is better off than I, because she has none of the bother."

"Yes, she does n't look as if she had much bother. I wish I had as little bother as that. You do produce quiet people over here, whatever you may do."

"Ah, you see, one takes life easily, on the whole," said Lord Warburton. "And then, you know, we are very dull. Ah, we can be dull when we try!"

"I should advise you to try something else. I should n't know what to talk to your sister about; she looks so different. Is that silver cross a badge?"

"A badge?"

"A sign of rank."

Lord Warburton's glance had wandered a good deal, but at this it met the gaze of his neighbor.

"Oh, yes," he answered, in a moment; "the women go in for those things. The silver cross is worn by the elder daughters of viscounts."

This was his harmless revenge for

having occasionally had his credulity too easily engaged in America.

After lunch he proposed to Isabel to come into the gallery and look at the pictures; and though she knew that he had seen the pictures twenty times she complied without criticising this pretext. Her conscience now was very easy; ever since she sent him her letter she had felt particularly light of spirit. He walked slowly to the end of the gallery, looking at the paintings and saying nothing; and then he suddenly broke out, —

"I hoped you would n't write to me that way."

"It was the only way, Lord Warburton," said the girl. "Do try and believe that."

"If I could believe it, of course I should let you alone. But we can't believe by willing it; and I confess I don't understand. I could understand your disliking me; that I could understand well. But that you should admit what you do" —

"What have I admitted?" Isabel interrupted, blushing a little.

"That you think me a good fellow; is n't that it?" She said nothing, and he went on: "You don't seem to have any reason, and that gives me a sense of injustice."

"I have a reason, Lord Warburton," said the girl; and she said it in a tone that made his heart contract.

"I should like very much to know it."

"I will tell you some day when there is more to show for it."

"Excuse my saying that in the mean time I must doubt of it."

"You make me very unhappy," said Isabel.

"I am not sorry for that; it may help you to know how I feel. Will you kindly answer me a question?" Isabel made no audible assent, but he apparently saw something in her eyes which gave him courage to go on. "Do you prefer some one else?"

"That's a question I would rather not answer."

"Ah, you *do* then!" her suitor murmured, with bitterness.

The bitterness touched her, and she cried out, —

"You are mistaken! I don't."

He sat down on a bench, unceremoniously, doggedly, like a man in trouble; leaning his elbows on his knees and staring at the floor.

"I can't even be glad of that," he said, at last, throwing himself back against the wall, "for that would be an excuse."

Isabel raised her eyebrows, with a certain eagerness.

"An excuse? Must I excuse myself?"

He paid, however, no answer to the question. Another idea had come into his head.

"Is it my political opinions? Do you think I go too far?"

"I can't object to your political opinions, Lord Warburton," said the girl, "because I don't understand them."

"You don't care what I think!" he cried, getting up. "It's all the same to you."

Isabel walked away, to the other side of the gallery, and stood there, showing him her charming back, her light, slim figure, the length of her white neck as she bent her head, and the density of her dark braids. She stopped in front of a small picture, as if for the purpose of examining it; and there was something young and flexible in her movement, which her companion noticed. Isabel's eyes, however, saw nothing; they had suddenly been suffused with tears. In a moment he followed her, and by this time she had brushed her tears away; but when she turned round her face was pale, and the expression of her eyes was strange.

"That reason that I would n't tell you," she said, "I will tell it you, after all. It is that I can't escape my fate."

"Your fate?"

"I should try to escape it if I should marry you."

"I don't understand. Why should not that be your fate, as well as anything else?"

"Because it is not," said Isabel, femininely. "I know it is not. It's not my fate to give up, — I know it can't be."

Poor Lord Warburton stared, with an interrogative point in either eye.

"Do you call marrying me giving up?"

"Not in the usual sense. It is getting — getting — getting a great deal. But it is giving up other chances."

"Other chances?" Lord Warburton repeated, more and more puzzled.

"I don't mean chances to marry," said Isabel, her color rapidly coming back to her. And then she stopped, looking down with a deep frown, as if it were hopeless to attempt to make her meaning clear.

"I don't think it is presumptuous in me to say that I think you will gain more than you will lose," Lord Warburton observed.

"I can't escape unhappiness," said Isabel. "In marrying you, I shall be trying to."

"I don't know whether you would try to, but you certainly would: that I must in candor admit!" Lord Warburton exclaimed, with an anxious laugh.

"I must not, — I can't!" cried the girl.

"Well, if you are bent on being miserable, I don't see why you should make me so. Whatever charms unhappiness may have for you, it has none for me."

"I am not bent on being miserable," said Isabel. "I have always been intensely determined to be happy, and I have often believed I should be. I have told people that; you can ask them. But it comes over me, every now and then, that I can never be happy

in any extraordinary way; not by turning away, by separating myself."

"By separating yourself from what?"

"From life: from the usual chances and dangers; from what most people know and suffer."

Lord Warburton broke into a smile that almost denoted hope.

"Why, my dear Miss Archer," he began to explain, with the most considerate eagerness, "I don't offer you any exoneration from life, or from any chances or dangers whatever. I wish I could; depend upon it, I would! For what do you take me, pray? Heaven help me, I am not the Emperor of China! All I offer you is the chance of taking the common lot in a comfortable sort of way. The common lot? Why, I am devoted to the common lot! Strike an alliance with me, and I promise you that you shall have plenty of it. You shall separate from nothing whatever, — not even from your friend Miss Stackpole."

"She would never approve of it," said Isabel, trying to smile and take advantage of this side-issue; despising herself, too, not a little, for doing so.

"Are we speaking of Miss Stackpole?" Lord Warburton, asked impatiently. "I never saw a person judge things on such strange, such theoretic grounds."

"Now I suppose you are speaking of me," said Isabel, with humility; and she turned away again, for she saw Miss Molyneux enter the gallery, accompanied by Henrietta and by Ralph.

Lord Warburton's sister addressed him with a certain timidity, and reminded him that she ought to return home in time for tea, as she was expecting some company. He made no answer, — apparently not having heard her; he was preoccupied, — with good reason. Miss Molyneux looked lady-like and patient, and awaited his pleasure.

"Well, I never, Miss Molyneux!" said Henrietta Stackpole. "If I wanted

to go, he would have to go. If I wanted my brother to do a thing, he would have to do it."

"Oh, Warburton does everything one wants," Miss Molyneux answered, with a quick, shy laugh. "How very many pictures you have!" she went on, turning to Ralph.

"They look a good many, because they are all put together," said Ralph. "But it's really a bad way."

"Oh, I think it's so nice. I wish we had a gallery at Lockleigh. I am so very fond of pictures," Miss Molyneux went on, persistently, to Ralph, as if she were afraid that Miss Stackpole would address her again. Henrietta appeared at once to fascinate and to frighten her.

"Oh, yes, pictures are very indispensable," said Ralph, who appeared to know better what style of reflection was acceptable to her.

"They are so very pleasant when it rains," the young lady continued. "It rains so very often."

"I am sorry you are going away, Lord Warburton," said Henrietta. "I wanted to get a great deal more out of you."

"I am not going away," Lord Warburton answered.

"Your sister says you must. In America the gentlemen obey the ladies."

"I am afraid we have got some people to tea," said Miss Molyneux, looking at her brother.

"Very good, my dear. We'll go."

"I hoped you would resist!" Henrietta exclaimed. "I wanted to see what Miss Molyneux would do."

"I never do anything," said this young lady.

"I suppose in your position it's sufficient for you to exist!" Miss Stackpole rejoined. "I should like very much to see you at home."

"You must come to Lockleigh again," said Miss Molyneux, very sweetly, to

Isabel, ignoring this remark of Isabel's friend.

Isabel looked into her quiet eyes a moment, and for that moment seemed to see in their gray depths the reflection of everything she had rejected in rejecting Lord Warburton,—the peace, the kindness, the honor, the possessions, a deep security, and a great exclusion. She kissed Miss Molyneux, and then she said, —

"I am afraid I can never come again."

"Never again?"

"I am afraid I am going away."

"Oh, I am so very sorry," said Miss Molyneux. "I think that's so very wrong of you."

Lord Warburton watched this little passage; then he turned away and stared at a picture. Ralph, leaning against the rail before the picture, with his hands in his pockets, had for the moment been watching him.

"I should like to see you at home," said Henrietta, whom Lord Warburton found beside him. "I should like an hour's talk with you; there are a great many questions I wish to ask you."

"I shall be delighted to see you," the proprietor of Lockleigh answered; "but I am certain not to be able to answer many of your questions. When will you come?"

"Whenever Miss Archer will take me. We are thinking of going to London, but we will go and see you first. I am determined to get some satisfaction out of you."

"If it depends upon Miss Archer, I am afraid you won't get much. She will not come to Lockleigh; she does n't like the place."

"She told me it was lovely!" said Henrietta.

Lord Warburton hesitated a moment.

"She won't come, all the same. You had better come alone," he added.

Henrietta straightened herself, and her large eyes expanded.

"Would you make that remark to

an English lady?" she inquired, with soft asperity.

Lord Warburton stared.

"Yes, if I liked her enough."

"You would be careful not to like her enough. If Miss Archer won't visit your place again, it's because she does n't want to take me. I know what she thinks of me, and I suppose you think the same, — that I ought n't to bring in individuals."

Lord Warburton was at a loss; he had not been made acquainted with Miss Stackpole's professional character, and did not catch her allusion.

"Miss Archer has been warning you!" she went on.

"Warning me?"

"Is n't that why she came off alone with you here, — to put you on your guard?"

"Oh, dear, no," said Lord Warburton, blushing; "our talk had no such solemn character as that."

"Well, you have been on your guard, — intensely. I suppose it's natural to you; that's just what I wanted to observe. And so, too, has Miss Molyneux, — she would n't commit herself. *You* have been warned, any way," Henrietta continued, addressing this young lady; "but for you it was n't necessary."

"I hope not," said Miss Molyneux, vaguely.

"Miss Stackpole takes notes," Ralph explained, humorously. "She is a great satirist; she sees through us all, and she works us up."

"Well, I must say I never have had such a collection of bad material!" Henrietta declared, looking from Isabel to Lord Warburton, and from this nobleman to his sister and to Ralph. "There is something the matter with you all; you are as dismal as if you had got a bad telegram."

"You do see through us, Miss Stackpole," said Ralph, in a low tone, giving her a little intelligent nod, as he led the

party out of the gallery. "There is something the matter with us all."

Isabel came behind these two; Miss Molyneux, who decidedly liked her immensely, had taken her arm, to walk beside her over the polished floor. Lord Warburton strolled on the other side, with his hands behind him and his eyes lowered.

For some moments he said nothing; and then, —

"Is it true that you are going to London?" he asked.

"I believe it has been arranged."

"And when shall you come back?"

"In a few days; but probably for a very short time. I am going to Paris with my aunt."

"When, then, shall I see you again?"

"Not for a good while," said Isabel; "but some day or other, I hope."

"Do you really hope it?"

"Very much."

He went a few steps in silence; then he stopped, and put out his hand.

"Good-by."

"Good-by," said Isabel.

Miss Molyneux kissed her again, and she let the two depart; after which, without rejoining Henrietta and Ralph, she retreated to her own room.

In this apartment, before dinner, she was found by Mrs. Touchett, who had stopped on her way to the drawing-room.

"I may as well tell you," said her aunt, "that your uncle has informed me of your relations with Lord Warburton."

Isabel hesitated an instant.

"Relations? They are hardly relations. That is the strange part of it; he has seen me but three or four times."

"Why did you tell your uncle rather than me?" Mrs. Touchett inquired, dryly but dispassionately.

Again Isabel hesitated.

"Because he knows Lord Warburton better."

"Yes, but I know you better."

“I am not sure of that,” said Isabel, smiling.

“Neither am I, after all; especially when you smile that way. One would think you had carried off a prize! I

suppose that when you refuse an offer like Warburton’s it’s because you expect to do something better.”

“Ah, my uncle did n’t say that!” cried Isabel, smiling still.

Henry James, Jr.

“YE TOMBE OF YE POET CHAUCER.”

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ABBOT and monks of Westminster

Here placed his tomb, in all men’s view.

“Our Chaucer dead?” — King Harry said, —

“A mass for him, and burial due!”

This very aisle his footsteps knew;

Here Gower’s benediction fell, —

Brother thou were and minstrel trewe;

Now slepe thou wel!

There died with that old century’s death,

I wot, five hundred years ago,

One whose blithe heart, whose morning art,

Made England’s Castaly to flow.

He in whose song that fount we know,

With every tale the sky-larks tell,

Had right, Saint Bennet’s wall below,

To slumber well.

Eftsoons his master piously

In Surrey hied him to his rest;

The Thames, between their closes green,

Parted these warblers breast from breast, —

The gravest from the joyfulest

Whose notes the matin chorus swell:

A league divided, east and west,

They slumber well.

Is there no care in holy ground

The world’s deep undertone to hear?

Can this strong sleep our Chaucer keep

When May-time buds and blossoms peer?

Less strange that many a sceptred year,

While the twin houses towered and fell,

Alike through England’s pride and fear,

He slumbered well.

The envious Roses woefully
 By turns a bleeding kingdom sway;
 Thrones topple down,—to robe and crown
 Who comes at last must hew his way.
 No sound of all that piteous fray,
 Nor of its ceasing, breaks the spell;
 Still on, to great Eliza's day,
 He slumbers well.

Methinks, had Shakespeare lightly walked
 Anear him in the minster old,
 He would have heard,—his sleep had stirred
 With dreams of wonders manifold;
 Even though no sad vibration told
 His ear when sounded Mary's knell,—
 Though, when the Mask on Charles laid hold,
 He slumbered well.

In climes beyond his calendar
 The latest century's splendors grow;
 London is great,—the Abbey's state
 A young world's eager wanderers know;
 New songs, new minstrels, come and go;
 Naught as of old outside his cell,—
 Just as of old, within it low,
 He slumbers well.

And now, when hawthorn is in flower,
 And throstles sing as once sang he,
 In this last age, on pilgrimage
 Like mine from lands that distant be,
 Come youths and maidens, summer-free,
 Where shades of bards and warriors dwell,
 And say, "The sire of minstrelsy
 Here slumbers well;"

And say, "While London's Abbey stands
 No less shall England's strength endure!"
 Ay, though its old wall crumbling fall,
 Shall last her song's sweet overture;
 Some purling stream shall flow, be sure,
 From out the ivied heap, to tell
 That here the fount of English pure
 Long slumbered well.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

SMITH.

AN old acquaintance of mine, who has gone away into the dark with all his mirthful sayings, once described an English servant as "the valet of the Shadow of Death." The *mot* was said not to be original with my friend, but I have heard so many brilliant things from those same lips that I do not care to go further in search of an owner for what is sufficiently characteristic of him to be his. Whoever first said it gave us in a single phrase the most perfect croquis that ever was made of the English serving-man. We all know him in the English novel of the period, and some of us know him in the flesh. I chance myself to be familiar with a mild form of him. I speak of him as if he were a disease: in his most aggravated type I should say he might be considered as an affliction. Thackeray — the satirist and biographer, the Pope and Plutarch, of Jeemes — frankly admitted he was afraid of the creature. That kindly keen blue eye, which saw through the shams and follies of Mayfair, was wont to droop under the stony stare of his host's butler. I hasten to confess to only a limited personal knowledge of the august being in plush small-clothes and pink silk stockings who presides over the grand houses in England, for I carried my pilgrim's wallet into few grand houses there; but I have had more or less to do with certain humble brothers of his, who are leading lives of highly respectable gloom in sundry English taverns and hotels.

It is one of these less dazzling brothers who furnishes me with the *motif* of this brief study. More fortunate than that Roman emperor who vainly longed to have all his enemies consolidated into a single neck, I have secured in a person named Smith the epitome of an entire class, — not, indeed, with the cruel

intent of dispatching him, but of photographing him. I should decline to take Smith's head by any less gentle method.

In London there is a kind of hotel of which we have no counterpart in the United States. This hotel is usually located in some semi-aristocratic side street, and wears no badge of its servitude beyond a large, well-kept brass door-plate, bearing the legend "Jones's Hotel" or "Brown's Hotel," as the case may be; but be it Brown or Jones, he has been dead at least fifty years, and the establishment is conducted by Robinson. There is no coffee-room or public dining-room, or even office, in this hotel; the commercial traveler is an unknown quantity there; your meals are served in your apartments; the furniture is solid and comfortable, the attendance admirable, the *cuisine* unexceptionable, and the bill abominable. But for ease, quietness, and a sort of 1812 odor of respectability, this hotel has nothing to compare with it in the wide world. It is here that the intermittent homesickness you contracted on the Continent will be lifted out of your bosom; it is here will be unfolded to you alluring vistas of the substantial comforts that surround the private lives of prosperous Britons; it is here, above all, that you will be brought in contact with Smith.

It was on our arrival in London, one April afternoon, that the door of what looked like a private mansion, in D—— Street, was thrown open to us by a boy broken out all over with buttons. Behind this boy stood Smith. I call him simply Smith for two reasons: in the first place because it is convenient to do so, and in the second place because that is what he called himself. I wish it were as facile a matter to explain how this seemingly unobtrusive person instantly took possession of us, bullied

us with his usefulness, and knocked us down with his urbanity. From the moment he stepped forward to relieve us of our hand-luggage, we were his, — and remained his until that other moment, some weeks later, when he handed us our parcels again, and stood statuesque on the door-step, with one finger lifted to his forehead in decorous salute, as we drove away. Ah, what soft despotism was that which was exercised for no other end than to anticipate our requirements, — to invent new wants for us only to satisfy them! If I anywhere speak lightly of Smith, if I take exception to his preternatural gravity (of which I would not have him moult a feather), if I allude invidiously to his life-long struggle with certain rebellious letters of the alphabet, it is out of sheer envy and regret that we have nothing like him in America. We have Niagara, and the Yosemite, and Edison's Electric Light (or shall have it, when we get it), but we have no trained serving-men like Smith. He is the result of older and vastly more complex social conditions than ours. His training began in the feudal ages. An atmosphere charged with machicolated battlements and cathedral spires was necessary to his perfect development, — that, and generation after generation of lords and princes and wealthy country-gentlemen for him to practice on. He is not possible in New England. The very cut of his features is unknown among us. It has been remarked that each trade and profession has its physiognomy, its own proper face. If you look closely you will detect a family likeness running through the portraits of Garrick and Kean and Booth and Irving. There's the self-same sabre-like flash in the eye of Marlborough and Bonaparte, — the same resolute labial expression. Every lackey in London might be the son or brother of any other lackey. Smith's father, and his father's father, and so on back to the gray dawn of England, were

serving-men, and each in turn has been stamped with the immutable trade-mark of his class. Waiters (like poets) are born, not made; and they have not had time to be born in America.

As a shell that has the care of inclosing a pearl like Smith, Jones's Hotel demands a word or two of more particular description. The narrow little street in which it is situated branches off from a turbulent thoroughfare, and is quite packed with historical, social, and literary traditions. Here at the close of his days, dwelt the learned and sweet-minded philosopher, John Evelyn, the contemporary and friend of everybody's friend, Mr. Samuel Pepys, of the admiralty. I like to think of Evelyn turning out of busy Piccadilly into this more quiet precinct, accompanied, perhaps, by the obsequious Samuel himself. According to Jesse, the witty Dr. Arbuthnot also resided here, after the death of his royal patroness, Queen Anne, had driven him from his snug quarters in St. James's Palace. Hither came Pope, Swift, Gray, Parnell, Prior, and a flock of other singing-birds and brilliant wits to visit the worthy doctor. As I sit of an evening in our parlor, which is on a level with the sidewalk, the ghostly echo of those long-silent footfalls is more distinct to my ear than the tread of the living passers-by. The earthly abiding places of obsolete notabilities are very thick in this neighborhood. A few minutes' walk takes you to the ugly walled mansion that once held the beauty, but could not hold all the radiance, of Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, and a little further on is Apsley House.

But we need not wander. D—— Street still has high pretensions of its own. I take it that several families whose consequence is to be found in Debrett's Peerage have their town-houses here. Over the sculptured door-way of a sombre edifice which sets somewhat back behind a towering iron *grille* with gilded spear-heads, I have noticed a

recently hung hatchment, — an intimation that death is no respecter of English nobility. At the curb-stone of a spacious, much-curtained mansion directly opposite the hotel, there is a constant arrival and departure of landaus and broughams, with armorial blazons and powdered footmen. From these carriages descend bewitching slips of English maidenhood with peach-bloom complexions, and richly-dressed, portly dowagers shod with perfectly flat-soled shoes. But I confess that the periodical rattling by of a little glazed cart lettered "Scarlet the Butcher" interests me more; for no mortal reason, I suppose, except that Scarlet seems a phenomenally appropriate name for a gentleman in his line of business.

I am afraid my description of Jones's Hotel is very like one of those old Spanish comedies,

"In which you see,

As *Lope* says, the history of the world
Brought down from *Genesis* to the *Day of Judgment*."

The building itself, arguing from the thickness of the walls and the antiquated style of the interior wood-work, must have stood its ground a great many years. I do not know how long it has been a hotel; perhaps for the better part of a century. In the first instance it was doubtless the home of some titled family. I indulge the fancy that there was a lot of lovely, high-bred daughters, who drew gay company here. The large, lofty-studded rooms were meant for an opulent, hospitable kind of life to inhabit them. Opening on the wide hall — where Buttons is always sitting, a perfect young Cerberus, waiting for the door-bell to ring — is a small dressing-cabinet, in which, I make no question, his lordship has many a time sworn like a pirate over the extravagance of the girls. I know he has discharged the butler there. A fitful, evasive odor, as of faded rose-leaves in a forgotten drawer, seems to linger in these chambers, and

I think there are hints in the air of old-time laughter and of sobs that have long since hushed themselves into silence. The parlor is full of suggestions to me, especially at twilight, before the candles are brought in. Sometimes I can almost hear a muffled, agitated voice murmuring out of the Past, "Leave me, Bellamore!" and I have an impression that he did n't leave her. How could he, with those neat diamond buckles glistening at her instep, and her pretty brown hair frosted with silver powder, and that distracting dot of court-plaster stuck near the left corner of her rosy mouth! The old walls are very discreet, not to say incommunicative, on this subject; it is not for them to betray the joys and sorrows and sins of yesterday, and I have to evolve these matters out of my own synthetic imagination. But I am certain that Bellamore did n't leave her!

Overhead there are suites of apartments identical with our own, and I believe they are occupied — by serious-minded families of phantoms; they come and go so softly. There is no loud talking on the staircase, no slamming of doors, no levity of any description among the inmates of this hostelry. Whoever comes here finds his nature subdued to the color of his surroundings, like the dyer's hand. The wildest guest shortly succumbs to the soothing influence of Smith. He pervades the place like an atmosphere, and fits it so perfectly that, without jarring on the present, he seems a figure projected out of that dusky past which has lured me too long, and will catch me again before we get through.

Smith is a man of about forty, but so unassuming that I do not think he would assume to be so old or so young as that: tall and straight, with scant, faded brown hair parted in the middle, and a deferential cough; clammy blue eyes, thin lips, a sedentary complexion, and careful side-whiskers. He is always in evening dress, and wears white cotton

gloves, which set your teeth on edge, during dinner service. He is a person whose gravity of deportment is such as to lend seriousness to the coal-scuttle when he replenishes the parlor fire, — a ceremony which the English April makes imperative, the English April being as raw as an American February.

Smith's respect for you, at least its outward manifestation, is accompanied by a deep, unexpressed respect for himself. He not only knows his own place, but he knows yours, and holds you to it. He is incapable of venturing on a familiarity, or of submitting to one. He can wrap up more pitying disapprobation in a scarcely perceptible curl of his nether lip than another man could express in a torrent of words. I have gone about London a whole forenoon with one of Smith's thin smiles clinging like a blister to my consciousness. He is not taciturn, but he gives you the impression of unconquerable reserve. Though he seldom speaks, except to answer an inquiry, he has managed in some occult fashion to permeate us with a knowledge of his domestic environment. For the soul of me, I cannot say how I came by the information that Smith married Lady Hadelaide Scarborough's first maid twelve years ago, nor in what manner I got hold of the idea that Lady Hadelaide Scarborough's first maid rather stooped from her social status when she formed a matrimonial alliance with him. Yet these facts are undeniably in my possession. I also understand that Smith regards Mrs. Smith — who quitted service at the time of this *mésalliance* — as a sort of fragment (a little finger-joint, if that will help convey my meaning) of Lady Hadelaide herself. There's an air of very good society about Smith. He evidently has connecting tendrils with beings who, if they are not roses themselves, have the privilege of constituting the dust at the roses' feet. If Smith were to make any statement to me concerning the movements of Roy-

alty, I should believe him. If he were to confide to me that Her Majesty, accompanied by the Princess Beatrice, walked for a few seconds yesterday afternoon on the terrace at Windsor, I should know it was so, even if I failed to see the event recorded in *The Times*.

Smith has been very near to Royalty. To be sure, it was fallen royalty, so I shall waste no capital letters on it. It fell at Sedan, and picked itself up in a manner, and came over to London, where Smith had the bliss of waiting upon it. "The Hemperor was a very civil-spoken gentleman," observed Smith, detailing the circumstances with an air of respectful patronage, and showing that he had a nice sense of the difference between an English sovereign and an uncurrent Napoleon.

The plain truth is that Smith is an arrant gossip about himself without in the least having the appearance of it. He so ingeniously embroiders bits of his autobiography on alien textures that one is apt to get a detail or two quite unawares. I do not know how or when six little Smiths glided into my intelligence (they cost me a shilling a head), but I think it was in connection with an inquiry on my part as to what hour the morning train left Paddington Station for Stratford-upon-Avon. Two nights out of the week Smith retires to his domestic domicile; situated, I infer, in some remote suburb of London, for he always takes a bag with him, — a respectable, drab-colored hand-bag, with a monogram on it. At a little distance the twisted initials, in raised worsted, resemble a reduced copy of the Laocoön, the prominent serpentine S having, I suspect, no small share in producing that effect. I somehow pose and mix up the six little Smiths in this monogram.

I have said that Smith took possession of our party immediately on its arrival at Jones's Hotel, but we were not at once conscious of the fact. We had

arrived there in high spirits, glad to have left a tedious sea-voyage behind us, and rejoiced to find ourselves in London, — the London we had dreamed of these ten or twenty years. But presently we felt there was something in the temperature that chilled our vivacity. We were a thousand miles from suspecting what it was. Our purpose in London was to see the sights, to visit all those historic buildings and monuments and galleries which were wrested from us by the war of 1776. Our wanderings through the day were often long and always fatiguing; we returned jaded to the hotel, frequently after the dinner hour, and in no mood to undertake radical changes in our costume. There stood Smith in his crisp neck-tie and claw-hammer coat and immaculate gloves. The dinner was elegant in its appointments, and exquisitely served. The dressing of the salad was rivaled only by the dressing of Smith. Yet something was wrong. We were somehow repressed, and for three days we did not know what it was that repressed us. On the fourth day I resolved to give our party a little surprise by appearing at dinner in conventional broadcloth and white breastplate. Each of the other two members of the coterie — insensibly under the magnetism of Smith — had planned a like surprise. When we met at table and surveyed each other, we laughed aloud, — for the first time in three days in Smith's presence. It was plain to see that Smith approved of an elaborate dinner toilette, and henceforth we adopted it.

Presently we were struck, and then began to be appalled, by the accuracy, minuteness, and comprehensiveness of Smith's knowledge of London. It was encyclopædic. He was a vitalized timetable of railways and coaches and steamboats, a walking, breathing directory to all the shops, parks, churches, museums, and theatres of the bewildering capital. He had stamped on his brain a map of

all the tangled omnibus routes; he knew the best seats in every place of amusement, the exact moment the performance began in each, and could put his finger without hesitating a second on the very virtuoso's collection you wanted to examine. This is not the half of his accomplishments. I despair of stating them. I do not see how he ever had the leisure to collect such a mass of detail. It seems to substantiate a theory I have that Smith has existed, with periodic renewals of his superficial structure, from the time of the Norman Conquest. Before we discovered his almost wicked amplitude of information, we used to consult him touching intended pilgrimages, but shortly gave it up, finding that our provincial plans generally fell cold upon him. He was almost amused, one day, at our desire to ascertain the whereabouts of that insignificant house in Cheapside — it is No. 17, if I remember — in which Keats wrote his sonnet on Chapman's Homer. Our New World curiosity as to certain localities which possess no interest whatever to the Londoner must often have struck Smith as puerile. His protest or his disapproval — I do not know how to name it — was always so delicate and shadowy that he cannot be said to have expressed it; it was something in his manner, and not in his words, — something as vague as a fleeting breath on a window-glass; but it dampened us.

There is a singular puissance in a grave, chilling demeanor, though it may be backed by no solid quality whatever. Nothing so imposes on the world. I have known persons to attain very high social and public distinction by no other means than a guarded solemnity of manner. Even when we see through its shallowness, we are still impressed by it, just as children are paralyzed by a sheeted comrade, though they know all the while it is only one of themselves playing ghost.

I suppose it was in the course of nat-

ure that we should have fallen under the domination of Smith, and have come to accept him with a degree of seriousness which seems rather abject to me in retrospect. Without acknowledging it to ourselves, we were affected by his intangible criticism. I would not have had it come to his ears for a five-pound note that I had a habit of eating a chop in a certain snuffy old coffee-house near Temple Bar, whenever lunch-time chanced to catch me in that vicinity.

"O plump head-waiter at The Cock,"

to which I most resorted, I should have been ashamed to have Smith know that I had the slightest acquaintance with you, though Tennyson himself has sung your praises! Nor would I have had Smith get wind of the low-bred excursion I made, one day, up the Thames, in a squalid steamer crowded with grimy workmen and their frouzy wives and children. I hid in my heart the guilty joy I took in two damaged musicians aboard, — a violin and a flageolet. The flageolet — I am speaking of the performer — had such a delightfully disreputable patch over his right eye! By the way, I wonder why it is that vagrant players of wind-instruments in England usually have a patch over one eye. Are they combative as a class, or is it that they now and then blow out a visual organ with too assiduous practice in early youth? The violin-man, on the other hand, — perhaps I ought to say on the other leg, — was lame. Altogether the pair looked like the remains of a band that had been blown up by a steam-boiler explosion on some previous trip on the river. They played a very doleful tune; full of unaccountable gruffnesses and shrillnesses, which it was my mood to accept as the ghostly replication of the cries and complaints of their late comrades on the occasion suggested. There was a rough crowd on board, with a sprinkling of small shop-keepers, and here and there a group of gaudily-dressed young women, not to be set down in the

category of doubtful characters. These people were off on a holiday, and it was curious to observe the heavy, brutal way they took their pleasure, turning it into a hardship. I got a near view of a phase of English life not to be met with in the rarefied atmosphere of D—— Street, and I regret to admit that I have many a time enjoyed myself less in better company. When I returned to the hotel that night, Smith stood rebukefully drying The Pall Mall Gazette for me before the parlor fire.

A year or two of Smith would make it difficult for a man to dispense with him. With Smith for a valet, one would have no distinct wants to perplex one, for Smith's intuition would head them off and supply them before they were formulated. He was, as I have more than hinted, an invaluable servant. Sometimes, as I looked at him, and reflected on his unmurmuring acceptance of a life of servitude, and the kind of sober grace he threw about its indignity, I used to call to mind that disgruntled, truculent waiter described by John Hay in his charming Castilian Days. "I know a gentleman in the West," says Mr. Hay, "whose circumstances had forced him to become a waiter in a backwoods restaurant. He bore a deadly grudge at the profession that kept him from starving, and asserted his unconquered nobility of soul by scowling at his customers and swearing at the viands he dispensed. I remember the deep sense of wrong with which he would growl, 'Two buckwheats, be gawd!'"

As to Smith's chronic gloom, it really had nothing of moroseness in it, — only an habitual melancholy, a crystallized patience. We doubtless put it to some crucial tests with our American ideas and idioms. The earlier part of our acquaintanceship was fraught with mutual perplexities. It was the longest time before we discovered that *ay ill* meant Hay Hill Street, Smith making

a single mouthful of it, thus, — *ayill*. One morning he staggered us by asking if we would like “a hapricot freeze” for dessert. We assented, and would have assented if he had proposed iced hippopotamus; but the nature of the dish was a mystery to us, and perhaps never, since the world took shape out of chaos, was there simple mould of apricot jelly looked forward to in such poignant suspense. It is scarcely permissible in so light a paper as this to touch on anything so heavy as philology; but I cannot forbear wondering what malign spirit has bewitched the vowels of the lower-class Englishman. When he finds it impossible to elide the vowel at the beginning of a word, he invariably covers it with an *h*, — the very letter that plays the deuce with him under ordinary circumstances. An Oxford scholar once informed me that this peculiarity was the result of imperfect education, and left me to settle it for myself why the peculiarity was confined to England. Illiterate Americans — if there are any — do not drop their *h*’s. But as I have said, this is too heavy a text.

It seems almost an Irish bull to say that one can be in London only once for the first time. In other places you may renew first impressions. A city on the Continent always remains a foreign city to you, no matter how often you visit it; but that first time in London is an experience which can never be made to repeat itself. Whatever is alien to you fades away under your earliest glances; the place suddenly takes home-like aspects; certain streets and courts where you never set foot before strike you familiarly. It is a place where you might have lived, — this great seething metropolis, — where perhaps you once did live, in hose and doublet or knightly harness, in some immemorial century. I doubt if an American ever visited England without feeling in his bosom the vibration, more or less distinct, of these invisible threads of attach-

ment. Everywhere in the lucid prose of Hawthorne’s English Note-Books and *Our Old Home* this sentiment lies imbedded, like a spray of fossilized fern.

The architecture, the language, and the customs are yours, or must have been yours long ago. Smith himself dawns upon you as a former acquaintance. Possibly he was one of your retainers in the time of Henry VIII. (You like to picture yourself with retainers; for to be an Englishman, and not be a duke or an earl, is to miss four fifths of the good luck.) Your imagination gives you a long lease of existence when you fall into reveries of this nature; you fancy yourself extant at various interesting periods of English history; it costs you no effort, while you are about it, to have a hand in a dozen different reigns. What a picturesque, highly decorative, household-art sort of life you may lead from the era of the Black Prince down to the Victorian age! How lightly you assume the responsibility of prolonging Smith through all this! He holds the bridle of an extra horse for you at Poitiers, and also at that other bloody field of Agincourt; and then, somewhat later, sits on the box of your glass coach (which Mr. Samuel Pepys, surveying it from his chamber window, pronounces “mightily fine”), as you drive through the shrewish winter morning to the Palace of Whitehall to witness the removal of Charles the First’s head. It is easy to shape any kind of chimera out of that yellowish London fog. Immediately after this epoch, however, your impressions of having been personally associated with the events of English history become dimmer, if not altogether confused; possibly your spirit was about that time undergoing certain organic changes, necessary to the metempsychosis which befell you later.

You break from your abstraction to the consciousness that you are a stranger in your native land. The *genius*

loci does not recognize you; you are an altered man. You are an American. Yet a little while ago the past of England was as much your past as it is Smith's, or that of any Briton of them all. But you have altered, and forfeited it. Smith has not altered: he is the same tall, efficient serving-man he was in the time of the Plantagenets. He has that air of having been carefully handed down which stamps so many things in England. (If this has been said before, I beg somebody's pardon; I am treading on much-walked-over ground.) There, indeed, Nature seems careful of the type. The wretched woman who murders Kathleen Mavourneen in the street under your window shares this quality of permanency with Smith. She, or one precisely like her, has been singing ballads for ages, and will go on doing it. Endless gener-

ations of American tourists, lodging temporarily at Jones's perpetual Hotel, will give her inexhaustible shillings, and Smith will carry them out to her on his indestructible waiter. The individual Smith may occasionally die, but not the type, not the essence. My mind can take in Macaulay's picture of the New Zealander sitting on a broken buttress of London Bridge, and cynically contemplating the *débris*, — "a landscape with figure," as the catalogues would put it, — but I am unable to grasp the idea of the annihilation of anything so firmly established by precedent as Smith. I fancy that even out of the splintered masonry his respectful, well-modulated chest voice would be heard saying (through sheer force of habit), "Will you 'ave a look at the hevening paper, sir?" or, "If you please, sir, the 'ansom is at the door!"

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

GETTING MARRIED IN GERMANY.

MARY and I had been engaged nearly a year and a half, so that our story begins where most others end. We had both been in Europe several years: I had been working for my degree at Berlin and Heidelberg, and she had been living quietly with her mother at Munich, Florence, and finally at Dresden, studying the languages, and painting a little in water-colors. Mary thought it would be nice to be married in Paris, but there were rumors of so many formalities and possible delays that we had given it up and agreed that Germany should be the favored land; and, as each of us chanced to have either friends or relatives in Berlin, it was decided that that should be the place, and that June should be the happy month. "Let it be the 1st," I had pleaded, and she had consented. We planned to go quietly in the morning to

some little church, or to some clergyman's study, and afterwards, perhaps, to ask our friends to a lunch or breakfast in a private parlor in some hotel, — such as I had once been invited to by a friendly *Docent* in the university, who married on an income of five hundred dollars a year.

One lovely morning early in May, two weeks before my final examination, I received a letter from Mary saying she had heard that I could not possibly be married without a passport. Her friend, Miss Allen, had a cousin whose chum, an American, had been married in Germany, two years before, to a German lady, and it had first to be done at a common police office, she wrote, and there a passport was required. Now Mary knew that I had criminally evaded the German law, and this was the way

it came about: Before I had been settled two days in Berlin my kind-hearted landlady took occasion to explain to me that I must be *announced* at the police office, and that there a passport would be demanded within ten days. A passport would cost twenty-eight marks, she informed me, at the office of the American legation; and if I cared to save money, and would give her ten marks, she would risk the penalty (as she had done before for my countrymen, for whom she had a great liking), and not announce me at all, and I could remain unmolested and unrecorded as long as I wished. I had paltered with the temptation, and finally, with the aid of an extemporized theory about the relations of natural and legal justice, villainously capitulated, and saved eighteen marks.

Here seemed, at first sight, a dilemma which was not to be evaded without a plump lie. If I obtained and presented a passport now, I should be asked how long I had been in the city, and if it were more than two weeks I might possibly be ordered to leave it for violating the city ordinances, as an unfortunate acquaintance of mine had been six months before. My landlady would certainly be heavily fined for not announcing me, and possibly, if her other delinquencies in that line should come to light, she might be also deprived of her *pension* license. If, on the other hand, I declared that I had just arrived, my answers to the long cross-questioning to which I was liable to be subjected at the bureau might excite surprise, and a single inquiry at the post-office or of the letter-carrier would be sure to involve us both in far deeper complication. I promptly remembered the *Trinkgeld* I had so long forgotten to give the postman, and sought counsel of my landlady. She at first seemed quite dismayed at the situation, but at length reminded me that a few days before I had made a trip to Potsdam.

"Give me your passport," she said,

"and remember, you arrived in Berlin last Tuesday evening." Precisely what she did with it, or told the police, my conscience never let me inquire; but a few days later I was summoned to the police office, where, in answer to many interrogations, I explained that I had been in the city *something more than a week*; did not know precisely how long I might stay, but would give information when I decided; that I was there to study, and what; that when I did leave I might go home, and might travel, and where; and at last left with a light heart, feeling that my answers had been so transparent that if there had been any suspicion that I meditated another attempt upon the venerable Kaiser's life it had been effectually allayed. The next morning I was waked at daybreak by a call from a magnificent police officer, who politely explained that the bureau had some trouble in deciphering the middle name of my honored *Frau* mother. Foreign names were sometimes very hard, he added. I wrote it out (in my *robe de nuit*, upon the back of my visiting-card, in the steadiest hand I could command,—"Cymantha"), and handed it to him in the corridor through the peep-hole in the door. He apologized again, saluted, retired, and came no more. A week later my passport was returned with a number of official stamps upon it. I carried it thenceforth always with me, as we never fail to carry our legitimization cards after matriculation; feeling that in the big green seal of the legation and the fair round hand of our ambassador I possessed not only a sort of warrant of citizenship in two countries, but a key to the adytum of Hymen's temple.

My examination was now to occur in a week. I had paid my preliminary fee, almost finished my thesis, and was cramming at my very best pace with a team of three other *Repetents*. Still I had found time to order my wedding suit and get the bridal ring, with June

1st and my initials engraved on it, and one morning I ran into the house of our American clergyman, long resident in Berlin, to ask him to perform the ceremony. What was my consternation to be told that the laws of Germany would not allow him to marry us!

"But," I pleaded, "we are Americans. It might be done quietly, and the authorities here need not know it. I am sure it is none of their business."

"There is a new international arrangement, — I don't know precisely what; but I am positive it would not be safe for either of us to attempt it," he said.

I retired, meditating that the reverend gentleman had no fine feeling for the delicacy of a situation like ours, to say the least.

After losing several hours, now very precious for study, in puzzling over the matter, I resolved to call upon our ambassador himself. Ill though he was, he received me very kindly.

"Are American citizens ever married in this office?" I inquired.

"It has been done once only, I think, under one of my predecessors; but there were some very exceptional reasons."

"Well and good; that is my case. Can you marry me here next Wednesday?"

"The lady is not ill, I hope?"

"Not in the least."

"Then your best way is to go to England. If you choose the simplest form, and are married by an independent clergyman, it is only necessary that one of the parties should reside there two weeks before the ceremony can be performed."

"But that is really impossible in this case," I replied. "My — Miss — that is, the lady is rather High Church, and I have an examination just ahead. Besides, we have made *all* the arrangements for here and the 1st of June."

"I think I may say you will find that out of the question."

"Then you refuse, — you really cannot do it?" I asked, with a strange, un-

steady feeling about the corners of my mouth. "Is not this office construed by international law as American soil?" I added, bringing out the grand strategic point of all my morning's meditation.

"So far from it under the new arrangement, if it were done here and knowledge of the fact should come to the ears of the authorities, not only should I be myself seriously compromised for ignorant or willful violation of the laws I am here to see observed, but the officiating clergyman would be arrested at the door, and the marriage would be declared void even in an American court, and even though the case be first tested years hence. A marriage must now be valid according to the laws of the place where it is celebrated, or it is null and void," he explained.

I made an ill-disguised attempt to smother something in my throat, and I am ashamed to say I retired awkwardly, abruptly, ungratefully. What a fool I had been not to learn this before; and Mary would of course think so, too, however much I might plead intense pre-occupation with my studies! It could never be concealed, and it would be a joke which my acquaintances would never forget. Besides, her dresses were probably all ordered or ready, and everything would be out of fashion, perhaps, long before the German authorities — whom I knew to be very fussy about such matters — would let us get married. Mary's father had left his driving business for six weeks to see the ceremony, and was now upon the sea, and I knew must go back with his wife in July. My old chum, Will Murrey, who had been spending the winter in Italy, was to be in Berlin in time to act "best man" for me so far as was needful, and I knew Mary had asked Miss Punto to sustain her in whatever sense might be needful during the ceremony. Besides, early June was the best time, so everybody said, to start on a trip through the prov-

inces along the Danube, where I had planned to make our wedding tour.

It was in no very happy frame of mind that I sat down that night to write the result of my day's investigation to Mary. What I wrote I no longer remember, nor will she aid me to do so. It must have been, to say the least, queer, for when I pressed her afterwards to let me see that letter she seemed very serious, and confessed at last that she had made a note on the margin of it which she did not wish me to see, but kindly searched the letter out and burned it before my eyes.

I waited nearly two days for an answer, during which I was of course in no mood for work. After all, she wrote, it was perhaps just as well. She would prefer to wait rather than to go to England, unless her father should very strongly urge it. It would be nice and funny, as well as probably very impressive, to take the Lutheran forms, she thought, and ended by exhorting me not to let trifles like that interfere with needful preparation for my degree, because when she *did* marry me she had her heart set on being a *Frau Doctor*.

This time I was bound to make sure work, and so, with the best information I could procure, started off for the civil bureau (*Standes Amt*) to ascertain precisely what was required.

"Upon what business do you come?" demanded the pompous servant at the door.

"I am an American citizen, and want to know how to get married in Germany," I faltered.

He opened the door of the main office, and shouted, "Ein Herr Amerikaner wishes to marry himself!" and then showed me into a large and well-filled waiting-room to take my turn, every occupant of which gazed fixedly at me without winking for some minutes. One thin, dark, wiry man in soiled linen, and bright yellow kid gloves, had dropped in to announce the death of his

third wife. A trembling young mother was sharply reprimanded for letting the legal third day pass before announcing the death of her child. A somewhat seedy clerk had come, with a radiant face, to announce the birth of a boy fourteen hours old, and to be called Johannes Conrade Hermann Degenermeister. A servant-girl and her lover were waiting in one corner, — she red and giggling, he erect, dignified, and taciturn as a head-waiter, — to be made man and wife. I had plenty of time to observe, for nearly an hour passed before my turn came. At length I was shown into a long room, with half a dozen clerks at one end, who twisted their necks, adjusted their glasses, and gazed and listened with open-mouthed wonder.

"I wish to get married in the very simplest and quickest way," I said, presenting my passport. "Will you please tell me how to do it?"

"It is extremely simple," said the officer. "We must have a certificate of your birth [*Geburtsschein*] signed by the burgomaster of the town in which you were born, and with its seal, and witnessed in due form. Your certificate of baptism [*Taufschein*] should also be sent, to guard against all error, sealed and witnessed by the present pastor or the proper church officers. These must be presented here by each of the contracting parties, with their passports, as the first step."

I carefully noted this, and he proceeded: —

"The parents, if living, should certify to their knowledge and approval of the marriage. We must also be satisfied that there is no obstacle, legal, moral, or otherwise, to it; whether either of you have been married before, and if so whether there are children, and if so their names and ages. The parents' names should be in full; also their residence, occupation, age, and place of birth should of course be given for record here."

I begged for another scrap of paper and made further notes.

"When we have these here in this desk," he continued, patting fondly that piece of furniture, "then either we can publish the bans [*Aufgebot*] by posting a notice of your intention in the *Rathhaus* for fourteen days, or else you can have it printed in the journal of the place where you reside in America, and bring us a copy here as evidence that it has actually appeared. After the expiration of this time you can be married in this office."

"Must it be here?" I queried.

"Of course," he said. "This is the only place which the law now recognizes. Poor people are content with civil marriage only, but all who move in good society go from here to the church for a religious ceremony."

"Is it not possible to shorten the time?" I timidly ventured to inquire. "We had made all the arrangements for an earlier day, and are seriously incommoded by the delay. I did not know the requirements. It takes four weeks to hear from America, and then two weeks more here, and — You do not, perhaps, exactly understand, and yet I hardly know how to explain. But there is really haste. We are pressed for time."

"Haste? Pressed for time?" he repeated. "Perhaps I do not understand. I am sorry, but it cannot possibly be sooner. You think we are slow in Germany. True, but we are sure. We require our people to take time to think over the matter beforehand, and divorce with us is far from being the easy matter I have heard it is in America."

I was in no mood for opening a discussion of the statutes of Indiana, and so demurely withdrew, feeling that it was no use to try to wriggle into matrimony through such mazy meshes of red tape, and that Mary would of course now consent to England. This was naturally implied throughout the letter I

dispatched that evening. But I was mistaken. She "could not think of England for a moment now. It would be so interesting in Berlin," she wrote. We could be very comfortable for six weeks. The middle of July was not very late, after all, in that latitude. I must write at once the details of the requirements, and she would send for her papers. I complied, and sat down to write for mine.

Now I happened to be born in a little, remote Western hamlet, where I did not at present know a soul, nor in all probability did my parents. How to get the certificate of my birth, or, in other words, how to prove at the civil bureau that I had been really and legally born, was no trivial matter. I finally addressed a detailed and courteous letter to the mayor of Hornersville, begging him to have the fact and date of my birth from the town sent me, witnessed and over the town seal; and in order to inclose two dollars in United States postage-stamps, I ran at random into the nearest bank. I was counting out my German money, and the first clerk had gone to the back office for the stamps, when the brisk junior principal stepped up and asked me if my head was in any way diseased. I thanked him heartily, but not without some surprise, and assured him that it had never been better. "Because," he continued, "it is customary in our country to remove the hat in all offices of this importance." I doffed it instantly, and begged pardon, I am sorry to say, before I thought; and, although I had been taught the same lesson once before in a little shoe-store, regretted passionately half the way home that I had not thoroughly wrung his impertinent nose, in honor of the American eagle.

I next passed to the consideration of the baptismal question, the precise relations of which to the natal problem I have not been able to this day precisely to understand. The least forgery or evasion was of course not to be thought

of, however justifiable in a moral point of view I might deem it under the cruel circumstances, because that would make the marriage itself null and void. This I clearly inferred from my interview at the civil bureau. Moreover, no certificate whatever could have the least value unless it was stamped with an official seal; and, again, every error would necessitate an additional delay of four weeks; and, lastly, it was better to do too much than too little. These ground categories, I reflected, must never be lost sight of.

Now the fact was I had never been baptized. My father, although a good church member, entertained, twenty years ago, some rather independent views on the question of infant baptism, and so, despite my mother's wishes, the matter lingered until I was too big. In Germany, where every boy baby must be either baptized or circumcised, I was a monster, for whom her law made no provision. Mary's parents held no latitudinarian scruples, and she had been baptized thoroughly as an infant, and again later by immersion. Why had no one hinted to me, when I left home, that it might be convenient to take a Taufschein along with my passport!

After instituting inquiries, I ascertained that, among several other obstacles, I was now too old to be baptized in Germany, and that an English baptism would not help me. I could not think of leaving my examination and crossing the ocean, to be sprinkled in the normal way. Only one thing remained, namely, to get my parents' pastor and parish clerk to certify amply and strongly, under oath and seal and before witnesses, that, although duly born, I had never been duly baptized, and that such omissions, unfortunately, were not unfrequent in the United States, and were attended there by no civil or temporal disabilities. In my letter I begged my parents to send a certificate of their consent to my mar-

riage, giving them a favorable description of Mary, inclosing her photograph, and gently hinting at the end that if they withheld their approval it would simply necessitate our running over to England. Another letter to my uncle, who happened to be a district judge, begging him to certify that I had never been married before, and that, according to his and my families' best knowledge and belief, there was no obstacle, "legal, moral, or otherwise," to my marriage with Miss Mary Adelaide Prout, of New York, seemed to me to complete the business. Yet, no: it would be best to have the bans printed in our little home paper, strange as it would look there, and have a copy — or better two, in case a steamer should be sunk at sea — sent me. That *might* save two weeks. And again, it might be well to copy all these letters, and send a duplicate of each a week later, to make assurance doubly sure. If there *should* be any additional delay by error, there would be some consolation in having the fault on Mary's side, I reflected. I now had thirty-six hours for cramming before my examination, and at it I went.

Here were the lecture notes of five semesters and two small shelves of textbooks which ought to be reviewed. As the case seemed desperate, I resolved to concentrate myself on anatomy and chemistry, where I was weakest, and risk the seven other ample sciences which a doctor is required to know. Two of my examiners were aware that I had been a diligent student, and I would get a certain good friend of mine to call on another of them and hint that I had been distracted by family troubles, and perhaps, in case of need, they would advocate tempering justice with mercy, and letting me through easily, as it is said is often done with American students. I worked well all day and till about one o'clock at night, and then fell asleep over the group of peptones.

At nine in the morning, while I was

taking my coffee, a letter came from Mary requesting more detailed directions for ordering her papers, and when it was answered I realized that I was in a mood which made study impossible. I took a bath, and ran into the gymnasium, but was no better; drank a glass of beer, and read the American papers at the bank, but grew worse; then started off for a long walk in the Thiergarten, and came back only in time to make my toilet for the dread ordeal. In evening dress, I was ushered into a long room and seated at one end, while my examiners were discussing a comfortable spread at the other, — paid for, I knew, out of the two hundred thalers I had given for being admitted to examination. Of the three hours of mental anguish I here endured I will attempt no description. I was passed from one inquisitor to another, and at last, after waiting ten minutes in an anteroom, recalled to learn that, notwithstanding the excellence of my theme, and my diligence, good conduct, etc., my “oral examination had not been in all respects entirely satisfactory;” and I was advised to take advantage of the new regulations, and present myself again as a Repetent in the autumn.

I retired, scarce knowing what I did, and walked bareheaded in the cool night air a couple of hours, overwhelmed with shame, wondering over and over again what Mary, what my parents and friends, would think of me; and at last returned, jaded and haggard, designing to slip into my room unobserved and seek the oblivion of sleep. What should I find, however, on opening my door, but my hostess and several friends festively drinking wine around my table, on which was a magnificent piece of confectionery like a skeleton Gothic tower. It had turrets and minarets and festoons, and was wreathed in flowers, and a ginger-snap banner high above all was done off on one side in stripes and stars with red, white, and blue candy-work, and on the other side stood *Herr Doctor* above my

initials. Herr Studiosus Ottfried Wilhelm Griesebach, my best German friend, sprung up and hugged and kissed me in spite of myself, and the congratulations of the others were so loud and given with such beery impetuosity that it was some time before I could make them comprehend the awful truth that I had “fallen through.” They were really silenced then for an instant, during which I caught a glimpse of my hostess, with real delicacy of feeling, stealthily breaking off the candied, doctored ginger-snap banner and slipping it slyly into her pocket.

It was but for an instant, however, and it was Herr Griesebach, to my surprise, who first attempted to meet what he considered the demands of the occasion. Springing again to his feet, and, I actually believe, brushing away a tear, he thumped upon the table, and cried *Silentia!* in true convivial German-student style, though it was just then as still as the grave.

“Honored Herren,” he began glibly enough, “love and science are jealous rivals, but thrice, four times happy the man who is favored by either. Our dear friend was going to become a doctor one week and wed a beautiful girl the next.” “The bride *lebe hoch!*” shouted one of my visitors, and all rose, clinked their glasses, and drank deeply, nodding and smiling to me. “The gods were envious, and in their councils it was ordained that instead of completing a four years’ course of medicine then, as he intended, he should pause for a short course on the German marriage law. In his native land,” — “Americans *leben hoch!*” was shouted and drank to as before, — “they say, I have heard, that time is money. [These words in English, — all he knew, I believe; but he graciously repeated them *sotto voce* in German, with a benevolent glance at my hostess.] Well,” slowly shrugging his shoulders and raising his eye-brows, “our friend’s faculty has given him four months’ time,” lay-

ing his forefinger aside his nose at the word "four," and tapping it again at the word "time." This was execrable and exasperating enough, it will be confessed, and I suppose my face fell still more and that my convivial friend noticed it; at any rate, he stepped to my side, grasped and wrung my hand, and added in changed and almost tender accents, "I have been in the university eight years. My head is mossy enough, but of many American students I have known our friend is the only one with true German *Gemüth*; and before I say *dixi* I propose that we rub a vigorous salamander to the Herr Bräutigam. Let him live high, high, high!" he cried, raising his glass and drinking long and deep, as did the rest, after which all rattled their glasses noisily at his command till he gave the usual signal for silence, and then sat down.

He had done his awkward best, and so did all the rest in more informal words of consolation, but it was of no use. It only revealed to me how great and lifelong in German eyes was the disaster which had overtaken me.

When they had gone I sank back in my chair (a rocking-chair, by the way, which I had got made only with infinite pains, after satisfying myself that I could not obtain one otherwise in all the city; indeed, it was the only one I ever saw in all Germany), and tried to think things over calmly and gather courage; but the longer I sat the more completely unmanned I became. I could think of nothing, in fact; but the words, I have failed! I have failed! kept repeating themselves in my mind over and over again, like the inextinguishable "Punch, brothers, punch with care," etc., which Mark Twain has described. I sat there for hours, benumbed, in a sort of Oriental trance. I had no wish, no strength even, to go to bed, though I knew dreamily that my condition was morbid. I remember thinking, on the whole, rather favorably of the project of going back

to the Thiergarten and shooting myself, as an American student had done in the autumn before, — without a quarter of my provocation, I was sure. But that would require too much effort. Many other absurd things flitted through my mind, while the day dawned and the sunshine stole in at my feet. I wished for half an hour that the window of my room was open; I knew the air was not the best, but I could not summon the resolution to get up and open it. At length I was roused by the knock and entrance of my hostess, who informed me that my usual breakfast hour was considerably passed. I ate mechanically, and came back to my chair in a room with freshened atmosphere, and slowly began to realize that I was suffering from a nervous reaction which might become indefinitely serious. I will not here pause to go into professional details. Suffice it to say that, following the best medical advice, it was several weeks before I at all recovered my health and spirits.

During the first few days I had been too listless to do more than glance over Mary's letters as they came, and deferred answering them, always only for an hour or two at a time, till at length, on the fourth day, becoming really alarmed at hearing nothing from me, she had come on to Berlin with her mother, and surprised me at dinner. She seemed to understand the situation at once; found out — Heaven knows how — the regimen that had been prescribed for me, and kept me up to it. She got me out on long walks, astonished me by her own endurance as my companion, and did her best to amuse and keep me cheerful. It must have been a dreary task, for I was so *blasé* to every intellectual interest, so indifferent to every enthusiasm or even to my own future, that only true love could have made my companionship endurable. And yet she brought me slowly out of my trouble back again to life.

Four weeks had meanwhile elapsed. Mary's father had come and returned

alone without her mother, and I began to hear from my home letters. First came my parents' consent to my marriage to Miss Prout, drawn up in state-ly and formal terms; for my father was a country squire, and knew something about how a legal period should be stuffed. At the bottom of this my sister had roguishly imprinted the motto of her class in the seminary, of which, as secretary that year, she chanced to have the metallic stamp. It was a Greek translation of the phrase, "I will find a way or make one." It was as big as an English penny, and with a bit of red ribbon affixed looked so imposingly official that I thought it best to let it stand; and good service it did me in the end.

My uncle, the judge, promptly declared that to the best of his knowledge there was no obstacle to my marriage, and affixed the stamp of the county to his certificate that I had never been married before.

Then came the baptismal paper, and a most lame and beggarly document it was. First came the statement of the pastor. He had good-heartedly taken it upon himself to instruct the German government all too elaborately that, much as it was to be regretted, it was nevertheless a fact that scarcely one half of the native-born Americans were nowadays baptized, as the ceremony was not here required by law. After some expatiation upon this point, he graciously added that he had always seen much to commend in the German practice in the matter. His declaration was accompanied by my father's apologetic statement of his earlier scruples about infant baptism. From my letter and inclosure to the mayor of Hornersville I have never heard to this day. I had, however, anticipated this possibility, and as, fortunately for me, all four of my grandparents were living, asked them to certify to the dates of my parents' marriage and of my birth. This they did, and as the town where they resided possessed no stamp

or seal, the town clerk good-naturedly pasted round pieces of green paper and a few inches of red ribbon at the bottom of each declaration. These documents, making with my passport seven in all, were carefully laid aside. Within a week Mary had the same number of papers, and, without stopping to examine them, I made them into a formidable budget, and again visited the civil bureau, only to learn that they must all be officially translated, and that each paper must bear the two-dollar stamp of the American legation in witness of the accuracy of the translation. As the office was then quite full of business, five or six days elapsed before this was accomplished. Upon returning to the German bureau, carrying now twenty-eight documents instead of fourteen (some of which, however, proved eventually to be useless or superfluous), it was promptly found that Mary's papers certified to her two baptisms, but failed to make out that there was no legal or pecuniary obstacle to her marriage. I had heard of the tedious litigations about inheritances which, under the former laxer laws, had grown out of carelessness about this point, but supposed Mary's mother, who had remained with her, could satisfy the authorities upon that point. Therefore I waited in silence for my own papers to be examined, hoping that if my irregular baptismal certificate was challenged, Mary's supererogatory baptism might be somehow vicariously credited to me. Mine, however, was accepted, but nothing which Mary's mother could do or say was sufficient to satisfy the German law that I might not be capturing an heiress by methods which it deems inadmissible. There was therefore no way but for Mary to cable her father in New York, "Certify consent and no pecuniary obstacle to marriage," and for us to wait two weeks more for the documents. A delay of another fortnight was needful for the bans, or *Aufgebot*. Mary herself began to be impatient. It was August,

and the heat was intense; all our friends had left the city, and both my best man, Will Murrey, and Mary's friend, Miss Punto, had returned to America, and were eventually married before we were. The dresses were getting out of season and out of fashion, and it was too late to travel anywhere but in Russia, Sweden, or Scotland, and we were not as enthusiastic about any of those countries as we had been about the Danube.

But the day long sighed for, long delayed, came at last. As I had to be my own best man, and attend to all the thousand and one little unexpected jobs that turned up, I had hired a faithful man-servant for a week, to whom I entrusted the arrangements at the church, the preparation of the spread, the care about carriages, getting off the baggage, etc. Before I escaped in the morning, the house porter, three servants, the washer-woman, coal man, two servants from the laboratory, and a tailoress called, —most of them in their best attire, and several bringing flowers or bouquets, —to give me their parting *Glückwunsch*, expressed in all the pretty phrases for such occasions in which the German language abounds. They were all moderately feed, but were happy. Some of them almost wept — so I fancied — as I drove off with Johann mounted beside the driver. Mary was ready, and with a half dozen friends we were soon in the little back parlor of the civil bureau. Here again was a long delay. One of the two witnesses required by German law was six months too young, and not one of our friends had the requisite papers of legitimation with them to take her place. One of the latter was personally known to the officiating squire, and another was the wife of a well-known public man, but this was not "regular." Even my servant had no "paper with a stamp" about him, and none of the idlers in the office, who are sometimes called in for a shilling in such emergencies, was any more fortunate. One of

Mary's friends became indignant, and began a caustic history of our vexatious delays in broken German to the officer, until at length he turned his back upon her, tore off his swallow-tail coat, which had been donned for the ceremony, put on an inky gown, and retired to his desk, leaving us to find a way out of the fuss as best we could. None of the party lived nearer than two miles away, but luckily one of them remembered a lady acquaintance upon the next street, and went forth to find her. Although she was ill, she rose, dressed, took her papers, and drove to our rescue. The marriage service was rather long, and under other circumstances might have been impressive. When it was done we signed our names, I took a few more papers for use at the church, tipped four bobbing ushers who had opened four doors for us, left orders for a marriage certificate, — which is not necessary in Germany, but which we thought might be interesting to our friends at home, — and got into the carriage.

"Mary," I said, "we are really and truly married already, and let's cut the church. It is an hour and a half late; our friends will all have been tired waiting, and have gone home. Besides, I have stood about enough of this. I have kept patient during two months of this rigmarole, but I am afraid a reaction is coming, and that I shall knock the minister down."

She replied only by pressing my arm more closely with her own as we stopped at the church door. A carpet was laid, and the organ struck up as we were ushered up the main aisle and seated in front of the altar in velvet-cushioned chairs. The clergyman had become tired waiting for us and had gone home to lunch, and we sat there ten minutes until he came in, out of breath, in a black robe and skull-cap. The length of this service depends somewhat upon the fee which he expects, and we found it very long. To me, at least, it was not partic-

ularly solemn. He whispered to us in broken English what responses to make, and where to kneel, stand, join hands, etc., as if he feared we did not understand German. When it was all over there were extra fees: one for the fine chairs we sat in, one for opening the church, another for the carpet on the sidewalk, and one each for the organist and bellows-boy. We were invited at the door to buy photographs of the church and clergyman, and his pamphlet discourses, and a printed copy of the Lutheran marriage service. We did so,

and drove off to our spread. The thing was done at last.

Here, too, my story ends. It is my first, and will be the last I ever write. Marriage ceremonies and preliminaries were never made so complex, it is said, as the civil marriage law — the compulsory clause of which was repealed, I believe, last spring — made it in Germany for foreigners; and therefore only the eight or ten American couples who passed the same ordeal during its full operation are as thoroughly married as we.

A WINTER JOURNEY IN COLORADO.

THE journey from the Atlantic sea-coast to the foot of the Rocky Mountains is singularly well adapted to prepare the mind to appreciate their noble features. From the hills of the Appalachian system westward for three days of railway journey, the earth is in its quietest mood. The rocks lie in the attitudes given them when they were built on the old sea-floors; neither glacial frosts nor volcanic fires have done much to assail them, and so the great rolling plains stay as they were made, substantial images of the oceans that long surged above them; with their monotonous horizons they fit the eye for the strong outlines beyond, as a journey over the sea prepares it for rejoicing in the beauties of the land.

In its human aspect, too, the westward journey towards the great American mountains is a good preparation for the end. Out of the diversified lands of the Atlantic coast, where strips and patches of fertility lie mixed with the desert places of the worn rocks, where men have a scanty, poor relation's share of earth, the road slips quickly away into the prairies of the central part of the

continent, — lands that love the plow, or at least submit to it, as the ox gives himself to the yoke. From the mouth of the Mohawk on, for fifteen hundred miles, there is not an acre of land to be seen that does not invite tillage and is not capable of sustaining a human life. There is an almost painful monotony in this utter giving up of the earth to the profitable uses of man. The soil grows fatter and more fertile as we go nearer the centre of the Mississippi Valley, until in Illinois it seems a perfect desert of tall, withered corn-stalks and wheat stubble that stretches to the horizon. The towns have a look of squalid plenty. Corn is trodden under foot, and about the stations its grains often are as thick in the mud as are pebbles in New England. The wealth of the soil has not yet gone into buildings. Here and there over the wide fields a little rectangular patch of snow shows the roof of the master of a domain big enough for a lord. The sky, too, is prairie-like in its uniformity; it is a vacuous expanse of clearness or cloud, without the diversity that a varied surface alone can give to it.

Undoubtedly, the energy that men

bring with them to this land of monotonous fertility, together with the protective influences of institutions, literature, and travel, will secure them from the effects which the stranger feels there, and in time art will come to diversify that which nature has so dismally uniformed.

The rich bottom of the Mississippi Valley begins to diminish in its fertility as we enter the high-lying valley of the Kaw or Kansas River. There the ridges which border the alluvial valley already feel the shrinkage of the rainfall, caused by the great mountain wall that rises six hundred miles to the west. We see the perennial drought first in the dwindling forest trees. In the Eastern prairies there are here and there humid spots along the borders of the streams, or in the bottoms of the swales of the plain, where the trees have been made safe against the sweep of the autumn fires, and there the forest shows its strength again; but as we go up the Kansas Valley the familiar Eastern forms drop out one by one, until a few shrunken cottonwoods and one or two species of elms, shorn of all their fair proportions, make a low fringe close along the river banks, or at the foot of the steep escarpments of the valley, where the springs dampen the ground.

The valley of the Kansas shows us the front of the battle that man is making with this wilderness. Until we pass Topeka, the result is an easy victory. The settlers seem to have earth and air in their favor, and the farms and men wear the look of confidence that comes with swift success. Beyond them, though there is much fertile land, we see that the settlements are crowded nearer and nearer to the streams, and there are now and then wide spaces where the desert gains on the valley. The river shrinks; the sands are heaped in its bed, and the stream crawls slowly and uncertainly through them. The houses are more and more temporary and experimental. We see that men are making a trial

with their tillage, and that they half expect failure. The earth is rich; each little stream shows high banks of deep soil, that the ages have been gathering from the decay of the rocks below, but the rains of heaven forget their share of the task of making a fertile land. These changes from fertility to barrenness are slowly made; two hundred miles of the river valley go by in the gradual shadowing of the rich land into the waste of the upper plains. At Wallace Station we have definitely passed beyond the line of the plow, and the slow-rising valley has lifted us three thousand feet above the sea into the great table-land of our Western plains. The shrunken river, which is now only lazy pools among the lines of sand that mark its course, no longer has a distinct valley, but from its border the seared plains stretch away to a billowy horizon of low hills. In the early morning and at sunset the light gives the surface a rich glow, and under the quiet skies of night there is a majesty about its lifeless immensity, but in full day it is inexpressibly cheerless. In winter there is a light powder of dust-strewed snow drifting along through the grass tufts,—snow that looks as if it might have journeyed all the way from the Arctic circle, so worn and dirty is it. With the sun comes a fierce wind that blows as steadily as upon the sea, and with a power that holds the train on a slant as it runs along. The ranchers' houses are mostly half underground, and are a sort of gopher holes, generally with sod roofs, and with a heap of empty tin cans excreted at the only opening of the den. Although the thermometer is at zero, the cattle pasture under the lee of the low escarpments of the hills, and droves of antelopes trot away in long Indian files, as the train interrupts their feeding. Now and then they seem to herd among the cattle, as if their misery required sympathy. At Hugo I left the train, and walked for an hour across the plain. It repays close observation.

The surface is as hard as a well-beaten street, and almost as smooth. Bushes of greasewood and scattered tufts of buffalo grass, with one or two other grasses, give a sparse covering, but between the tufts of grass there are often yards of smooth ground, whitened by the thin crust of alkalis. Here and there are seen little bunches of gopher mounds, with the openings closed, for the creatures sleep through the long winter, or at least limit their movements to their underground ways. Each of these heaps is composed of pebbles, — the waste of the rocks in the mountains which are still beyond the horizon. A little further on, the road passes over the headland or divide of the Kansas waters at a height of over five thousand feet above the sea, and we get the first fair view of the Western mountain world. Pike's Peak is the first to greet us. It rises far away in the southwest, a bit of darkened earth cloud, around which the storm clouds whirl, as about an erupting volcano. It is the most isolated and the lowest based of all the Rocky Mountain peaks, and is the stateliest, though by no means among the highest. Next, Long's Peak shows on the northwest, only less noble than its fellow-sentinel on the south, and then, as the road crosses the divide, two hundred miles of mountain front wall in the western horizon. At first the line is seen from seventy miles away, across a valley a thousand feet deep. The plain is in sunshine, but the mountain tops are in swift succession wrapped in driving snow-storms. In no other region have I ever seen such rapidity in the development of storms. From the time when the peaks begin to grow dim in the gathering vapor, it will be but a few minutes until the mountains for a stretch of fifty miles are all wrapped in black cloud. In a little while the storm is discharged; the sunlight pierces through it, showing the peaks with their robe of fresh snow; the storm rack rolls off in

great billows over the plain, and melts away in the dry air. After a few minutes of calm, the wind rages again over the new snow, whirling it in banners from the peaks through the clear air, until it lodges in the gorges below.

As we come nearer the mountains their wall-like aspect grows stronger. Here and there a sharp cone juts above the rampart, but the whole is of singular steepness and uniformity. The plain flows in against it as a quiet sea against the land. There are no outlying hills to make a prelude to the change, but the line is drawn like an old-fashioned front of battle, close-set and continuous. There is probably no other region where the two great earth types, plains and mountains, have such unqualified contact as here. This suddenness of meeting is a gain to the grandeur of the mountains, but is a loss to their beauty. The plain holds its unaltered desert look close up to the hills. The small rain-fall, due to the barrier that the heights make between the plains of the sea, is not a bit mitigated as we come near the foot of the mountains. Buffalo grass and greasewood, a feathering of cotton-woods and willows next the slender streams, is all their vegetation. Art will in time give fertility to the belt of land next the mountains; already there are great projects for taking the head-waters of the Platte where they escape from their cañons, and leading them off on to the plains in canals for irrigation purposes. Although the amount of water in these streams is at best small, there is no doubt that a million or so acres can be made exceedingly fruitful in this way. The soil is a deep store of the fatness that the ages of drought have allowed to accumulate in them, unwasted by vegetation of any amount. A little water during the growing months of May and June, when the mountain streams are swollen by the melting snows, will give wonderful crops of wheat and other quick-ripening grains.

The city of Denver ends the plain travel. After the long journey through a region where the waves of civilization seem to die away among the alkali plains and antelopes, it is a strange sensation to find one's self once again in a full-grown and prosperous town, with Paris fashions in homes and people, and the look of thrift that usually comes only with time. It needs the iron wall on the west to persuade one that he is on the very front of civilization, and that what he sees about him has been scarce a score of years in its making. Except that the town is *squared*, and not close knit, it might belong in Ohio, or even in New England. There are shops that would do credit to Broadway, and houses that would fit in our oldest towns. In the people there is no more of the frontier than one may find in all the towns west of the Alleghanies. The laboring miner has been called to the mountains, and except that he comes here to spend his gains, or to show his "prospects" to men of capital, Denver is out of his range. Probably no other American city has such a noble site. The eastern slope of the Platte rises evenly and gradually from its sandy bed, until in a mile it gains a height of two or three hundred feet. From any house-top and all the streets one gets majestic views out over the vast eastern plain or over the mountains. A canal brought on to the ridges of the plain from the Platte cañon supplies ditches, through which, in summer, water finds its way along the street, and by little sluice gates into the gardens that surround every house. For the time the irrigation of this long-parched soil has brought about much sickness, so that the town seems to be temporarily unwholesome; but this condition must soon pass, and leave the city with almost ideal conditions of salubrity. Free from parching heats and withering cold, nearly snowless, with the sweet, dry air of the mountains and the oasis-like fertility that irrigation will in

time give to its surroundings, it may hope for a noble future.

At Denver the railways abandon their ordinary size, and in the shape of narrow-gauge ways begin a wonderful struggle with the difficulties that abound in the contracted gorges and steep slopes. The only train that goes to the end of the road in the direction of Leadville leaves Denver at nine p. m., and passes the night in its journey of one hundred miles. We first see the signs of the wilderness people in the train; the little sleeping-cars are crammed with a motley lot of humanity, supercivilized and savage in all degrees.

The moon is full, and the mountains show almost as well as by day. Night quiets the winds here and settles the mists and drifting snows, so that for seeing the time is almost as good as day. The road quickly crosses the strip of plain between the town and the hills, and enters the deep cañon of the Platte as it would a door in a wall. These mountain streams all pass out of the hills through deep and narrow gorges. Their upper waters are in broad, trough-like valleys, sometimes in wide, mountain-high plains, but when they get near the edge of the hill country they suddenly plunge into deep rifts that let them quickly down some thousands of feet to the level of the plains below; out of such a rift comes the Platte from its gathering ground in the South Park. Its lower fifty miles of mountain journey is as tortuous as a cañon's windings alone can be, and the path of the railway through it is a marvel of daring engineering. The walls of the gorge are generally from a few score to two or three hundred feet wide at the base, and they stand as steep as cliffs can, with their fantastic, spired battlements a thousand feet above the stream that winds through their ruins below. All the moods of ruined architecture, spires, castle towers, and city walls, are mimicked in their infinite variations of shape. The moon

flies along the ragged southern crest and throws a flood of light upon the north wall, so that half of the scene is in shadow and half in light. For four hours, with throttle-valve wide open and a steady, panting breath, the engine toils up the steep and crooked way, gaining about five thousand feet in height, escaping from the gorge into the vast mountain plain called the South Park.

The South Park is one of the many high-walled plains which characterize the geography of the eastern part of the Cordilleras of North America. It is in structure a great basin, about nine thousand feet above the sea, and bordered by a rim of varied mountains which lift their heads three to five thousand feet above its level. In size it is about sixty miles in length by thirty in width, or nearly one fifth the area of Massachusetts. Its surface, though generally a vast rolling plain, is diversified by outlying hills that rise up like islands from its sea of snow. We left a mild, easy winter air at Denver, but the five thousand feet of altitude has taken us to an arctic climate, where the cold and scant atmosphere makes every step a task. At the end of the railroad the traveler sees the unmistakable frontier. First there is a great stretch of platforms heaped with the motley supplies that are to begin their wagon journeys to the many camps beyond the mountains; quantities of horse feed make the largest element of the stores; next, mining machinery; and last, the provisions for the vagarious animal whose strange hunger causes all this disorder in the wilderness. There are other broad platforms stacked up with bars of bullion, — dull-looking heaps, where each piece is so heavy with lead that it would seem no temptation to thieves. Hundreds of wagons are unloading this bullion, or storing their return loads. Over the wide, billowy plain caravans of them creep on their ways out or in.

The road ended in the town of Wes-

ton, a village that was just a month old when we saw it, and destined to have but another month of life; for then the railway would have its terminus twenty miles further on, and its season for living would have passed. All along the tracks of these Western roads we can see the slender foundations of temporary towns that encamp themselves for a day or two while they are at the edge of civilization, and move on as the border line advances. A hundred or so houses, sheds, and tents, all rattling in the strong wind that seems never to be quiet in the day-time, a horde of sturdy camp followers of this frontier army, squalid dram shops, and shanties with the signs of famous hotels upon them make up the huddle of a town.

The train discharges its freight into a dozen coaches, which set off for the mountain pass that lies between Norton and Leadville; they rattle off through the whirling snows towards the range of mountains, which is already thick with storms. Our own way lies across the South Park towards a lower part of the Arkansas Valley; for ten miles the four horses hurry the light open wagon over the snow-covered plain, through the blinding snow that flies before the blasts rushing down from the mountain ravines. Then we find our way upon the regular freighting road that leads in a devious course through the mountain gorges to Leadville. It is a way for which little has been done except by the wheels of the endless trains of wagons; but nature meant this land for roads; the scant foliage and slight rain-fall leave each of the ravines a natural road, and the frost has now bound mud and stones together. Every mile of this trail is occupied by a long caravan of the freighting teams that carry in provisions and take out bullion. The ordinary train consists of many teams, each composed of two wagons, the hinder one being without a tongue, and the two coupled together as closely as two railway cars. Sometimes

there are three wagons in the string. Eight or ten mules and a single driver supply the motive power. With this "outfit" one dexterous driver will drag about ten thousand pounds of freight at the rate of twenty-five miles a day. Some of the trains are individual ventures, but commonly a dozen teams are under one wagon-master, who fixes the marches and determines the places where the train shall halt to pass the tides of wagons that set the other way. These caravans give us the most picturesque aspects of this mountain life; the drivers are a strange selection from the vigorous frontiersmen. The labor is extremely arduous and the life of the rudest, but the profits are very large, many of these teams earning from thirty to fifty dollars per day net for a half year at a time. The men live and generally sleep with their animals, even in this fierce cold. They are silent, indefatigable fellows, brutal in every outward aspect, yet withal singularly patient with their difficulties and helpful of each other, unless the other is a "greaser." A courteous word or two will always get their aid in passing through the perplexing blockade, where trains going in opposite directions meet in a narrow defile. Their life is one of trials. We are rarely out of sight of dead horses or mules which have broken their legs or died of overwork, and every precipice along the road shows the wreck of wagons that have slipped over the edge into the gorge below. In two hundred miles' travel with them I did not hear a brutal word from one man to another, and I was indebted to them for many considerate acts. They are a marvelously profane lot, but their swearing has a curiously impersonal character. In his difficulties with the teams a man will lift up his voice and address the Infinite in diabolic homily that would besfit Milton's Satan, and then, subsiding like a geyser, remain silent for the rest of the day. At night, when they gather around

the fire, in the low-walled, turf-covered ranches, they are perfectly mute; they sit on the benches as still as mummies, until they slip down upon the floor and snore until morning. They seem wrapped up in their own thoughts, or in the place where their thoughts ought to be. They often camp alone by the roadside; indeed, many of them seem to prefer the absolute isolation that they find in bivouacking in the scrub woods ten miles from neighbors. One night I sought directions from one of these solitary men. He was a huge, grizzle-bearded fellow, whom I surprised cooking his supper by a little fire in a niche in the rocks near his team. His ugly visage stood out in the blaze of his bacon, which he was toasting on a stick. He gave me sufficient answers without looking up to see who it was shouting at him out of the darkness.

Out of the South Park a low pass leads into the waters of Trout Creek, a tributary of the Arkansas. The descent is rapid, so that we are soon below the nearly treeless heights of the Park, down among steep mountain slopes, covered by the close-set yellow pine, or by the orchard-like growths of the Pignole, one of the characteristic pines of the Rocky Mountains. As in all the stream gorges of this region, the rocks are cut into forms of the most singular variety. As the snow veil blows aside with the changing storm, the time-worn, pinnacled mountains on either side loom out in simulation of gigantic castles, with all sorts of fantastic ornaments in walls and towers. Gradually we creep down beneath the storm line, and turn out into the valley of the Arkansas. Although the wandering snow-storms wrapped the summits of the majestic mountains that wall in this river, the view we had of the valley was wonderfully fine. There is a magnificent simplicity and directness in the architecture of the Rocky Mountains that is nowhere better shown than here. The valley itself is a trough, near-

ly direct in its course for one hundred miles, ending below where the river falls down to the plain in a cañon of wonderful depth and sheerness of walls. As we ascend the stream there is a gradual widening of the valley, until in its middle part it is a noble sweep of slopes from the base of the hills, which are several miles apart, down to the swift stream. On either side the mountains rise in one great step to meet higher regions. On the west their crests are about fourteen thousand feet above the sea, as solid as a wall, with a few commanding peaks at the heads of the valleys. As the cloud of snow sways aside we look up through those gorges of gray rock to the vast snow fields of their summits, now all aglow in the evening sun that is struggling through the subsiding storm.

The road up the valley lies over the long slopes and ridges of the moraines left here by the last glacial period. These mountains of waste are more massive and less diversified than those of Switzerland. The valley seems to have long been a glacial lake, in which the waste was much sorted and reduced to uniformity of outline. All along the stream of the Arkansas we see workings in the gravel where miners have sought gold. The mountains on the west from Mount Harvard northward are full of lodes bearing gold quartz. The grinding action of the ice during the glacial period has worn down hundreds of feet of this auriferous mass, and left the gravels made in the process rich in gold. Almost anywhere over the surface of these gravel beds the miner's test-pan shows a grain or two of gold in each twenty pounds of gravel. When the streams have washed over this gravel, bearing away the lighter waste, the gold is concentrated into a less bulk of matter, and then the gold hunter makes a rich winning with his sluices and rockers. The bed rock is in such cases strewn with the little nuggets. From one of these side streams, known as California Gulch, where Lead-

ville now stands, not less than six millions of dollars were taken in a few years by the modest methods of washing the gravel, and in time it is likely that all the streams hereabouts will yield largely to the miner's labor. At present the discoveries of silver have drawn away the interest from these slower and surer sources of profit, but here and there a man who prefers small certainties to the exciting risks of other mining is still winning moderate fortunes out of the border-lands of these streams.

At Buena Vista we encounter the first of the hamlets of the Arkansas Valley. It is curious to notice the perfect forlornness of these mountain settlements; it is a distinctly higher order of miserableness than any other regions can afford. A wide range of experience in the backwoods of lower levels does not prepare one for the utterly groveling look that hangs over these shanty towns. It is perhaps the contrast between the enduring architecture of the hills and the pitiful congregation of sheds that makes the impression the more painful. There is a grand lithographed plan of Buena Vista with public squares and avenues of metropolitan length, but there is many a Pennsylvania farmer's barn that contains more timber in it than the town. Whenever we get among the mining camps of this region, there is a sense of utility and thrift about the structures and of dauntless energy in the men that makes one overlook all else; but in the cross-roads hamlets, that depend upon the small chances of travel and trade, we find the camp-follower element in all its debasement.

At the edge of night-fall we set out on our road up the valley. With the setting sun came the calm in the atmospheric torment that night-fall seems always to bring in these mountains. The peaks disrobe themselves one by one, and stand out in the evening light as god-like as the ancient statues of gold and ivory in their temples of the upper air

The teamsters gather their wagons into parks on the roadside, and are resting about their fires of pitch pine, that perfume the still air of the valley and cast a glow of ruddy light over the crowded wagons, massed to make a wall against the wind. The road is hemmed by rocks close to the river that winds its way about in a maze of great boulders. The ice had stilled the stream, so that the gorges were as silent as caverns. On the west the vast snow fields of Mount Harvard rose to the great dome-like summit now lit by the full moon.

Late in the evening we made the hamlet of Granite, the oldest settlement in this region, once the busy centre of a gold-mining interest that has now fallen to decay. The dilapidation that comes to these hut towns is very rapid; soon nothing remains but a modern kitchen middling of broken bottles and crushed tin cans. But a decent inn has survived the ruin of Granite, in which we gladly found shelter from the intense cold. About the fire was a grim crowd of wayfarers, none of whom answered the greeting we gave them except by a look of a questioning sort. The town has a bad name for lawlessness, even the judge on the bench having made acquaintance with the bullet argument. Our guide had been promised a warm reception on account of an old feud, and spent some time looking around for it; but except a belated fellow who insisted that we had his room and seemed disposed to assert his rights, we had nothing to mar the night.

The morning dawned in the perfection of stillness. The mercury was ten degrees below zero, but the air had a curious softness, and save for the short breath caused by the height, life in it was delightful. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the white mountains against the purple blue of the western sky at dawn. When the sun strikes their summits the winds at once awake, and wave the snow banners to and fro. In an

hour or two the winds gain strength enough to sweep down into the valley, and we are again in the torrent of snow driving before the northern gales. We tried to get away before the benumbed freighters had thawed themselves out and sworn their blood into circulation. For a few miles we have the road free, but from every sheltered place the trains stream out and block the roads already gorged with snow-drifts. The twenty miles to Leadville were trying to one's blood. The road rises all the way fifty feet for every mile; the snow deepens and the mercury crawls down. The Arkansas Valley widens above Granite, as all these mountain valleys do in their upper regions. It is no longer a gorge, but a wide, park-like expanse walled about by mountains. The old glaciers did great work here, where they survived longest, enduring after they had shrunk away on the lower ground. Turning sharply to the east from the main valley, which is a wild, open-looking country, we find ourselves on the skirts of Leadville: a scattering of wooden huts among the bushy pines; then a grimy smelting furnace with its slag heaps, where the waste is still glowing with the fire or sputtering as the snow drifts over it; then more huts and more "smelters," and we are at once in the streets of this the swiftest grown of all American towns.

Although haste, incompleteness, and the disorder of overgrowth are upon every line of the town's shape, Leadville has a look of decency and thrift that is surprising. Thirty months ago the little towns of Oreville and Malta, that had grown up while this gulch was yielding its millions of gold from the gravel washings, had rotted away, until the remnants were reduced to the name of Slabtown. Then it happened that a man skilled in such matters passed this way, and recognized ores rich in silver in the waste of the washings, — a heavy, ferruginous-looking stuff, that the placer miners had called iron ore, and much be-

rated because it filled their sluices and spoiled their work. A little prospecting gave him the "lead," and the new life of the camp began. In the two years thereafter five thousand shafts had been driven at random into the hills about this gulch, and from ten to twenty thousand men were after the new-found treasure. Perhaps fifty of the shafts have paid and as many miners found fortunes, but the prizes have been large, and who cares for blanks in the world's lottery! Once a month some one strikes "big pay," and the rest of the herd dig the harder and strive to make their last pound of bacon carry them deeper in their holes, that they may have the next chance. Capital has come in scores of millions to organize the work, and the prospector is drifting away over the hills to find fresh fields and new underground pastures, — glad if he is a little ahead in money to carry him to new regions. Those who remain mostly work for "grub stakes," that is, they are fed by small capitalists, who get half what they find by their labor. The miner is an inveterate hoper; nothing dampens his ardor, and very few things enrage him. He knows that his temporal salvation is awaiting him somewhere underground, and is content to bide his time. All summer long, with his blanket, tools, and small stores, he is content to crawl about through these wild hills, utterly alone, demanding admittance to the earth's stores of precious metals. Not until the snows grow deep is he driven to the towns. Then miners swarm in the streets of Leadville, trying to find some Eastern capitalist to buy their claims; for though a miner rather hates the "tenderfoot," as he calls him, he must use him if he is to develop the fortune that he has found over the divide. Every new-comer he scans with a hungry look, for he may be his man. Beside the work of this floating population there are the regular mines, great business enterprises, among the best conducted and the most prosperous of such

works in the world, yielding fortunes each month, and some of them likely to live for a score of years. They give a solid basis to the community, and their enduring success is giving character to the town. The permanent element of the population probably has no equal for intelligence and the other marks of power in a place of equal size. They hold the vice and crime of the swarm of wild folk who crowd into the place in an iron grip, — a grip so strong that it does not need to be harsh. The vigilantes, as the constables of Judge Lynch are called, have needed to sit on only one or two occasions. A year ago they hanged two men to lamp-posts, and on their backs placarded the names of others whom they meant next to hang. The men took the warning, and left the country. In another year civilization, with its strange penetrating power, will have subdued the little of barbarism that is left.

The hills rise steeply above Leadville. Upon those on the south of the gulch are the principal mines; Carbonate Hill and Freyer Hill have upon them all the great mines contained within the space of a few hundred acres. About them in every direction there are hundreds of small huts, where men are at work in their search for the great deposits of silver. The vein lies upon a slope so gradual that it can be attacked from a very wide horizontal field, and can be made to yield its treasures a hundred times as fast as a deposit that stood at a steep angle.

The traveler is fortunate if he can make sure of the hospitality of some of the great mines upon these hills, for he is then lifted out of the noisy and narrow valley in which Leadville lies, where there are no views of the hills, to a level in an upper and refined air where, with the amenities of life about him, he may enjoy the majestic prospect over the mountains that divide the waters of the two great oceans. In the

dawn of a winter's morning, while the night stays over the western heavens, the vast Sierra of the continent, snow white down to its forest slopes, lies in a calm immensity that transcends any mountain view the Alps afford. The scene can never have anything of the graciousness or the human interest that lends beauty to the Alps, but it has a grandeur all its own. It is calm, serene, and cast in a large mould, as are all the feature lines of this rather grim continent. Our fierce American life may beat against this upper land as long as it will, but it will never be marred by its doings; to

the last these hills will remain with the same invincible look they now wear. When the well-selected race that is now gathering here shall have been shaped to the country, this strong nature will surely stamp itself upon it. We may then expect to find here the most distinctly American of our peoples, — a race that will, we may hope, be cast in the large mould of the nature that surrounds it. The fierce, eager mood that is now upon this people will in time pass away, and they will lose restlessness and gain strength in contact with the great strong land where their lot is cast.

N. S. Shaler.

THE WIVES OF POETS.

I.

THE subject which I propose to treat in these articles, *The Wives of Poets*, is one which might be dealt with from several points of view. There might be a biographical treatment, and this more or less affecting either mere matter of fact or an anecdotal method; or a sentimental treatment; or a speculative or theoretic one. A writer might come ready prepared with some scheme into which he fitted all the details, well matching or ill matching, as so many illustrative examples. Now this is not what I propose to do. I propose to deal with our subject mainly in its biographical aspect; to collect together a number of facts, and present them in such order as I can; and then to reconsider them, and draw from them whatever inference they shall seem to warrant. At the same time it should be understood that I do not regard the details as merely miscellaneous and unconnected: I gather and scan them with a certain object in view, but without any desire to make them subserve that

object, — only to use them as a fair basis for a reasoned opinion.

Let me state what this object is. It has often been alleged, and with considerable strength of assertion, that poets are not well suited for married life; that the very constitution of their minds predisposes them to disappointment and discontent if they commit the imprudence of matrimony; and that, as a matter of fact, the married poets have very generally been unhappy family men. Their intellectual subtilty, their ideal aspirations, we are told, will not comport with the commonplace conditions of conjugal life; they dream of goddesses, and they find their spouses to be not goddesses, but women, — and sometimes very ordinary women, too. But I will not define this opinion merely in my own words, but will quote from two authors who have given it a decided and efficient expression. The first of the two is Trelawny, in his interesting book, *Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author*; and the second is Karl Elze, the writer of a valuable life of Byron in German, which has been translated into English.

And now for Trelawny, who not only gives us his own opinion, but cites from Byron (in *Don Juan*), Shelley (in *Epipsychidion*), Milton (in *Paradise Lost*), and Shakespeare (in *Antony and Cleopatra*), in confirmation. He says : —

“Poets, like priests, have hosts of communicants, and should be sworn to celibacy. A catalogue of the domestic grievances of the poets and their wives, from the omniscient Shakespeare and solemn Milton to scoffing Byron and the martyr Shelley, would show that men of imagination all compact are devoid of what women call domestic virtues ; that is, propriety of conduct and submission to the conventional customs of the time. Byron says : —

“ ‘But O ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you
all ?’

“Shelley : —

“ ‘With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,
The dreariest and the longest journey go.’

“Milton : —

“ ‘Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning:
And of their vain contest appeared no end !’

“Shakespeare : —

“ ‘As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another.
The third o’ the world is yours ; which with a
snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife !’ ”

So far Trelawny. Next Elze : —

“Genius, living in its own ideal world, is not inclined to adapt itself to everyday life, or to tolerate its defects and annoyances ; and the poet, to whom Jove’s heaven ever stands open, discovers the incompatibility of the fetters and clogs of prosaic common life with his divine aspirations. Genius, in accordance with its nature, withdraws into its own inner life ; it tends to become self-sufficing and self-absorbed. What other mind, compared with his own, could have value to Byron, or excite interest in him ? These defects, to use the fine expression of Moore, are the shadow which genius casts. The fancy, too, of the poet or

artist is a foundation far too loose for so solid a building as marriage, and Pegasus fastened to the yoke never becomes a useful plow-horse. In fact, almost all great poets, artists, or scholars have led a more or less unhappy domestic life, and it is an ascertained result of experience that no woman has been happy with a man of genius, nor, conversely, any woman unhappy because of the narrowness of her husband’s intellect. Moore mentions the cases of Dante, Petrarch, and Pope ; he might have added Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Burns, Mozart, Bürger, Goethe, and a hundred others.”

This, then, is the point I wish to ascertain, — whether the general view of the matter taken by Trelawny and Elze is or is not a fair deduction from an adequate amount of evidence ; and indeed I may say that thinking over the passage from Trelawny was my main incentive to attempting the subject at all. To put the thing to the proof, I know of no better means than to take as many married poets as I conveniently can, and inquire, one by one, whether the records show the man to have been a happy or unhappy husband, and what sort of a person his wife was, and what his own marital conduct, and, if unhappy, *why* he was unhappy. I take only a certain number of the *good* poets, be it understood, including all those mentioned by Trelawny and Elze, except Petrarch and Pope, who never were married, and Mozart, who was a musician ; the bad ones, as I would rather not read their poetry, so I lay no stress upon their matrimonial fortunes, fair or foul. But, of the good poets, I have not at all attempted to pick and choose such as might subserve one or other theory, but I take them as they happen to come, and look without *parti pris* into their domestic interiors.

I shall arrange my poets according to their nationality, and then in order of date, ending with our own English au-

thors ; and I shall give a few biographical particulars in each case, and as many details as I can cull and as my space allows regarding the wives and the mutual relation of wife and husband. After coming to the end of these several cases, I shall see whether any and what general conclusion can be formed, and shall ask my reader's attention to the results. I must of course be very brief about many points which would properly invite amplification ; otherwise I should never, in the course of a few magazine-articles, get to the end of my rather extensive and multiform subject matter. Among the poets of antiquity I am aware of only two who can be cited in the present inquiry, — one Greek and one Latin. Of the others, some are known not to have been married, and as to such as were married I know of no apposite details.

The Grecian poet is the great tragedian Euripides, born of Athenian parentage in Salamis towards 480 B. C., — perhaps on the very day (September 23d) when the ever-memorable battle of Salamis cleared the seas of the invading fleet of the Persian despot Xerxes. He is said to have written his first tragedy at the age of eighteen, and he exhibited plays up to the seventy-third year of his life, which terminated two years afterwards, in 406. Euripides has been numbered in the ranks of the matrimonial unfortunates, — not only his first wife, it is alleged, but also his second, having played him false. Modern criticism, however, has scrutinized the grounds of these assertions, and finds them very defective, — so defective that we are left wholly in doubt as to the facts ; and when in doubt the only safe and candid course is to confess that we know not how the truth really stood. The old story was that Euripides married a certain Chœrilla ; that her unfaithfulness induced him to write the tragedy of Hippolytus, wherein the incestuous passion of Phædra for the youthful hero

reflects disgrace upon the female sex ; and that he proceeded to divorce Chœrilla. But looking to the dates, we find that Hippolytus was acted in the year 428 ; that Euripides was still, to all appearance, domesticated with Chœrilla, fourteen years later, in 414 ; and that at this later date she must have been fifty years of age, or thereabouts, and hardly likely to go astray. After Chœrilla he is said to have espoused Melitto, who intrigued with one Cephisophon ; and the chagrin hence accruing to Euripides, aggravated by the gibes which comic poets vented against him, induced him, we are told, at the advanced age of seventy-two, to abandon Athens for the court of King Archelaus of Macedon. But here again we are encountered by an awkward fact, namely, that the tragedian continued up to the date of his death on good terms with Cephisophon. And so we must either whitewash the tarnished reputations of both the wives of Euripides, or confess that the circumstances are too mysterious to be reconciled, or, which comes to much the same thing, simply suspend our judgment. One other alternative statement only tends further to confuse us, namely, that he had two wives at once. But under all this smoke there may not improbably have been some fire : in other words, Euripides may have been a not particularly happy husband. His own character has been much canvassed. Some say that he was profligate and a confirmed misogynist ; but the former allegation appears to be a mere calumny, and the latter is more than disputable. According to others, he was a serious and unmirthful man ; which we may believe without attributing to him anything amiss. His detractors say that he was at last killed by some women, when going out at night to keep a criminal assignation ; perhaps his age, seventy-four or seventy-five, may be deemed a sufficient answer to this imputation. The ordinary

account of his death sounds legendary, and yet it is generally accepted as true. Two rival poets, Arrhidæus and Cratinus, are branded to eternal infamy as having set the dogs of King Archelaus upon the aged tragedian, and by these brute auxiliaries of hellish envy he is reputed to have been torn to death.

Our Latin poet is Lucretius, — Titus Lucretius Carus, — the author of the austere philosophic poem *De Rerum Natura*, or *On the Nature of Things*; epicurean in its physical and moral doctrines, expounding the Infinite of Anaximander and the Atoms of Democritus; one of those monumental works which bridge the centuries across, and form the wonder of the last as of the first generation of students. There is a curious old tradition about Lucretius and his wife which our Tennyson has made the occasion of an eloquent poem; and I am content to go astray with Tennyson, if astray it is. The tradition is this: that Lucilia, the wife of Lucretius, being piqued at the philosophical abstraction of her husband, and possessed with jealous imaginings, gave him a love potion, in the hope of recalling his affection to herself; but the potion unbinged his reason, and henceforth he had only intervals of calm sense. At last, in a fit of frenzy, he killed himself, aged only forty-three the day of his death, in the year B. C. 52, being the very day when Virgil assumed the adult toga. Tennyson, on the scent of a moral purpose, gives a rather different turn to this story: his Lucretius, beset by carnal ideas under the influence of the potion, and hence lowered in his own eyes, stabs himself in an interval of sanity. This is very nearly all that we know about the career of Lucretius, either as a married man or otherwise; and even this we are far from believing. The story is a legend, — an unauthenticated legend, — which, even in the most credulous mood, one does not seriously allow to pass muster as a fact.

We now stride from the antique to the mediæval world, but remain still in Italy. I shall speak of two Italian poets, — Dante and Alfieri.

Dante Alighieri, one of the most vast minds and of the greatest poets that ever lived, — of all poets whatsoever certainly the most intense and awful, — was born in Florence on May 14, 1265, and died an exile in Ravenna on September 14, 1321. At the age of nine, if we may trust his own account, supplemented by some nearly contemporary writers, — but it has often been questioned whether the statements are to be construed literally or symbolically, — he fell deeply in love with a girl of much the same age, Beatrice Portinari. She, however, at the age of twenty-one, married another man, Timon de' Bardi, and less than three years afterwards, June, 1290, she died, leaving Dante in an anguish of grief. His friends, seeing his excessive misery, pressed him to marry, and after a contest he yielded, in 1292; the lady selected being Gemma de' Donati, a daughter of Manetto and a connection of Corso de' Donati, the latter of whom eventually became one of Dante's bitterest political enemies. The family was of the most ancient and important in Florence, and Dante himself was of correspondingly high birth. There is considerable controversy as to Dante's lot in married life. No one brings any grave charge against Gemma, but it is said (and Boccaccio, the most important of the poet's early biographers, is our chief authority for these statements) that she had a harsh, vehement temper, and would have her husband account to her for every sigh which he heaved, and interfered with his studying and doing what he liked; and in especial Boccaccio affirms that Dante, when once divided from her by political storms, would never either go where she was, or suffer that she should come where he was. This leads us to a few details regarding his public career.

Dante was one of the six *priori*, or chief magistrates, of Florence for two months in the year 1300. The great contest of that age was between the Ghibellines and Guelfs, or partisans respectively of the holy Roman Empire and of the Pope. Florence was entirely Guelf; but in our poet's time she was vexed with a subdivision between the so-called Black party and White party, — the Blacks being Guelfs of the extremer kind, and the Whites Guelfs of a milder and more tolerant tone. Dante and the other *priori* of his day saw fit to banish the heads of both these factions from Florence; but after a time the Whites were recalled, while the Blacks remained in exile, and the poet, though then no longer in office, was thought to have connived at this measure. Party spirit ran high. Corso Donati, the kinsman of Gemma, returned to Florence in arms; Dante, with many others, was heavily fined and banished, and in March, 1302, he was actually sentenced to be burned alive if he returned. His houses had already been fired, and his lands laid waste. The proud and illustrious exile, who now took part with the Ghibelline cause, might at one time have gone home, if he would have consented to humble himself and do public penance; but this he loftily refused, and during his nineteen years' residue of life he remained a banished man, roaming from city to city as necessity and party interests dictated. In exile he wrote the great majority of his Divine Comedy.

Dante and Gemma had a family of seven. He did not need to feel any anxiety about the material interests of his wife, for her connections were of the triumphant faction; and she succeeded in saving a part of his property as dowry, and used it discreetly for herself and her children. In the scantiness of records of events and the impossibility of judging of motives beyond a certain point, these facts must give us pause before we conclude that the hus-

band and wife remained apart voluntarily, because of dislike or indifference on either side or on both; for it is clear that there were strong family interests pleading with Gemma to continue in Florence. Nevertheless, after all that can be urged on her behalf, both in this matter and generally, the profoundest Dantesque scholar of our day, Karl Witte, adheres to the opinion, and has lately expressed it in an elaborate paper, that the complaints against her are true, and that the poet was really unhappy in his married life.

Dante was of middle stature, long face, aquiline nose, large eyes, projecting under jaw, dark complexion, hair black and curled, — his expression that of profound thoughtfulness chastened by fierce fortune, with a fixed, sad severity; his gait was composed, his garb decorous, his manners grave and sedate, his address courteous, though reserved, and not free from haughtiness and caustic rigidity when he liked. He was temperate, and had the absence of mind incidental to constant study. Of Gemma I cannot give any portrait. Dante, it is generally considered, never once mentioned her in his writings; although, indeed, there is one rather long section of his autobiographic love story, the *Vita Nuova*, in which he refers to a certain "lady of the window," who used to gaze upon him with deep sympathy during his passions of grief for the dead Beatrice, and it has sometimes been thought that this was Gemma de' Donati. He speaks of her as "a gentle lady, young and very beautiful, looking very pitifully, so that all pity seemed to be summed up in her." As the houses of the Alighieri and the Donati faced in the rear, there is the more plausibility in supposing that this lady who eyed Dante from a window may have been Gemma. Certain it is, however, that Dante, in one of the most abstruse of his writings, declares the lady in question to have been a very impersonal personage, namely,

Philosophy; but whether this symbolical interpretation entirely excluded some natural one as well is a question which must be left to those most diverse-minded of mortals, the Dantesque commentators.

On the chance that the lady of the window may have been Gemma de' Donati, I give, in the translation made by my brother, one of the sonnets to her contained in the *Vita Nuova* :—

"Mine eyes beheld the blessed pity spring
Into thy countenance immediately,
Awhile agone when thou beheldest in me
The sickness only hidden grief can bring;
And then I knew thou wast considering
How abject and forlorn my life must be,
And I became afraid that thou shouldst see
My weeping, and account it a base thing.
Therefore, I went out from thee; feeling now
The tears were straightway loosened at my heart
Beneath thine eyes' compassionate control.
And afterwards I said within my soul:
'Lo! with this lady dwells the counterpart
Of the same love who holds me weeping now.' "

There is nothing to show that Dante was in any way unfaithful to his marriage vow so long as he lived with his wife; but he is stated to have been of a very amorous temperament, and evidence exists — I will not say conclusive evidence — that after his exile he had some love affairs with other ladies. As many as five have been named, and careful inquirers are inclined to assent at any rate to two, — Gentucca, a noble Lucchese lady, who afterwards married one of the Altelminelli family, and the Montanina (mountain damsel) of Casentino.

Let me add that two of Dante's sons were among the earliest of his commentators; that a daughter, Beatrice, became a nun in Ravenna; and that his direct line was extinct in 1509, but the blood of Dante and Gemma still runs in the Marquises Serego Alighieri of Verona.

About Dante Alighieri everybody knows something; but English-speaking people in general do not know much about my next Italian poet, the Count Vittorio Alfieri, the most famous trage-

dian of his country. He was born at Asti, in Piedmont, in January, 1749, of a noble and wealthy family; was in youth impetuous, unscholarly, a rapid and somewhat extensive traveler, and extraordinarily fond of horses; he was a man of gallantry, and had some curious love adventures, more particularly in English high life. He began writing drama towards 1773, but did not publish anything till 1781: altogether he composed, besides other works, twenty-four tragedies, remarkable for severe dignity and passionate laconism. All the incidents connected with his marriage are of uncommon interest; and as he wrote a detailed autobiography, an admirable book, we know a great deal about them.

A very small German sovereign, the last reigning prince of Stolberg-Gedern, had a cousin, Louisa Maria Caroline, born in 1753, who at the age of nineteen, having theretofore been a canoness, married no less a personage than Charles Edward Stuart, whom we call the young Pretender, but who, in the eyes of his adherents, the men of the '45, was king of England, Scotland, and Ireland. At this time, 1772, bonny Prince Charlie, the hero of Waverley, was aged fifty-two, and was a confirmed drunkard. He soon treated his consort, commonly known as the Countess of Albany, with brutish indifference, and at times with brutal violence. The marriage was a childless one. In 1776, Alfieri met this royal lady for the first time in Florence, and in the autumn of 1777 he was presented to her in her own house, and very soon fell in love with her, — a love, he says, of the mind as well as heart, which incited him to increased intellectual exertion. In 1780, resolved to bear her husband's outrages no longer, the countess quitted him; and in May, 1781, she settled in Rome, keeping up a handsome establishment, for which she had ample means. Alfieri was with her in Rome, but not in the same house; their intimacy, however, caused some scandal, and

in subsequent years, from 1784 till 1788, they joined company in Colmar and in Paris, always dwelling apart, and at times separated for some months, during which he wrote her very long and ardent letters. It was towards February, 1788, in Paris, that the countess received the news that her husband had died in Rome. She was genuinely distressed, Alfieri says; adding that "no artifice ever entered into that most candid and most unmatchable disposition." From this time forth they were completely united.

Whether the tie which had undoubtedly already for some while existed between Alfieri and the Countess of Albany was ever confirmed by an actual marriage is a question not yet solved by any positive evidence; but it is generally assumed that this was so, and as no motive is apparent for the contrary we may reasonably accept it as a fact. It would seem that no two people could be happier together than they. No stripling in the fervor of a first love for an unattainable beauty could write of her more enthusiastically than did this highly distinguished author and man of society of his countess, — "my lady," as he invariably terms her, — when he had attained the age of about forty-one and she of thirty-seven, and again when, shortly before his death, at the age of fifty-four, he completed his autobiography. He speaks of "a sweet fire in her very black eyes, coupled (which is rare) with an exceedingly white skin and blonde hair;" of her "golden temper" and her many other excellences, including a knowledge of languages and literature sufficient to enable her husband-lover to talk to her of all his work. In 1791, when chance had led to his re-encountering one of his early flames, a lady who partly by his means had forfeited an eminent place in English society, he narrated the whole affair to the Countess of Albany, and he remarks, — a crucial point, indeed, to test a mar-

ried couple's happiness, — "Between us there was never any feigning, nor mistrust, nor disesteem, nor bickering." He composed in her honor many sonnets and other pieces; and he wrote her epitaph along with his own, in Latin, terming her "preëminent in birth, beauty, character, incomparable candor of soul; beloved by Vittorio Alfieri beyond all things, and by him constantly held and served as a mortal deity." They lie buried together in the famous church of Santa Croce in Florence, under a monument for which the countess commissioned Canova: Alfieri having died in October, 1803, of gout telling upon a constitution lowered by continual application and the most sparing diet, and she having, after many years, followed him to the tomb in January, 1824. She had continued dwelling in Florence, in active intercourse with persons of distinction in literature, art, and society; and the praises which her husband had lavished upon her were generally, however faintly, echoed by others. There is some idea, but it remains only a conjecture, that, many years after Alfieri's death, she married a French historical painter named Fabre, who was, at all events, left her general legatee.

Alfieri was an honorable man and constant friend; proud, irascible; a great hater of the French, especially after he had been disappointed in the course of the French Revolution, and had suffered some considerable personal troubles therein; tall, thin, pallid, with red hair and a very powerful voice; a contemner of money, an aristocrat, and a republican. "By none despised unless it were by himself" is the haughty phrase which he embodied in his own epitaph.

Thus far of the Italian poets, and next of the Spanish. Here again I shall take two, and these contemporaries in the greatest period of Spanish literature, — Cervantes and Lope de Vega.

Cervantes as the author of *Don Quixote* is known to all; as a poet to few of

us. He was, however, a poet of very considerable note in his time and country, and still is so, with a difference of degree, to his compatriots. He wrote some twenty or thirty plays, of which only two, along with some comedies and interludes, still survive, — the *Numancia* and the *Trato de Argel*, or *Algerine Dealings*. The former, on the memorable siege of *Numancia* by the Romans, has a stern, heroic terribleness which makes it very impressive, though not in like measure poetic. There was also, near the end of his life, the *Journey to Parnassus*, a semi-burlesque poem, which is accounted his most decided success in the form of verse; likewise other works which I need not here mention.

That the *Numancia* tragedy should be heroic is no wonder; for Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, born at Alcalá de Henares, in New Castile, in the autumn of 1547, of a dignified if not noble family in straitened circumstances, was as genuine a hero as ever breathed, — as genuine as his own *Don Quixote* (and that is saying a good deal), without having so loud buzzing a bee in his bonnet. At the age of twenty-three he became a private soldier; fought splendidly against the Turks in the glorious sea-fight of Lepanto, and there had his left hand maimed for life; was in 1575 captured at sea by the Moors, and kept five years a slave in Algiers, displaying the most noble powers of endurance, enterprise, and self-sacrifice in the interest of his fellow-captives. At last a large ransom was paid for him, and he returned to soldiering and eventually to authorship. Subordinate official government, neglect, poverty, and temporary imprisonment, made Cervantes one of the most ill-starred of literary geniuses; he met all his trials with rare sweetness and buoyancy of spirit. One of the few defects attributed to him is a habit of unthrift and restlessness. At last, in 1603, when he was fifty-five years of age, he brought out his *Don Quixote*, Part I., and in

1615 Part II. Both were received with transcendent applause, and the work obtained more readers than any other which had appeared since the invention of printing. Yet — an almost unaccountable instance of ill-luck — he made little by it. Still poverty-stricken, he died in Madrid of dropsy, on April 23, 1616, — not properly the same day, though it is generally spoken of as the same, on which Shakespeare expired.

In December, 1584, Cervantes had married a young lady (as it has been said) “of apparently very limited fortune and unlimited respectability,” — Doña Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano, — living in Esquivias, near Madrid. His prose pastoral of *Galatea*, published in the preceding year, is interspersed with lyrics inspired by his love for this lady, who is indeed the *Galatea* of the story, and himself the *Elisio*. From a pastoral no real knowledge of anybody is to be gathered; and of Doña Catalina next to nothing is known otherwise. It is surmised that the couple lived at first upon her dowry. In 1603 they were dwelling in Valladolid: he drudging at the humblest literary employments, and she eking out their income by needlework, in which she was assisted by a natural daughter of her husband and by three other ladies of the family, — all housed together. One of these ladies, with Doña Catalina herself, assumed the habit of St. Francis in 1609, thus binding themselves to certain acts of piety. The daughter, Isabel, who shared all her father's troubles and was the object of his deep affection, had been borne to him by a noble Portuguese lady about two years before his marriage; there were no children by his wife. About four years before the death of Cervantes Isabel became a nun; and five months after he was laid in his grave a license was granted to his widow and executrix to print for her own benefit his last romance, *The Sorrows of Persiles and Sigismunda*, — probably the only property

he had to leave her. Of her person I find no description, nor anything beyond a general inference that the pair were mutually helpful and attached. Cervantes was a man of ordinary stature, stammering speech, and aquiline features, with a small mouth and chestnut hair.

From the step-son of fortune we pass to her spoiled child, — from Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra to Lope Felix de Vega Carpio, or Lope de Vega, as he is commonly called, who was born in Madrid of a noble but not wealthy family, in 1562, fifteen years later than the author of *Don Quixote*. Apart from his literary work he led a sufficiently active life: spent some time in travel; served as a soldier in the Spanish Armada, — *Invincible*, so called; married twice; was private secretary to the Duke of Alva and the Count of Lemos; entered holy orders as a priest and honorary member of the brotherhood of St. Francis; showed hot religious zeal; and amassed great riches, and spent them largely, being a man both of display and of charity. But all this is as nothing to his literary labors, in comparison with which the labors of Hercules would hardly seem exhausting. Suppose a man, in something less than seventy-three years of life, — the span allotted to Lope, — were to write a million verses; would my reader think that a large number? I should, — a barely credible number. But Lope is said to have written and printed 21,300,000, among which are included 1800 plays actually performed on the stage. This is the estimate of a panegyrist, and must, I suppose, be rejected as an absolute impossibility. But it is certain that he wrote comedies, tragicomedies, tragedies, sacred dramas, epics, and verse of every other sort, besides a mass of prose: 518 of his plays are still extant in print, and several of them continue to be acted; of his epics, one is a continuation of the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto (he wrote this when shipped in the Armada), and another, named *La*

Diagonteia, is on the death of Sir Francis Drake, the *bête noire* of all Spaniards. He himself says he had written more than 1500 plays, 100 of them being done in as many days. With such miraculous facility, it cannot be expected that the compositions should be of a profound or monumental character, taken individually; flowing abundance and the faculty of treating any and every story dramatically are the generally admitted merits. Lope was, and indeed he deserved to be, enormously popular: he wrote for popularity, conscious that he had it in him to do something of a more solid and permanent kind. He was rightly called “the prodigy of nature,” and his name became such a synonym for excellence that his contemporaries would speak of a Lope diamond, a Lope afternoon, and so on. In personal character he is said to have been kindly and vivacious: we cannot conceive of his being otherwise, any more than we could imagine a fertile soil which brings forth hundred fold to look as if it were arid and grudging. He had a firm, well moulded countenance, with dark eyes, large, slightly aquiline nose, and very short upper lip, — discerning, clear-headed.

As I have said, Lope de Vega was twice married. In early youth he wedded Doña Isabel de Urbino, a lady of rank. He loved her tenderly, but had to quit her in consequence of a duel, returning to his family and his native Madrid after some years. He had not been back long when his wife died, and his joining the Armada, which was in 1588, is said to have been prompted by his wish to escape the pain of memory. His second nuptials, at the age of twenty-eight, were with Doña Juana de Guardia, a Madrid lady; with her also he was happy. She died after ten years or so of wedded life, following to the grave a son on whom the poet doted, and leaving behind her two daughters. As he had sought to assuage his first grief in the clash of arms, so he retreated

from the second into the ecclesiastical life. After the statistics I have given of his poems, I need not say that he still continued writing when he had entered the priesthood. His *Autos Sacramentales*, or sacred dramas, number at least four hundred. Such, in scanty outline, was the father of the Spanish drama, and the most prodigal and colossal of all examples of literary productiveness.

We will next take the French poets, four of them, — all men of the seventeenth century.

Pierre Corneille — the great Corneille, as his countrymen call him, not undeservedly — was born at Rouen, in June, 1606, his father being a lawyer and official, ennobled during the poet's youth. The son was also a lawyer, but did next to nothing in his profession. His first drama, *Mélite*, was produced when he was aged twenty-three; two years afterwards came his early masterpiece, *The Cid*, the success of which was altogether vast and unprecedented; then in later years *Les Horaces*, *Polyeucte*, and several others; the latest of high celebrity was the *Œdipus*, written at the age of fifty-three; others succeeded, testifying to declining powers. In 1663 Corneille was pensioned by the king, Louis XIV., with two thousand livres per annum, — an amount which was not always punctually paid, and in these intervals the poet was not well off. He died in Paris in September, 1684. A stern magnanimity, a stress of lofty character which lapses into the bombastic if it overshoots the heroic, mark the great but very unequal genius of Corneille.

The details of his courtship and married life are pretty well known to us. Love is said to have been his first inspirer to the drama. A friend of his, who was paying his addresses to a young lady, introduced Corneille to her, and she soon showed a preference for the new-comer. This led him to write his first play, *Mélite*, which deals with a

similar incident, and found favor with the public. If I understand the narrators aright, this was the same lady whom he afterwards married, — Mademoiselle Marie de Lampérière, daughter of the lieutenant-général des Andelys, in Normandy. In this case the engagement must have been a decidedly long one, for *Mélite* was written in 1629, and the marriage did not take place till about 1640. The lady's father did not approve of having Corneille as a son-in-law. The young dramatist was at first one of the so-called "Five Poets" of the all-powerful Cardinal de Richelieu; their business being to work up into plays the ideas which the cardinal threw out, but for the execution of which he had neither the leisure nor perhaps the faculty. Corneille did not altogether please Richelieu in this employ, and he ceased to be one of the five poets towards 1637. Richelieu however, continued to allow him five hundred crowns a year, and also befriended him in his suit; for it is said that the poet having called on the cardinal, one day, sadder than usual, and being asked whether he was writing anything, he replied that he was too much harassed by love, being passionately enamored of Mademoiselle de Lampérière, whose father would not let him have her; and Richelieu thereupon sent for the father to Paris. He attended, in no small trepidation at receiving so sudden and mysterious a summons from the terrible minister; and, on hearing what it was all about, was only too glad to consent to the match, and so return to his province. The lady's dowry was trifling, and the patrimony of Corneille the like. Married, and in course of time the father of six children, the dramatist found all his pleasure in his family; and, allowing for a melancholic temperament in the man, gruff manners, quick self-esteem without the anodyne of vanity, and a great inaptitude for business affairs, he seems to have had a substantially happy home. Of his *brusquerie* and

indifference we have the anecdote that Corneille having engaged one of his daughters to a suitor whose money matters went amiss, the young man called on him one day, explaining that unfortunate circumstances compelled him to break off the match, and the poet replied, "Pray speak about it to my wife, without interrupting me. I know nothing about such affairs." He lived in the same household, practically speaking, with his brother, Thomas Corneille, also a poet of recognized, though inferior merit. Their harmonious *bonhomie* was conspicuous. Thomas, twenty years younger than Pierre, was married to a sister of Pierre's wife, also twenty years younger than that lady. They had the same number of children, and they held all things so much in common that, in twenty-five years of joint marriage, they never partitioned the properties of their wives; and this was done only after the death of Pierre, who lived without

expense and died without goods. His family is still extant. One of his daughters was an ancestress of the too celebrated Charlotte Corday, and the philosopher Fontenelle was his nephew.

This writer has given us some valuable details about his illustrious relative. "Corneille," he says, "was somewhat tall and stout; his air very simple and very ordinary; always negligent, and unconcerned about appearances. His visage was sufficiently agreeable: nose large, mouth fine, eyes full of fire. He spoke but little. He was in essentials very easy to live with; a good husband, good relative, tender, and full of kindness. His temperament was somewhat inclinable to love, never to libertinism, and seldom to powerful attachments. His spirit was lofty and independent; no suppleness, no finessing." And to this let me add the terse phrase of the mighty Napoleon: "If Corneille were alive, I would make him a prince."

William M. Rossetti.

A SYMPOSIUM OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.

WE had occasion, not long since, in speaking of the somewhat affected and ambiguous attitude of Mr. Mallock toward the faith which he has undertaken to defend, to contrast him with those valiant sons of the church's own body who have carried her banner most gallantly in recent times, and especially with that most memorable and chivalric of them all, Count Joseph de Maistre. It is only incidentally, of course, that two men, as yet so widely separated in intellectual ranks, can be compared at all. Mr. Mallock has apparently suffered too severely from that wasting malady of the modern mind whose chief symptoms of spiritual unrest, moral bewilderment, and enervating melancholy are unhappily so familiar to us all, to be able

wholly to recover from it, though never so willing to take the most heroic treatment. From invalidism of this description, at least, the great writer named above was always and absolutely free, and it is his superb mental health, his endurance and virility, his humor and high spirit, and the soldierly enthusiasm with which he fought out to its calm close the long, hard battle of his life, which especially fascinate us with his memory. It is not, therefore, as a controversialist, and as little as possible as a Catholic, but rather as a profound, courageous, and often most consolatory thinker on the perpetual problems of existence, that we propose to consider him to-day, and to glean a little from the abundant riches of his latest and

most popular work, — his own favorite, also, and that into which he himself tells us that he had put his whole soul, — the *Soirées de Saint Pétersbourg*.

A brief outline of Count de Maistre's story may serve to explain to those who are not freshly familiar with his life and work the circumstances under which the book was prepared.

Joseph de Maistre was born at Chambéry in the year 1758, of one of the oldest and most honorable families in Savoy. "Voltaire," says Sainte-Beuve, "as he gazed upon Mont Blanc from Ferney, little dreamed that there was growing up under the shadow of the mountain, and would one day issue thence, his own most formidable enemy and keenest satirist." Both Joseph and his brother Xavier, the future author of the enchanting *Tour Round my Chamber*, received a careful and severe early training, especially in classical studies; and the story is told, to illustrate the excellence of Joseph's memory, that he once repeated off-hand and without missing a word an entire book of Virgil, on a challenge from a college classmate. Being reminded of this feat nearly forty years afterward, M. de Maistre said, "And, if you will believe me, I can repeat that book of Virgil still."

The first thirty years of his life were prosperous and uneventful. He was elected to the senate of Savoy at the age of twenty-two; he was made a magistrate at twenty-four. He married, and enjoyed for some years a singularly complete domestic happiness. He was an enthusiastic student still, always possessed by some literary predilection, which he followed up with ardor in his leisure hours; but he wrote little, and published nothing save a few pamphlets and memorial addresses. He accumulated a great body of notes at this time, many of which perished in the revolutionary catastrophe which was at hand; but their results remained in the constant growth and enrichment of the

eager and exuberant mind. It was the outbreak of the great French Revolution which suddenly formed the author and determined his vocation. Sainte-Beuve, who has devoted to the imperial character of Count de Maistre one of his most elaborate and consummate studies, thinks that he finds traces, among the scant records of those quiet years, of the fact that the great orthodox champion who was to be had once his leanings toward liberal opinions and the philosophism of his youthful day. He indulged in some rather towering rhetoric about the American Revolution: "Freedom, insulted in Europe, has winged her way to another hemisphere. She floats above the snows of Canada. She is arming the peaceful Pennsylvanian, and from the heart of *Philadelphia* she cries to the English, 'Why have you outraged me, — you who were wont to boast that to me you owe your greatness?'" etc. But then it is so easy to enjoy the fire-works of a revolution at a distance of three thousand miles! By birth, breeding, and divine foreordination M. de Maistre was, in the finest sense of the word, an aristocrat, — loyal, martial, and devout; and 1792, which dazed so many brains, cleared his. It dispelled his dreams, and brought him to the full command of his senses. Even then, before the clang of the first tocsin had died away, and with all the tremendous force of his nature, he revolted from the Revolution. He saw in it the sum of all political and social iniquity. He saw also, as a matter of course, the inevitable result of Protestantism. To him the genius of the whole movement was simply — to use his own strong word — *satanic*; and he engaged instantly and single-handed in a warfare against it, which was destined to cease not, day or night, till he was called to his final rest, nearly thirty years afterward.

When the French troops invaded Savoy, — in September, 1792, — M. de

Maistre followed the flight of his king. He returned in January, 1793, under an amnesty offered to the *émigrés*, but could bear the new *régime* no more than three months. In April of the same year he retired to Lausanne, where the presence of many distinguished refugees made a most brilliant society just then, despite the pecuniary straits of most of its members. It was there that M. de Maistre first met Madame de Staël, whom he saw later at St. Petersburg, and later yet in her own house at Paris, after the Restoration. They were always good friends and warm antagonists. The lady graciously allowed that the gentleman possessed genius, but his judgment of her was expressed in more piquant terms. "I never knew," he wrote to a friend at this time, "a mind more utterly perverted. Such is the infallible effect of modern philosophy on any woman whatever. Yet her heart is by no means bad. As for wit, she is extraordinarily brilliant when she is not trying to be so. Our studies in religion and politics had been utterly unlike, and scenes occurred between us in Switzerland fit to make one die of laughter. Yet we never lost temper."

These years at Lausanne were the first and by far the most cheerful of an exile which was to last a quarter of a century. Later, when M. de Maistre had followed his dethroned sovereign to Venice, though still accompanied by his beloved family, he was harassed by extreme poverty. He lived in a small suite of rooms on the first floor of the Austrian embassy, but would accept no further assistance from a foreign government. Nevertheless, he bated not one jot of heart or hope concerning the ultimate triumph of those principles of religious and political order to which he was devoted, and which appeared, on all hands, to be sinking or submerged. "All this," he used to say, "is but the motion of the wave. To-morrow it may bear us only too high, and then,

indeed, it will be hard to steer." And while loathing the excesses of the Revolution, as only one fiery and tender as himself could do, he yet saw in those very excesses the surest hope for the future. "It is these horrors themselves," he triumphantly exclaimed, "which will yet preserve for us the integrity of the first of all kingdoms after the kingdom of heaven!" For France was in truth the fatherland of his soul, and he loved her no less passionately than he hated and mourned her crimes. At length, in 1802, he was sent by the restored king of Sardinia, Charles Emanuel IV., as minister plenipotentiary to St. Petersburg. It was a barren honor indeed, in the way of emoluments: for his impoverished sovereign could pay him no salary; he could not have his family with him; and he continued so poor during the greater part of his long stay in the Northern capital that he dined most frequently, when at home, on bread and tea, and received among his friends — as we learn from his spiritual daughter, Madame Swetchine — the affectionate *sobriquet*, out of Walter Scott, of the *Caleb of diplomacy*.

His official duties were, however, hardly more than nominal, and he had abundant leisure, during his fourteen years' residence, for the studies in which he reveled, and for the chief literary labors of his life: his works on the authority of the Pope and on the Generative Principle of Political Constitutions, his translation of Plutarch's essay on the Delays of Divine Justice, and the greater part of his *Conversations on the Providence of God in the Government of the World*, first published in the year after the author's death under the leading title of the *Soirées de Saint Pétersbourg*.

The interlocutors in these conversations are represented as three: the senator, a Russian statesman and devout Greek Christian; the chevalier, a young French *émigré* of fair mind and open

nature slightly tinged by the philosophy of the time; and the count himself, "the noblest Roman of the Holy Father's sons." But in truth they are all the count, and we hardly think of the speakers as individuals, but rather as voices representing different phases of the one vehement and positive yet versatile mind.

The first of the great and universally interesting questions broached by this trinity of thinkers is that of the distribution of happiness and misery in the world, or, in the words of the senator, that *grand scandale de la raison humaine*, the prosperity of the bad and the sufferings of the good. The count starts as to a trumpet-call at the reproach implied in this statement of the question, and replies, with the buoyant intrepidity which usually animates him at the point where other men are disheartened, that there is no subject on which he feels himself stronger than this.

"It is with perfect conviction," he says, "nay, with delicious satisfaction, that I shall proceed to expound to two men whom I tenderly love the thoughts on this theme which have been gathering in my mind during what is already a long life." He questions, in the first place, the good faith of most of the complainants. "They mistake the sophisms of a rebellious heart for genuine doubts of the understanding. If oftentimes," he adds, in his epigrammatic way, "superstition, according to the common reproach, *undertakes to believe* [*croit croire*], far oftener, rest assured, pride *undertakes to disbelieve*." But even those who are honestly perplexed have needlessly confused the question. "That crime in general prospers in this world while virtue suffers is palpably false. On the contrary, the proof is overwhelming that the goods and ills of life are a sort of lottery, where any person whatever may draw either a prize or a blank. It is necessary, then, to change the question, and to inquire why, in the temporal

order, the just man is not exempt from the ills which afflict the guilty, and why the sinner is not denied the happiness which the good man is able to enjoy. But this question is entirely different from the other, and I shall be much surprised if its very statement does not demonstrate to you its absurdity. If the good man suffered because he was good, and the bad prospered by reason of his badness, this eternal objection against Providence might be unanswerable. It falls to the ground if only we suppose that joy and sorrow are distributed indifferently to all. . . . But false opinions are like bad money: struck in the first instance by great rascals, and then passed by honest men, who perpetuate the crime, not knowing what they do. It was impiety which first bruited abroad this objection. Levity and good nature have repeated it. . . . A good man is killed in battle; is this an injustice? No, it is a misfortune. If he have the gout or the stone, if his friend betrays him, if he is crushed by a falling building, it is still a misfortune, but no more, because all men, without distinction, are subject to these *disgraces*. . . . Never lose sight of this great truth: that if a general law be just for all it cannot be unjust for the individual. You did not have a given disease, but you might have had it. You had it, but you might have been exempt. He who fell in the battle might have escaped. He who returned might have remained. *All have not died, but all were there to die*. The just law is not that which is executed upon all, but that which is made for all. To find difficulties in such an order of things, one must love them. Alas, they are loved; they are sought. The human heart, in its perpetual revolt against the authority that galls it, tells tales to the credulous mind. We accuse Providence that we may avoid accusing ourselves; raising difficulties which we should blush to raise against a human sovereign or simple administrator in

whose wisdom we confided. Strange that we should find it easier to be just to men than to God!"

All have not died, but all were there to die, — this is the heroic note which the reader will hear struck again and again by the controlling voice in this comprehensive and searching colloquy, the tonic to which all the solutions lead. We are here in this world to face the worst. For this cause were we born. Shame on us if we do it not bravely! "I know not if I am wrong," says the modest young chevalier in another place, "but it seems to me as if there could be nothing so unfortunate for a man as never to have experienced misfortune. For how could such a man be sure of himself, or understand his own worth? Sufferings are to the righteous man what battles are to the soldier. They perfect him and accumulate his deserts. Does the brave man complain to the army because he is chosen for the most perilous expeditions? Nay, rather he covets them, he glories in them! For him *suffering is an occupation and death an adventure*."

This high military spirit finds occasion for yet more explicit utterance when the whole subject of war comes up for discussion, in the seventh conversation. Why, the question is propounded, should war be held so great an evil, so dark a mystery? "The business of war does not, as one might expect or fear, if not taught by experience, tend in the least to degrade, to render hard and ferocious, him who exercises it. Rather it tends to perfect the man. The honorable soldier is the most honorable of men; and for my own part [it is the senator who speaks now] I have always set a special value upon military good sense. I prefer it infinitely to the roundabout methods of business men. In the ordinary intercourse of life, military men are more amiable, more facile, nay, even, I think, more conciliatory than others. Amid polit-

ical storms they are usually the intrepid defenders of antique maxims, and the most dazzling sophisms vanish before their rectitude. . . . Religion with them is often allied to honor in a remarkable manner, and those who have most deeply offended her in matters of conduct will draw the sword for her in case of need. . . . Much has been said of the license of camps. It is great, no doubt; but the soldier seldom finds his vices in camp. He carries them there. A moral and austere people always furnishes an excellent soldiery, — terrible upon the battle-field, if nowhere else. Virtue and even piety are closely linked with military courage. Far from enfeebling the warrior, they ennoble him. *The hair shirt of Saint Louis did not gall him under his shirt of mail*. . . . Oh, yes, gentlemen, the soldier's functions are terrible, but it must needs be that they are connected with a great spiritual law; and it is no marvel that all the nations of the earth have united to see in the scourge of war something more especially divine than in all others. It is not without good and deep reason, believe me, that the title *God of battles* flashes from every page of holy writ." Seven distinct reasons are then formally adduced for believing in the divine appointment of war: It is divine because it is a law of the world. It is divine in its supernatural consequences, both general and personal (and among these last is unhesitatingly reckoned the privilege of dying in the field, — that "great prize of death in battle" of which one of our own poets has sung in the most thrilling of his strains). It is divine in the mysterious glory, the inexplicable attraction, which invests it; divine in the protection so strangely accorded to its great captains; divine in the mode of its declaration; divine in its results, which absolutely escape the calculations of human reason; divine in the indefinable forces which determine its success.

Inconsistent as all this appears with the recited creed of modern philanthropy, it undoubtedly appeals to an instinct deeply implanted in the breast of some of the purest and most peaceable of mankind. And, at all events, it is easy to comprehend how a brave and religious man who had seen the French Revolution, and "twice," in his own words, "been stricken by its lightnings," yet survived to witness the Napoleonic wars, should have arrived at this point of view. We can perfectly understand also the sharp contrast in the mind of such a man between the functions of "those two slayers by profession," the soldier and the executioner. "They occupy the two extremes of the social scale. No man is nobler than the first; none more abject than the second. I employ no mere play upon words when I say that their functions approach one another through their remoteness only, as the first degree of the circle touches the three hundred and sixtieth, — precisely because they are as far apart as possible." We can even read the count's own celebrated but positively blood-curdling picture of the *headsmen*, in the first conversation, with a kind of shuddering acceptance, when we remember what manner of men they must have been who served the guillotine.

But it is not altogether so easy for persons whose "youth sublime" has been "nourished" on theories of evolution to hearken with submission and edification to our dear philosopher's eloquent harangues on the supernatural origin of language, the fall of man from a state both of moral innocence and mental illumination such as never can be regained, and the hopeless degradation of the savage nations. M. de Maistre candidly admits that the subject of original sin seems at the outset to present some difficulties, but he assures us that these will vanish before a close and honest scrutiny. Nay, we shall find, in the end, that this dogma explains

everything, and that without it nothing can be explained. There are, indeed, two orders of original sin. "As the sick man differs from the sickly man, so does the guilty differ from the vicious. The acute malady is not transmissible, but that which vitiates the *humors* becomes an *original malady*, capable of ruining a whole race. So it is with moral maladies. Some belong to the common state of human imperfection, but there are sins, or consequences of sin, which degrade a man beyond recovery. Hence come savages, concerning whom so much nonsense has been uttered, and who have served especially as an un-failing text to J. J. Rousseau, who persists in mistaking the savage for the primitive man, whereas he is and can be but the descendant of a man detached from the tree of civilization in consequence of some crime. . . . The essence of every intelligence is to know and to love. The bounds of his knowledge are the bounds of his nature. The immortal being learns nothing. He knows of his very essence all which he ought to know. On the other hand, it is inconceivable that an intelligent being should love evil naturally, — that is, by virtue of his essence; for in that case God must have made him bad, which is impossible. If, then, man is subject to ignorance and to evil, he can be so only by reason of some accidental degradation, which must needs be the consequence of a crime. That need, that greed of knowledge which agitates him, is but the natural tendency of his being toward its primitive state, and shows him what he is. He *gravitates*, if I may say so, toward the regions of light." A whole cloud of heathen witnesses, ancient and modern, are called to attest the corruption of man, his degeneracy from a lost ideal, — Hippocrates, Plato, Cicero, Virgil, Ovid, Seneca. "Even Greece, mendacious Greece, who has dared all in history, confesses to the age of gold. Even Voltaire is betrayed into saying,

'L'age d'or le premier se montra sur la terre.' 'But will you not,' says the young chevalier, 'explain yourself a little more fully about the savages?' 'That I will,' responds the count, 'for on that subject I am, like Job, *full of matter*. If all men come from the three pairs who reseeded the world (after the flood), and if the human race began by knowledge, the savage can only be, as I have said, a bough severed from the social tree. Now it matters not at what period any given bough may have been cut off. It is so. That is enough. . . . The chief of some tribe, having changed the moral principle within himself by one of those transgressions which are apparently no longer possible in our day, since, happily, *we no longer know enough* to incur the same degree of guilt, — this chief, I say, transmits the anathema to his posterity; and every constant force being by its very nature cumulative, this degradation, weighing incessantly upon his descendants, has finally made of them what we call savages. This is that lowest degree of brutalization which Rousseau and the likes of him [*ses pareils*] call the *state of nature*. Two totally different causes have contributed to shed a deceitful glamour over this abominable savage state. The one is old; the other appertains to our century. The one is the immense charity of the Catholic priesthood, which, in speaking of those men, has often put its own desires in place of the reality; . . . the other is to be found in the philosophy of our time, which has made use of the savage to support its vain and guilty declamations against the social order. But the slightest attention will suffice to protect us against the errors both of charity and bad faith. One cannot fix his eye upon the savage for one instant without reading the anathema written not merely upon his soul, but upon his outward frame. He is a deformed child, robust and ferocious, in whom the fire of in-

telligence sheds but a pale and intermittent light. A terrible hand, laid heavily upon these devoted races, has effaced in them the distinctive characteristics of our greatness, — foresight and perfectibility. The savage cuts down the tree to gather its fruit. He unharnesses the ox which the missionaries have bestowed upon him, and cooks it with the wood of the cart. For three centuries the savage has been gazing at ourselves, desiring nothing of us except powder to kill his fellows and brandy to kill himself. He has never dreamed of manufacturing these commodities. He relies on our avarice, which will never fail him. And as the lowest and most revolting substances are still susceptible of a certain deterioration, so the vices of humanity are vitiated in the savage. He is thievish, cruel, and dissolute, but he is so after a fashion different from ours. In order to be criminal, we surmount our nature. The savage follows his. He thirsts for crime and is incapable of remorse."

How would some of our Poncapheles have liked listening to this? It is certain, however, that their presence in Count de Maistre's circle would have stimulated rather than checked the tide of his sonorous denunciation. He would have called in his reserves of damnatory adjectives with the same resolute voice, yet humorous gleam of the eye, with which, long afterward, when arranging the material for the *Soirées*, he used to say of some of his more savage thrusts at the iconoclasm of his time, "Let us leave that in; it will make them so furious *over there* [meaning in Paris]! *Laissez leur cet os à ronger!*"

And however amazing severally, and even repugnant, the fierce ultramontanisms of Count de Maistre may sound to the languid and indifferent *esprits forts* of the present day, no one who loves logical consistency can fail to admire the intricate beauty of their interdependence, — the manner in which they im-

ply and necessitate one another. Life, thought, language, the direct gifts of God to man; the forfeit and the redemption; the divine deposit of truth in the church, and its paramount authority to that of the Scripture; hierarchy in the church and in its secular image the state; *reversibility*, or the obvious necessity that one should suffer for another, and hence the "sweet reasonableness" that one should intercede and atone for another; purgatory, the doctrine of common sense, — all these dogmas unite to form a flawless and symmetrical structure of faith. They have a unity like that of those consummate Greek temples whose several blocks of marble have become fused by a sort of crystalline accommodation hardly distinguishable from a vital process. As we look up at the rock-founded citadel (*supra hanc petram*), along whose ramparts we follow the glancing of this bold champion's armor, we own that to the eye at least the position is impregnable. We fancy that if we were stationed at his side we could "smile at Satan's rage" no less ironically than he, and "face a frowning world" with equal confidence and cheer.

Of the splendors and terrors of Count de Maistre's tactics in personal onset we have three notable instances in the *Soirées*: his attack on Voltaire, his arraignment of Lord Bacon, and his dismemberment of Locke. The first is matchless as a piece of impassioned invective, and very interesting from having been one of the latest additions ever made to the manuscript of the *Soirées*, but in spite of the importance assigned to it by Sainte-Beuve, it seems to us little more. The second is but a fragment as we have it here, but was subsequently expanded into a weighty critical essay. The third is less towering in tone and tremendous in import than either of the others; but it is radiant with wit, — one might almost say fun, — and altogether delightful. The reader will easily divine what an offensive

savor Locke's *bourgeois* doctrine of the sensible origin of all ideas must have had in the quivering nostrils of our haughty Platonist; but it is perhaps a feeling akin to that confessed by the chevalier — the joy of being avenged, though late, for the tedium endured in the attempt to read Locke's Essay — which gives its keenest edge to our relish of this critique.

"Tell me on your honor," says the count to his young friend, "did you ever read Locke?"

"There is no reason why I should lie about it," replies that debonair person. "I never did. I do recollect opening the book one rainy day in the country, but it was only an *attitude*."

"Really," rejoins the count, "you are sometimes very felicitous in your expressions. In effect that book of Locke's is seldom opened except *par attitude*. It is the least read of all serious books. A great desire of mine, but one which can never be gratified, is to know how many men there are in Paris who have read from beginning to end the Essay on the Human Understanding. [It should be borne in mind that Locke was in high fashion in Paris at that time.] It is often mentioned, often quoted, but always *from memory*. For my own part, I used to talk of it without having read it as glibly as another. At last, wishing to acquire the right of speaking conscientiously, — that is to say, with full knowledge of cause, — I did read it deliberately, pen in hand, from the first word to the last. But I was fifty years old at the time, and in all my life I never swallowed such *ennui*. You know, too, my hardihood in this direction."

"Indeed, I do," says the chevalier. "Did I not see you last year reading a mortal German octavo on the Apocalypse? I remember that when I saw you close that book in full health and vigor I told you that you were like a cannon which had sustained a double charge."

"Nevertheless, I can assure you that, compared to the Essay on the Human Understanding, that German book is a light pamphlet, — a mere literary pastime," etc.

The linked malice long drawn out of the examination which follows should be read in connection by all those people of taste who take an unselfish pleasure in the artistic dissection of their fellow-men. But we must not be too much captivated by the vivacity of M. de Maistre in his malign and aggressive moods, for with him these were never lasting. More natural to his noble mind, and ever more habitual as his years declined, was the exalted frame which called forth his eulogy on the Psalms of David, in the seventh conversation, — that beautiful mosaic from the grand Vulgate, — an ode in all but measure; the moving fervor of the various exhortations to prayer; and the magnificent defense, in the tenth, of the doctrine of reversibility on the ground of the unity of the human race in God.

The conversations were to have been twelve. They are only ten and a fragment. The unfinished eleventh is, perhaps, the most keenly interesting of all to readers of the present day. It begins with a discussion of those wide-spread presentiments which M. de Maistre, with his rich and ready learning, shows to have been the forerunners of all the great events of history. He descants *con amore* upon the Pollio of Virgil, refusing, with characteristic scorn, to admit a doubt of its Messianic meaning. He owns that he is himself possessed even now by such a presentiment, — the vague forecast of a great spiritual crisis, — which sometimes takes the form of a terrific judgment of infidelity, and again of some glorious revival; a "third Revelation," which shall arrest and dispel the fast-deepening dusk of faith by an unprecedented illumination. He dwells with sorrowful eloquence on the seeming decline of Christianity (would his loyal

heart have been lightened had he lived till now?); he will expound more fully than he has done as yet the responsibility of the so-called Reformation for that decline, showing it to be the inevitable result of that "insensate yet fundamental" doctrine of Protestantism first proclaimed during the "imbroglio of the sixteenth century," — the "right of private judgment." But the pen drops here; the imperious voice is hushed; the rest is never said.

Shall we, with Paul de Saint Victor, lament this particular loss as one of the saddest and most irreparable which could have befallen us, or shall we rejoice that words which might well have been harsh and unfair were never spoken? Count de Maistre had already said in his day things frightful for Protestants to hear, as, for instance, when he loudly defended that "salutary institution" the Spanish Inquisition, or cut short Madame de Staël's voluble enthusiasm over the English church by informing her that the English church was, among Protestant churches, like the orang-outang among apes. But he had likewise said upon the same subject most generous and tender things; like this: "We believe in the Word, while our *dear enemies* believe in the Scripture only. But if the Scripture be not vivified by the eternal life of the Word, it can never become word that is life. Let others, then, invoke the dumb word, if they will. We may smile secure at that false god of theirs, while yet we await with loving impatience the moment when its partisans, undeceived, shall fall into the open arms which for three centuries have been extended toward them." And it is certain that amid his ardent polemics he was oftentimes haunted by the vision of an all-embracing spiritual unity.

To the unfinished paragraph which closes the eleventh conversation is appended the suggestive note, *Cetera desideranter*. Like those earlier seers of

whose kindred he was and whose tone he unconsciously adopted, M. de Maistre died with vast desires unfulfilled, — straining his fading eyes in vain to discern the daybreak. But his faith in the providential order was so secure, his heart so staunch, his submission so habitual and sincere, that we need no written testimony to his having borne his last disappointment bravely. He had embraced the spirit, if not the letter, of that Talmudic saying from which the prophetic soul of Emanuel Deutsch derived a solemn consolation: *It is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work.* If sometimes he cried out in a momentary sadness of spirit, "We were born out of due time. We have endured all the horrors of the storm, but we shall never rejoice in the sunlight which will shine over our graves," oftener, far oftener, he could have repeated from his heart the beautiful words with which he had sought long before to console the bereaved mother of Eugene Costa: "There is no pain which does not purify, no violence which the principle of evil does not turn against itself. It is sweet to catch amid universal ruin a presentiment of the divine plan."¹

We like to dwell upon the bright side of his latest days. He died at home, the exile of so many years, from whom the pang of separation from his nearest and dearest had wrung this heart-rending expression: "At the close of my monotonous days I fall upon my bed, and the sleep which I invoke will not come at my call. I toss and turn, saying like Hezekiah, 'From day even unto night wilt thou make an end of me.' My heart is torn with poignant thoughts of my family. *I think I hear them weeping at Turin.*" He found the dear circle unbroken by death. His king hon-

ored him; Paris hailed and fêted him, — the daughter whom he had never seen when she was twelve years old, and to whom he had written from St. Petersburg, "The idea of leaving the world without knowing thee is the most terrible I can conceive," was his constant companion and minister. But it was a brief reunion. The poverty-plagued ambassador had after all lived lavishly. The brain was worn out with superhuman labor; the high heart spent with its violent pulsations. Count de Maistre died of old age at sixty-eight; that is to say, he died as good men with whom nature has her gentle way die oftener at eighty-five, — suddenly, painlessly, by the mere failure of the body's works, but with the eye of the mind undimmed and its force unabated. "He is like our *Ætna*," said a Sicilian who saw him first when the end was very near, — "snow on his head, and fire upon his lips."

It is impossible in a cursory sketch, like the present, to do anything like justice to more than one phase of so complex and overshadowing a character as Joseph de Maistre's. We have desired chiefly to illustrate his valor as a son of the church militant; the chivalrous and manful quality of his Christianity; that superb spirit by virtue of which he informed once more with fire and force the disused and faded titles of Soldier of the Cross and Defender of the Faith. Regarding him thus, and his contrast with the weary and futile apologists for belief by whom he has been succeeded, we forget the sting of the wounds he dealt in action, and salute his great shade with reverential regret.

"He passed, — a soul of nobler tone;
My spirit loved and loves him yet,
Like some poor girl whose heart is set
On one whose rank exceeds her own."

Harriet W. Preston.

¹ "Here," says Sainte-Beuve, "is a *suave mari magno* which breathes the true unction of Christianity!" To attempt writing briefly on a theme on which Sainte-Beuve has written fully is to

be distracted by a perpetual desire for quotation. But to quote without acknowledgment would be in this case too obvious and insensate a felony.

SOCIOLOGY AND HERO-WORSHIP.

AN EVOLUTIONIST'S REPLY TO DR. JAMES.

IN his interesting article entitled *Great Men, Great Thoughts, and the Environment*, published in *The Atlantic Monthly* for October last, Dr. William James calls attention to the striking analogy between "geniuses" and what are known to modern zoölogists as "spontaneous variations." Nothing could be more satisfactory than the manner in which (on pages 444-447) Dr. James expounds the nature of this analogy, and emphasizes the truly philosophic character of Mr. Darwin's method of dealing with so-called spontaneous variations. The analogy between those variations, on the one hand, of which the zoölogist takes cognizance, and on the other hand those "sociological variations" known as geniuses or "great men," consists essentially in the similarity of causal relations in the two cases. Both kinds of variations may be described as *deviations from an average* which are severally unaccountable. Every species of animals or plants consists of a great number of individuals, which are nearly but not exactly alike. Each individual varies slightly in one characteristic or another from a certain type which expresses the average among all the individuals of the species. Thus, if one inch be the average length of the proboscis of a certain species of moth, it may well be that of the million individuals which make up the species the great majority have the proboscis a little shorter or a little longer than an inch: in most instances the deviation may not exceed a hundredth or a thousandth part of an inch; but there may be half a dozen individuals in the species which have the proboscis as long as two inches or as short as half an inch. So, the average height of men in the United

States may be about five feet and eight inches, very few men being shorter than five feet and four inches, or taller than six feet; yet in the side-tents which accompany that "great moral exhibition," the circus, one may, for a quarter of a dollar, see giants eight feet in height, or dwarfs like General Tom Thumb. It is just the same with men's intellectual capacities as with their physical dimensions, though the one cannot exactly, like the other, be measured with a foot-rule. In every community of men and women there is a certain average standard of mental capacity; which, in the case of a progressive race like ours, may be roughly described as that degree of ability to meet the complicated exigencies of civilized life which will leave the next generation somewhat better equipped than their parents for meeting these exigencies. Those men whom we regard as conspicuously successful in life—using the term "successful" in no narrow and mercantile, but in the broadest possible sense—are the men, more or less numerous, whose mental capacity rises somewhat above this average standard. A like number of men, through various kinds and degrees of ill-success, reveal a mental capacity that is more or less below the average. And along with these numerous moderate variations from the common level we meet in every age with a few extreme variations,—men of giant intelligence, such as Darwin or Helmholtz, who rise as far above the average of the race as idiots and cretins sink below it.

Now the moth with his proboscis twice as long as the average, or the man eight feet in height, is what we call a spontaneous variation, and the Darwin or the Helmholtz is what we

call a "genius;" and the analogy between the two kinds of deviation is obvious enough. But obviously, too, the individual which we single out as a spontaneous variation is in no wise essentially different from his fellow-individuals. If five feet and eight inches be the normal height of a race of men, the man who measures six feet is a variation as much as he who measures eight, — only the one instance does not attract our attention, and the other does. In any species whatever, the greater number of individuals are no doubt variations, either in one respect or in another. Throughout nature, where a great number of mutually-balancing forces coöperate to produce a set of results, we are likely to find the results distributed about a certain average, very much like the shots at a target. A little way from the centre there is a spot where the shots are thickly gathered; some few have hit the bull's-eye; some have been caught away out on the rim; some have perhaps flown by without hitting at all. It is just the same with the distribution of sizes, strengths, forms, or any attributes, physical or mental, in a species of animals, or in a race of men. These things all differ, according to the general laws of deviation from an average; and the forces concerned in the result are so hopelessly complicated — it is so utterly beyond our power to unravel them — that this is all we know about the matter. We cannot tell why a given moth has a proboscis exactly an inch and a quarter in length any more than we can tell why Shakespeare was a great dramatist.

I agree, therefore, with Dr. James, that "the causes of production of great men lie in a sphere wholly inaccessible to the social philosopher. He must simply accept geniuses as data, just as Darwin accepts his spontaneous variations." The problem of the social philosopher, undoubtedly, so far as he speculates about the influence of great men,

is to take them for granted, and inquire how far they affect the environment, and how far or in what ways the environment affects them. Dr. James goes on to assert, with entire justice, that the relation of the environment to the genius in sociology is strictly analogous to the relation of the environment to the variation in biology: "it chiefly adopts or rejects, preserves or destroys, in short *selects* him." If environing circumstances are such as to render an extra quarter of an inch of proboscis advantageous to our species of moths, then the tendency will be for the variations in excess of length of proboscis to survive and leave offspring, while the variations in the opposite direction are starved out; so that by and by the average in the length of proboscis will have been shifted by a quarter of an inch. It may be truly said, in a certain sense, that these moths which have varied in the right direction have, by being preserved, changed the character of the moth society to which they belong. Similarly with the preservation of the great man, save that, in the immensely greater complexity of the social problem, the effects are immeasurably more multifarious. For the great man, says Dr. James, acts as a powerful ferment, unlocking vast reservoirs of force in various directions, and thus alters the whole character of his environment, very much as the introduction of a new species may alter the characters and relations of the fauna and flora throughout a whole neighborhood. Dr. James concludes, then, that "the mutations of societies from generation to generation are in the main due directly or indirectly to the acts or the example of individuals whose genius was so adapted to the receptivities of the moment, or whose accidental position of authority was so critical, that they became ferments, initiators of movement, setters of precedent or fashion, centres of corruption, or destroyers of other persons, whose gifts,

had they had free play, would have led society in another direction."

I am careful to emphasize these conclusions of Dr. James, because, as far as they go, they are my own, and, I believe, are in general the views of that "Spencerian or evolutionist school" toward which Dr. James seems to cherish such an intense antipathy. Perhaps I may not be quite clear as to what the Spencerian "school" may be. One characteristic of thinkers of such calibre as Mr. Spencer is that they do not so much found schools as bring about a shifting of the intellectual stand-point and an enlarging of the intellectual horizon for the whole contemporary world. The ideas of which Mr. Spencer is the greatest living exponent are to-day running like the weft through all the warp of modern thought, and out from their abundant suggestiveness have come the opinions of many who do not profess any especial "allegiance" to Mr. Spencer, — of many, even, who are inclined to scoff at the teacher, while all unconscious of the debt they owe him. But while I cannot undertake to make confident assertions as to the views of a Spencerian school, I think I may venture to speak with some confidence as to the attitude of Mr. Spencer himself toward the present question.

So far is Dr. James from realizing how closely he has been following in Mr. Spencer's own line of thought that he begins his paper by seeking to use a certain alleged opinion of Mr. Spencer as a "foil" whereby to set off and illustrate the truth of his own statements. The problem before us is, "What are the causes that make communities change from generation to generation, — that make the England of Queen Anne so different from the England of Elizabeth, the Harvard College of to-day so different from that of thirty years ago?" Dr. James replies, "The difference is due to the accumulated influences of individuals, of their examples, their

initiatives, their decisions." Very good. When taken with the proper qualification — which I shall presently specify — there is nothing in this reply to which Mr. Spencer need offer an objection. But according to Dr. James the Spencerian school holds that "the changes go on irrespective of persons, and are independent of individual control. They are due to the environment, to the circumstances, the physical geography, the ancestral conditions, the increasing experience of outer relations; to everything, in fact, except the Grants and the Bismarcks, the Joneses and the Smiths."

Now if "Mr. Herbert Spencer and his disciples" really maintain any such astonishing proposition as this, it must be difficult to acquit them of the charge of over-hasty theorizing, to say the least; if they do not hold any such view, it will be difficult to avoid the conclusion that somebody has been guilty of over-hasty assertion. To ascertain Mr. Spencer's own opinion, one cannot do better than to read carefully the third chapter of the little book on the Study of Sociology. The subject of this chapter is the Nature of the Social Science, and the first general conclusion arrived at is that this science "has in every case for its subject matter the growth, development, structure, and functions of the social aggregate, *as brought about by the mutual actions of individuals*, whose natures are *partly like those of all men, partly like those of kindred races, partly distinctive*." After this lucid statement, which in its triple specification seems comprehensive enough to include the Grants and Bismarcks, as well as the Joneses and Smiths, Mr. Spencer goes on to say, "These phenomena of social evolution have of course to be explained with due reference to the conditions each society^{*} is exposed to, — the conditions furnished by its locality, and by its relations to neighboring societies. *Noting this merely to prevent possible*

misapprehensions, the fact which here concerns us is that . . . given men having certain properties, and an aggregate of such men must have certain derivative properties which form the subject matter of a science."

A deliberate and methodical statement like this, forming the burden of half the chapter in which Mr. Spencer lays out the ground for his work, must of course be received as an authoritative expression of his opinion. It will be observed that Mr. Spencer takes precisely the same position as that which is taken by Dr. James when he says that the changes which go on in society are "due to the accumulated influences of individuals, of their examples, their initiatives, their decisions." So decidedly does Mr. Spencer put himself in this position that it occurs to him that he may possibly be misinterpreted as ignoring the influence of environing conditions, and he therefore adds the qualification that in interpreting social changes we must make "due reference" to the outward conditions to which society is exposed. Not even Mr. Spencer's wide experience of the infinite possibilities of misconception could have led him to suspect that in this instance he might be charged with ignoring the individual Smiths and Joneses of whom society is composed!

This due reference to surrounding conditions is the qualification to which I alluded a moment ago as necessary to give completeness to Dr. James's statement. When we say that the difference between the England of Queen Anne and the England of Queen Elizabeth is due to the accumulated influence of the initiatives and decisions of individuals, to what initiatives and decisions do we refer? Certainly not to the abortive ones; not to those initiatives and decisions that had been promptly crushed out or held in check, but to those that had been allowed to develop and fructify in the great events which make up the English history of the seventeenth

century. In other words, we refer to those individual initiatives and decisions which had been *selected for preservation* by the aggregate of the conditions in which English society at that time was placed. So that, even in stating the case as Dr. James states it, we find ourselves unable to get along without tacit reference to the environment.

It is true that in regarding the changes of society from age to age as due to the cumulative effect of individual actions in relation to environing conditions, one may nevertheless deal with the subject practically in more than one way. One writer may turn his attention chiefly to the consideration of those individual variations in opinion and conduct which, in our ignorance concerning their complex modes of genesis, we call spontaneous variations. Another writer may be more deeply interested in pointing out such circumstances as those of geographical position, of commercial intercourse, of political cohesiveness, by which the broad outlines of history have been more or less determined. The two points of view seem to me complementary rather than opposed to each other, though it is a common fault among speculative writers to ignore the existence of all the doors that cannot be unlocked with their own particular little key. Mr. Bagehot—in that "golden little book" which I admire as much as Dr. James does—deals more especially with the interior or psychical aspects of the causes of changes in society. Mr. Grant Allen, on the other hand, is deeply impressed with the manifold and remarkable ways in which the histories of nations have been affected by their geographical position; though by "geographical position" he means something far more considerable than that household drudge of superficial writers, *the climate*: he means the entire situation of a nation, strategic, industrial, commercial, and literary, in relation to other nations. Mr. Allen attaches so much

value to considerations of this kind that he is led to stigmatize Mr. Bagehot's method as unscientific and unfruitful in good result. Mr. Bagehot, as a thinker of more catholic mind, would hardly, I believe, have been equally ready to undervalue Mr. Allen's work. As *explanations after the fact*—which are pretty much the only kind of explanations we can expect to have where the concrete events of history are concerned—speculations like those of Mr. Allen are extremely interesting and suggestive. I agree in the main, however, with Dr. James in his views as to the inadequacy of Mr. Allen's method. It is no doubt true that “no geographical environment can produce a given type of mind; it can only foster and further certain types, . . . and thwart and frustrate others.” No doubt, too, Mr. Allen makes a very extravagant statement when he says that “if the people who went to Hamburg had gone to Timbuctoo they would now be indistinguishable from the semi-barbarian negroes who inhabit that central African metropolis; and if the people who went to Timbuctoo had gone to Hamburg they would now have been white-skinned merchants driving a roaring trade in imitation sherry and indigestible port.” In reading such a statement as this, one seems, indeed, to have fallen upon pre-Darwinian days; nay, more, one wonders whether Mr. Allen has ever studied as carefully as he ought to have done the biological teachings of Mr. Spencer, whose opinions Dr. James quotes him as representing!

Mr. Allen has brilliantly illustrated several points in connection with the doctrine of evolution, more especially in the department of psychology; but there is no good reason why he should be selected for quotation as the representative of all Spencerian evolutionists, or why all Spencerian evolutionists should be held responsible for Mr. Allen's peculiar opinions. The only connected outline of Spencerian sociology as yet

in existence (save what has been published by Mr. Spencer himself) is that which is contained in the second volume of my *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*. That the opinions therein expressed harmonize in the main with Mr. Spencer's I have the strongest possible reasons for asserting. Yet the line of thought followed in this part of my work, and especially in the chapter on Conditions of Progress, is far more closely parallel with Mr. Bagehot's line of thought than with Mr. Allen's. Separate passages might be cited to the same effect; as, for example, where it is said (vol. ii. p. 199) that the ecclesiastical reforms of Gregory VII. have—in their remote results, of course—had more influence upon American history than the direction of the Rocky Mountains or the position of the Great Lakes. On the next page, alluding to Mr. Buckle's theory that the difference in Arabian civilization before and after the time of Mohammed was due to the difference between the *soil* of Arabia and that of Spain, Persia, and India, I say, “To exhibit the utter superficiality of this explanation, we have only to ask two questions: First, if the Arabs became civilized *only* because they exchanged their native deserts for Spain, Persia, and India, why did not the same hold true of the Turks when they exchanged their barren steppes for the rich empire of Constantinople? Though they have held for four centuries what is perhaps the finest geographical position on the earth's surface, the Turks have never directly aided the progress of civilization. Secondly, how was it that the Arabs ever came to leave their native deserts, and to conquer the region between the Pyrenees and the Ganges? Was it because of a geologic convulsion? Was it because the soil, the climate, the food, or the general aspect of nature had undergone any sudden change? One need not be a profound student of history to see the absurdity

of such a suggestion. It was because their minds had been greatly wrought upon by new ideas; because their conceptions of life, its duties, its aims, its possibilities, had been revolutionized by the genius of Mohammed. The whole phenomenon requires a psychological, not a physical, explanation." And again (vol. ii. p. 237), in speaking of Comte, — a writer whose views of history were often profound, though his philosophic position was diametrically opposite to that of Mr. Spencer and the evolutionists, — I say, "He did not fall into the error that individual genius and exertion are of little or no account in modifying the course of history. He did not forget that history is made by individual men, as much as a coral reef is made by individual polyps. Each contributes his infinitesimal share of effort; nor is the share of effort always so trifling. Considering the course of history merely as the resultant of the play of moral forces, is there not in a Julius Cæsar or a Themistokles as large a manifestation of the forces which go to make history as in thousands of common men?"

These views of mine, as being the opinions of a "disciple" of Mr. Spencer, may perhaps be set off against those which Dr. James quotes from Mr. Allen. They seem to me to be quite in harmony with the whole spirit of Mr. Spencer's philosophy, but it would be very difficult to find, anywhere in Mr. Spencer's writings, anything that would serve as a justification for Mr. Allen's extraordinary statement about the Timbuctoo negroes and the merchants of Hamburg.

Dr. James, however, does quote from Mr. Spencer one passage which seems to him to ignore or to underrate the importance of individual initiative as an agent in the production of social changes. But when carefully considered in connection with its context, this passage does not appear to be responsible for the direful corollaries which Dr. James

has deduced from it. Commenting on the "great-man theory" of history, especially as held by Carlyle, Mr. Spencer reiterates in his peculiar language the familiar criticism that after all the great man is a "product of the age." "The genesis of the great man," says he, "depends on the long series of complex influences which has produced the race in which he appears, and the social state into which that race has slowly grown. . . . All those changes of which he is the proximate initiator have their chief causes in the generations he descended from." In saying this, Mr. Spencer does not imply that the individual initiative of the great man is of no account; nor does he imply that in order to interpret the social phenomena of a given epoch it is needful to seek for the causes of the production of its great men in that physiological sphere "which is wholly inaccessible to the social philosopher;" nor does he imply that it was owing to any "convergence of sociological pressures" in the England of 1564 that a "W. Shakespeare, with all his mental peculiarities," happened to be born at Stratford-on-Avon, in that year. In some of those omitted sentences of the passage cited which Dr. James represents by dots, Mr. Spencer indicates very clearly what he means. He reminds us that by no possibility could a Newton be born of Hottentot parents, or an Aristotle "come from a father and mother with facial angles of fifty degrees;" and further that, even supposing it possible for a Watt to be born in a tribe unacquainted with the use of iron, his inventive genius would be likely to effect but little. Dr. James himself alleges parallel truths: as that after a Voltaire you cannot have a Peter the Hermit, or that under the social conditions of the tenth century a John Stuart Mill would have been impossible.

Now the bearing of these considerations upon the question which Mr. Spencer is discussing is obvious. If it be

true that a genius of a given kind can appear under certain social conditions, and not under others, as a Newton among civilized Englishmen, but not among Hottentots; or if it be true that a given genius can work out its results under certain social conditions, and not under others, as a Mill in the nineteenth century, but not in the tenth, then it follows that in order to understand the course of history from age to age the mere study of the personal characteristics and achievements of great men is not sufficient. Carlyle's method of dealing with history, making it a mere series of prose epics, has many merits, but it is nevertheless, from a scientific point of view, inadequate; it does not *explain* the course of events. History is something more than biography. Without the least disrespect to the memories of the great statesmen of Greece and Rome, it may safely be said that one might learn all of Plutarch's Lives by heart, and still have made very little progress toward comprehending the reasons why the Greek states were never able to form a coherent political aggregate, or why the establishment of despotism at Rome was involved in the conquest of the Mediterranean world. The true way to approach such historical problems as these is not to speculate about the personal characteristics of Ly-sander or C. Gracchus, but to consider the popular assemblies of the Greeks and Romans in their points of likeness and unlikeness to the folk-motes and parliaments of England and the town-meetings of Massachusetts. Since the middle of the nineteenth century the revolution which has taken place in the study of history is as great and as thorough as the similar revolution which, under Mr. Darwin's guidance, has been effected in the study of biology. The interval in knowledge which separates a Freeman in 1880 from a Macaulay in 1850 is as great as the interval which separated Dalton and Davy from the believers in

phlogiston. Yet in the principal works by which this immense change has been brought about — such as the works of Maine and Stubbs, Coulanges and Maurer — biography plays either an utterly subordinate part or no part at all.

Now the passage on the great-man theory, which Dr. James quotes from Mr. Spencer, is a protest against the alleged adequacy of the method of Carlyle. Important as the "great man" may be, it is not his individual thoughts and actions which primarily concern the sociologist. The truths with which sociology primarily concerns itself are *general* truths relating to the structure of society and the functions of its various parts; and they are obtained from a comparative and analytical survey of the actions of great masses of men, considered on a scale where all matters of individual idiosyncrasy are averaged, and for the purposes of the inquiry eliminated. Such questions as relate to the structure of the family in different stages of civilization, to the relations of the various classes of society to the governing body, to the circumstances which hinder or favor the aggregation of tribes into nations, — it is such problems as these that mainly concern the student of sociology; and into such problems biographical considerations do not enter, any more than they enter into the study of political economy. Political economy deals with the actions of men in great masses in so far solely as the production and distribution of wealth are concerned, and its conclusions remain equally true, no matter whether a genius or a dunce presides over the national finances. That a protective tariff is an indirect tax levied upon an entire community, for the personal benefit of a few members of the community, is an economical truth that is quite independent of the particular financial schemes or legislative acts of particular great men. So — to take one from that class of facts in political history with which the student of sociology is

especially concerned — it is very clear that if a primary assembly, like the New England town-meeting, is confined within narrow geographical limits, so that people can easily attend to it, it will be likely to remain a *folk-mote*, or primary assembly; but if it is spread over a wide area, so that people cannot conveniently come to the meetings, it will tend either to shrink into a *witanagemote*, or assembly of notables, or to develop into a representative assembly. This is a proposition derived from our general experience of the way in which people behave under given conditions, and confirmed by a wide historical induction. Yet the implications of this simple proposition, when once fully unfolded, will go farther toward explaining the differences between Greek and Roman political history, on the one hand, and English political history, on the other, than would the exhaustive biography of all the Greek and Roman and English statesmen that have ever lived, from Lykurgos and Servius Tullius to Gladstone. The study of sociology, in short, is primarily concerned with *institutions* rather than with *individuals*. The sociologist does not need to undervalue in any way the efficiency of individual initiative in determining the concrete course of history; but the kind of propositions which he seeks to establish are general propositions, relating to the way in which masses of men act under given conditions.

Here, in conclusion, we may call attention to a broad distinction between the study of sociology and the study of history, which, when duly considered, will throw much light upon the points in Mr. Spencer's doctrine by which Dr. James seems to have been puzzled. The distinction to which I allude is one which may be most fitly illustrated by a reference to the study of geology. The philosophical geologist assumes as data the various physical and chemical properties of the substances of which the earth's surface is composed, and by reasoning

from these data, with the aid of all the concrete facts which observation can gather, he constructs his theory of the actual changes which the earth's surface has undergone, or will undergo, under given conditions. In so far as his knowledge of the physical and chemical properties of matter is exhaustive, and in so far as his judgment is sound, his conclusions with regard to the general course of geological events will be correct. He can even foretell, in outline, what kind of effects will be likely to be produced by a given set of geological causes. But when it comes to predicting, with minute and exhaustive accuracy, the geological future of any particular spot on the earth's surface, he is foiled, through inability to compass all the conditions of the concrete case. And likewise, if he is asked to give the precise physical history of any particular spot on the earth, his conclusions, though sound in principle, may be inadequate, because he may not have gained control of all the special facts required for this individual case. So, although geology is unquestionably a legitimate science, it is nevertheless a science which must deal chiefly with *explanations after the fact*; it can seldom or never be possible for the geologist to lay down general principles which will be sure to fit every case that may arise.

Just so with sociology. The philosophical student of sociology assumes as data the general and undisputed facts of human nature, and with the aid of all such concrete facts as he can get from history he constructs his theory of the general course of social evolution, — of the changes which societies have undergone, or will undergo, under given conditions. If his work has been properly done, he can go so far as to foretell what kind of result is likely to be produced by a given course of political action. But when it comes to predicting the future of any particular society for the next ten years, he is sure to be foiled, through inability to take in the infinitely complex condi-

tions of the concrete case. And in like manner, when he is called upon to interpret the past history of society, he cannot expect to do more than to render explanations after the fact. In order to gain control, moreover, of all the special facts required for the interpretation of each particular case, he must take into account the personal idiosyncrasies of the great men by whom the concrete course of history has been determined. For example, given the political constitution of Rome in the third century before Christ, and the transformation of that constitution into an imperial despotism can be shown to have been an inevitable consequence of the conquest of a large number of surrounding nations by a society so constituted. It was a consequence which not even the practical genius of Cæsar — the greatest, no doubt, that has ever been seen on the earth — could have possibly averted, had all its unrivaled power been thrown in that direction. But granting that this general course of development was inevitable, the future course of European history was certainly very different, as initiated by Cæsar, from what it would have been if initiated by Sulla or Pompeius. When once this distinction between the stand-point of the sociologist and the stand-point of the historian is thoroughly grasped, one can find no difficulty in comprehending Mr. Spencer's attitude toward the great-man theory. If the purpose of the sociologist were to construct concrete history from an *a priori* point of view, then he would undoubtedly need to inquire into the mode of genesis of each individual genius, and to take every one of its peculiarities into the account. No such science as this is possible to-day, and it is not likely that any such science will ever be possible; nothing short of omniscience could compass its problems. As it is, the task of the sociologist is confined to the ascertainment of truths relating to the actions of men in aggre-

gates. It is for the historian to make use of such general truths in interpreting the actions of particular men; and it is the greater extent to which recent historians have been able to employ sociological generalization that is making the historical writing of to-day so much more satisfactory and profound than the historical writing of a generation ago. This increased use of sociology, this more frequent and conscious reference to the "conditions," the "environment," and all that sort of thing, does not make the modern historian less mindful of the reverence due to great men. On the contrary, it enhances his appreciation of them through his more profound knowledge of the conditions under which they have worked. As an example I may refer to the way in which the life of Cæsar has been treated respectively by Froude and by Mommsen. To both these writers Cæsar is the greatest hero that has ever lived, and both do their best to illustrate his career. Both, too, have done their work well. But Mr. Froude has profited very little by the modern scientific study of social phenomena, and his method is in the main the method of Carlyle. Mommsen, on the other hand, is saturated in every fibre with "science," with "sociology," with the "comparative method," with the "study of institutions." As a result of this difference, we find that Mr. Froude quite fails to do justice to the very greatest part of all Cæsar's work, namely, the reconstructive measures of the last years of his life, which Mommsen has so admirably characterized in his profound chapter on the Old Republic and the New Monarchy. Or, if still more striking proof be needed that the scientific study of the evolution of society is not incompatible with the highest possible estimate of the value of individual initiative, I may cite the illustrious example of Mr. Freeman. Of all the historians now living, Mr. Freeman is the most thoroughly filled with

the scientific spirit, and he has done more than any other to raise the study of history on to a higher level than it has ever before occupied. His writings in great part read like an elaborate commentary on the doctrine of evolution, — a commentary the more valuable, in one sense, in that Mr. Freeman owns no

especial allegiance to Mr. Spencer or to any general evolutionary philosophy. Yet this great historian, whose opinions are determined everywhere by the sociological study of institutions, turns out to be at the same time as ardent a hero-worshiper as Carlyle himself, — and vastly more intelligent.

John Fiske.

WITHIN THE GATE.

L. M. C.

WE sat together, last May-day, and talked
Of the dear friends who walked
Beside us, sharers of our hopes and fears,
For five and forty years

Since first we met in Freedom's hope forlorn,
And heard her battle-horn
Wound through the valleys of the sleeping North,
Calling her children forth,

And youth pressed forward with hope-lighted eyes,
And age, with forecast wise
Of the long strife before the triumph won,
Girded his armor on.

Sadly, as name by name we called the roll,
We heard the dead-bells toll
For the unanswering many, and we knew
The living were the few.

And we, who waited our own call before
The inevitable door,
Listened and looked, as all have done, to win
Some token from within.

No sign we saw, — we heard no voices call;
The impenetrable wall
Cast down its shadow, like an awful doubt,
On all who sat without.

Of many a hint of life beyond the veil,
And many a ghostly tale
Wherewith the ages bridged the gulf between
The seen and the unseen,

Seeking from omen, trance, and dream to gain
Solace to doubtful pain,
And touch, with groping hands, the garment hem
Of truth sufficing them,

We talked, and turning from the sore unrest
Of an all-baffling quest,
We thought of holy lives that from us passed
Hopeful unto the last,

As if they saw beyond the river of death,
Like Him of Nazareth,
The many mansions of the Eternal days
Lift up their gates of praise ;

And, hushed to silence by a reverent awe,
Methought, O friend, I saw
In thy true life of word, and work, and thought
The proof of all we sought.

Did we not witness in the life of thee
Immortal prophecy ?
And feel, when with thee in thy daily path,
The power that goodness hath ?

Than thine was never turned a fonder heart
To nature and to art
In fair-formed Hellas in her golden prime,
Thy Philothea's time.

Yet, loving beauty, thou couldst pass it by,
And for the poor deny
Thyself, and see thy fresh, sweet flower of fame
Wither in blight and blame.

Sharing His love who holds in His embrace
The lowliest of our race,
Sure the Divine economy must be
Conservative of thee !

For truth must live with truth, self-sacrifice
Seek out its great allies ;
Good must find good by gravitation sure,
And love with love endure.

And so, since thou hast passed within the gate
Whereby awhile I wait,
I give blind grief and blinder sense the lie :
Thou hast not lived to die !

John Greenleaf Whittier.

FRIENDS: A DUET.

"Either Death or a Friend." — PERSIAN PROVERB.

"May it be mine to keep the unwritten laws." — SOPHOCLES.

I.

"Whatever's lost, it first was won."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

It was a February day in Boston. It was going to rain. Though only four o'clock in the afternoon, the sense of night already overpowered the sense of day on the "morning side" of Mt. Vernon Street, whence the color of the sun had long since crept down the hill and lay low across Charles River and the intervening street, thrusting apart the gathering clouds with slips of light, long and pale, like slender hands.

A woman thought of this. She stood at her drawing-room window, looking up and down the hill. She held the curtain back from her figure with up-lifted wrist,—a delicate wrist. She had stepped between the curtain, which was lace, and the window. Looking in, therefore, from without, as one passed through the darkening street, she showed real and human. But looking at her from within, across the warm and silent room, the curtain swaying on her outline, she made a lovely ghost.

In either aspect of the watcher—for she was a watcher, that was plain enough—an observant person would have said of her, It is a wife,—a happy watcher, a happy wife.

Beyond those trifling signs of individuality in household art which creep into the homes of most people of character, there was nothing to distinguish this from other parlors on Mt. Vernon Street. It was not necessary to look twice to see that the lady behind the curtain had a luxurious and light-hearted home.

Something—was it in her attitude? was it in her expression?—would have

indicated her to the sensitive eye as a woman deeply loving and deeply loved. Certainly she bore that beautiful and modest self-consciousness which belongs to no other creature and to no other condition, and which is as radiant and as regal as the look that the sea gives to the sunrise.

A gentleman came over the hill, walking slowly; he came from the direction of the State House and Tremont Street, and therefore held his face turned towards the swiftly departing light. Drops were falling. They ran together on the window and thickened; the pavement was growing wet. It was a muggy night, and betokened either a prolonged thaw, or the sudden surrender of nature's forces which precedes a deadly chill. The gentleman walked languidly, as people do in weak weather; possibly he looked pale.

She had turned rapturously on hearing his step; then all her attitude fell. He passed beneath the window, she watching him. He glanced up once before he rang the bell, and saw her, between the curtain and the window, nodding down to him. She looked very near. She was still standing there, when he came into the room; only the pale lace now fell over her. He could but notice her contour on it, even then, with the high, fine crown of hair and the wrist turned back,—a beautiful wraith!

But when she came to meet him she saw how grave he was.

"Mr. Nordhall! I—thought you were John. I mean when I heard your step—at first. Sit down. I am glad to see you. But you look ill. John is late. I was watching for him."

"Yes, Mrs. Strong, John is late."

Nordhall said this clumsily enough.

He too sat down. He felt faint. But she smiled up at him fondly; she had always known Charles Nordhall.

"You will stay to dine with us, now. John will soon be here. We were to read together this evening, early; I ordered dinner an hour sooner. We are reading — of all things, what do you think? — Paul and Virginia! We had never read it before, — together. John will be in very soon."

She laughed at herself, blushing a little, but thinking that it was only Charley Nordhall. She had a low and happy laugh. Yet he could see that she listened towards the pavements with the intensity by which only the very happy or the very miserable attend.

It had grown dark. Servants came in. Nordhall dimly saw the gas flash, and the colors of the room leap out; the hearth-rug where the dog lay, — listening, too. The rug was Persian; the dog a setter, brown and white. The tête-à-tête was of a garnet shade, and lustrous; it was rolled towards the grate, with a generous plump hassock before it, such as a tired man likes. An old copy of Paul and Virginia lay on the cushions of the tête-à-tête.

She sat between him and the fire, chatting in her sweet voice. Now and then she lifted the appealing eyes, which contrasted so with the pose of her head. He did not know how to look at them. He heard her talking of the parlor lectures, of Thursday's concert, of the charity theatricals, of the Passion music, of what John said, of what John thought; and he saw her listening while she talked. But he did not know how to speak to her. It seemed to him that he had never seen her look so lovely. He noticed confusedly the color of the ribbon that she wore at her throat, under lace: it was rose-pink; it deepened, yet rendered more delicate, the flush of her cheek. He occupied himself with these details. She looked at him confidently.

The room began to seem stifling to him, and he asked her permission to open a window. The rain was already freezing into sleet, as he looked out. When he returned, he saw that she had risen, and stood regarding him with an expression neither of inquiry, sympathy, nor fear alone, but partaking slightly of the nature of all. Then he knew that he could defer no longer. Unconsciously to himself he put out his hands to touch her; would have drawn her to her chair again. But she said, —

"You have something to tell me. You do not tell it!" She hesitated. "Do *you* know why John is late?"

Then he found his voice: "Yes, I know why John is late."

Nordhall was intoxicated by what we might call the wine of despair, at that moment, and deliriously regarding her as she stood there thought of certain words he had read, — he could not for his life have said where or when: —

"But ere the fatal stroke descended,
Lifeless she fell."

For though he had not spoken, she put her hands together suddenly; he felt that all her face and figure crouched before him, and that the room rang to a cry which he should hear as long as he lived: —

"*Oh, my gracious God!*"

II.

"The king among her friends was her husband."

This is not a tale of the fever of grief; it is not a study of the surprise of widowhood; nor will these pages be devoted to the analysis of agony.

We read often of the spasm of the volcano; much less of the slow processes of adjustment by which the purple lava hardens, and rivers of fire stiffen into waves of stone; still less, perhaps, of the efforts of kind nature to fling green things hopefully over frozen flames, and

the blind confidence of human homes that trust and build above forgotten gulfs.

We hear much of the tumult of freshets in the uproar of the year ; of the dash, the whirl, the shock, the watery dawn, that rises thin and cold upon pathetic ruin. Do we study to learn as well of the patient renewals of life that follow, the slow gathering of wasted forces, the gradual restoration of landmarks and symptoms of content, the gravely rebuilt firesides by which forever ears must listen for the footsteps of the flood ?

The story of Reliance Strong (such was her fine, Puritan inheritance of a name) is a short one and a quiet ; worth telling more because it is like a great many other people's stories than because it differs from them. She loved her husband, and he was dead. Let us turn a leaf, as we push away sacred letters not our own, that we can but will not read. He had been dead a year.

It was a year that day. Charles Nordhall remembered, and he felt that he ought not to go to her ; but his errand could not well wait. Since Mrs. Strong had moved out of town, these occasions would arise when he must consult her upon business of her own at short notice.

He left the train at Salem with a certain reluctance, and bade his driver travel slowly ; he shrank from seeing her almost as much as he did a year ago.

She had asked his advice about moving to Salem to take care of her husband's mother. He had been more touched by her deference to his opinion than conscious of ability to give one. To decide upon almost any course of action for a friend in extremity is like performing a surgical operation for which one has not been educated.

All places were alike to her, she had said. But Nordhall's sturdy instinct rebelled, and answered that all places were *not* like the silent house where

Paul and Virginia lay unread upon the unpressed cushions.

He was not ill pleased when her heart turned towards the old homestead, the old mother, and the old-fashioned, passionless town. It was indeed some time before he allowed himself to think that this would make her a neighbor of his own.

She did not talk with him often or much. There were a few questions about her husband's affairs. What did it mean to be executrix ? Must she do this, or that ? Was he to be her agent, and would he teach her how to manage wisely ? Not that she cared for the money, but she wished to be regardful of all that John had earned and left for her. Then she would sit silent, and forget that he was there.

She had never required him to tell her the details of her husband's death. Having understood that there was an accident upon the railroad, she had asked no more. The circumstances were so painful that Nordhall felt a sad, abiding gratitude for the instinct by which she spared them both.

The house to which Nordhall drove was a mile, perhaps, from his own, in the direction of Marblehead and the open sea. It was a large wooden house, white, with dark-green blinds. It stood behind avenues of elm-trees and horse-chestnuts, bare now, and beating about in the northeast wind. A long garden ran behind and around the house ; straw lay bound upon the buried flowers ; patches of snow melted about the syringa bushes ; the stalks of the frozen hollyhocks nodded at the visitor. Over the marshes the fog was starting in from sea. It was some distance to the sea. Established Salem families did not live in the surf, like people who came in summer, and could afford only a few weeks of salt breezes.

Old Mr. Strong had gone quite far enough out of town, as it was ; but Winthrop L. Strong always did as he pleased,

and he did not please (like Lamb) to favor "houses in streets." Of course, a gentleman would always have horses, and what did fifteen minutes to a neighbor signify? The two ladies therefore lived a somewhat secluded life.

As Nordhall stood hesitating whether to lift the heavy brass knocker, or to ring the bell, the fog stretched itself a little, and seemed to shut the world out, and to shut him in against the closed door.

Mrs. Winthrop L. Strong came down with her daughter-in-law, to receive him; she always did. She spoke of the weather and the country, her pastor, her doctor, and her health, and asked if he had seen the Rollinstalls.

And then she invited him to tea, and begged him to excuse her, as she found it wearisome to sit up too long at a time, and had a little matter in preparation for the church charity society, which required her attention.

"She's knitting socks," said Reliance, after the door was closed. "She always does."

"For every fair?"

"It is n't a fair. I think church people do not call them fairs? It is a Dorcas. They are baby socks. They are always blue. And so they all have to be given to the boy babies."

"I should think there might perhaps be — a superfluity?"

"Yes. Last year *every* Dorcas baby was a girl," added Reliance, gravely; "and it was very inconvenient. For you know a girl must wear pink always."

"No, I did n't know," said Nordhall.

"But mother is good," sighed Mrs. Strong. "I wish I were as useful!"

She paused. Thus, clumsily enough, they had got over the edge of the occasion. She used to be full of fun in her happy days. He inferred, of course, that she desired no allusion to the anniversary. He began at once: —

"I came to see you — to-day — because I must have your signature imme-

diately. I think you must part with your Cicero and St. Thomas bonds. Suspicions of the management are afloat, and they have gone rapidly down. They were above par four days ago, but sell at 87½ to-day."

"Cicero and St. Thomas?" she asked languidly. "Those are factories?"

"No; a railroad."

"Oh, I remember; a Southern railroad."

"The road is in Ohio," said Nordhall.

"I am afraid I shall never learn about money," she answered, shaking her head. "But I wish to," she added, after a thought. "I do not wish to make you so much trouble. I do not wish to be so stupid, either!" with increasing emphasis, and a faint touch of spirit, — a ghostly thing, like her merri-ment. Nordhall liked better to see her sad, and even her languor had the comfort of genuineness. She subsided into this quickly enough, stooping to pat her dog with an idle and abstracted hand. The dog sat at her feet while they talked, and watched her closely.

"They are registered bonds," began Nordhall again. "I had them registered, you remember, at your wish; we thought it safer."

She did not remember in the least, but she assented idly.

"I regard it as always best to register, when possible, — for women and all cautious investors," he proceeded; "though there are disadvantages. You cannot sell so quickly, in emergencies."

"But I do not wish to sell."

"Not now, — no. You might. It is well to remember these things, in case you should at any time prefer to manage them for yourself."

She looked up; her lips parted tremulously, but she only said that she had never thought about such matters, and that she thanked him for his great kindness to her.

"It will be necessary for you to in-

dorse all these coupons," said Nordhall, spreading the bonds upon the table. "The coupons are registered also. It is one of the thoroughly protected things. There are a good many. I'm sorry. The bonds run to '85. You will please to write your name here."

He went to bring the ink and pens from Madam Strong's old ebony desk that stood in the adjoining library; but Reliance followed him. The dog followed her. She stood at the high desk to write. Her black dress and the black wood deepened the gloom of the dull room, ranged with law-books and encyclopædias. There was only one window in the room. The sound of the surf came up. Nordhall watched her. The dog watched him.

"Now, come away," he said, and hurried her out.

"I never can forget"—she spoke with a shiver—"that Father Strong died in that room. John never could. You know it was John who went in—late—and found him"—She stopped. It was the first time she had mentioned her husband's name that day. But Nordhall only said,—

"Come nearer to the fire. You are cold."

He stirred the coals, and drew up the easiest of the stiff, old-fashioned chairs. She sank down, and put her hands out drearily, to warm them. They were purple, and had grown so thin that her wedding-ring hung to the joint. Nordhall looked at them. His own were warm, and the rich blood ran abounding beneath his somewhat delicate and fair color. He had the sensitive complexion that flushes and pales easily. His hair had been red when he was a little boy. He had a boy's eyes yet.

"I will go now," he said, after a difficult pause.

"So soon?" She raised her head languidly. As she did so, she glanced at the clock on the mantel, and both saw that it was twenty-five minutes of

five o'clock. It was at twenty-five minutes of five that he had come into her parlor on Mt. Vernon Street, a year ago.

She turned to him piteously; held up her hands, drew them down, and buried her face in them.

He said in a whisper, "Poor girl!" and then he went away. No one could help her. Glancing back, he saw her gently push the dog one side. Nordhall called the creature out, and stopped in the hall and looked at him with a singular sense of fellowship.

"We're neither of us wanted, Kaiser," he said. After a moment's hesitation, the animal responded to this expression of sympathy, and graciously followed the man out. The weather had thickened densely. Nordhall could see as far as the syringa bushes by the gate, but the road was blotted.

"Which way shall we go, Kaiser?" he murmured, looking over. Kaiser regarded him inquiringly. But it was with the dignity of possession that the setter turned and went back to the house. He waited on the granite steps some time, unnoticed but calm. At last Nordhall, strolling in the fog, stricken by an uncertainty of purpose of which he could not rid himself, saw the door opened and the dog admitted.

It was herself. She seemed to apologize to Kaiser for her neglect. She had infinite tenderness. Like a forbidden dream, he saw her broken face, and then the door was shut.

III.

"We are born loyal." — EMERSON.

Reliance did not knit for the Dorcas babies. She did not like to knit. And when blue socks are the final cause of existence, as in the case of Madam Strong, it seems an impertinence to interpose a rivalry under the family roof; as if, for instance, one should crochet

them, and of pink, and so seem either to reflect upon the taste, or to undervalue by competition the self-sacrifice of one's mother-in-law.

But it has been well said that when the one creature whom the heart loves is removed, it takes the whole world to fill the place of that one. In the third year of her widowhood, Reliance Strong looked over the syringa bushes, one day, into the street, and remembered that there was a world beyond the gate which led between horse-chestnuts and elm-trees, past the hollyhocks, up the granite steps, into the old white mansion, where two women mourned their dead.

This was the way in which she happened to think of it.

That morning, as she came down in her veiled hat, to walk towards the marshes for a breath of air, she found one of the servants sobbing in the vestibule. It was Janet, the parlor-maid. She was washing the side-lights of the old hall door; her tears mingled with the soap-suds as she splashed and scoured. The keen sun peered through the diamond-shaped glass upon her pale hair and reddened eyes, and her pretty, round figure, with neat apron-front crossed over the grief that wrung her blue calico bosom. Mrs. Strong, feeling as if she and the sun were both intruders, stopped hesitatingly, and asked what was the matter.

Janet answered evasively that it was nothing much.

"I should be glad to help you with your trouble, if I could," replied Mrs. Strong, with some timidity. She had never thought much about the grief of servants; or if, indeed, they had any. In her own brief, happy life as a householder, her people below-stairs had all been in good spirits; or if not, her own had been too fine to notice it. Once, she remembered, the cook had a tooth-ache, and the quail was burned; and she had given the house-maid things to cut over for a little sister. But with

the consummate self-absorption of joy, she had supposed that every woman who lived in the house with Mr. Strong must, in a general way, be happy.

But Janet, between the dripping side-lights, stood crying.

"It's my father," she said.

"Is he dead, Janet?"

"Ma'am — no; he's worse than dead."

Reliance had asked the question with a weary sadness, which reacted into a dull sense of surprise at Janet's business-like reply. The lady had heard people talk about griefs worse than death. It had not occurred to her for a long time that there could be such. With a sense of positive intellectual curiosity, she sat down and drew Janet's story gently from her. It seemed, indeed, that a drunken husband might be worse than a dead one. And Janet had twelve brothers and sisters. And her mother hurt her right arm last week. And the baby was uncommonly sick. It was usually sick; but now, Janet said, it was "weak'nin'." And "he" — by whom Janet meant to designate her father — "he" was just "up for thirty days."

"Up?" asked Mrs. Strong.

"Taken up," Janet said. "In the house."

Mrs. Strong thought it must be very hard having him sick, too, and confined to the house at the same time with the rest.

"Ma'am," said Janet, "I meant the House of Correction."

There was a pause.

"He was arrested," began Janet again. "He broke a man's jaw, and he like to broke my mother's arm. He did n't mean to, but he was flyin' round that tempestuous with the rollin'-pin, — our rollin'-pin is rather heavy. But *she* won't complain on him. Father's tried to reform, — that's what they call it when you stop drinkin'. But he says if he had friends to help him, like some folks do, he'd hold out. But he gets discour-

aged. He says *his* friends are all poor. And there ain't one the neighbors has *twelve* children."

"Do you think, Janet," asked her mistress, after a thoughtful silence, and still with the same timidity of manner, "that your mother would mind — if I should call to see her?"

"Oh, no, ma'am; she's glad to see anybody," answered Janet, with the indifference of her type and a little, perhaps, of her grief.

Janet's mother lived over the marshes, and the wind being live that morning Reliance walked quickly on her unusual errand. The fine air spurred her on like the approval of a friend.

She had to search and inquire for the place she wanted, — the houses on the marshes looking very much alike to her, and so many of their masters being "up," — and, for the first time upon her lonely morning walks, she threw back from her face her long crape veil.

Thus it happened that Reliance was introduced in one of the most effective, because one of the most natural, ways in the world to the griefs of other people; and those forms of neighborhood benevolence which have been the solace of widowed and idle women from generation to generation, gradually attracting, ended by engrossing her sad attention.

A certain change touched her, which Nordhall watched with gratified scrutiny.

"I cannot work in societies and clubs and sisterhoods and such places," she said to him one day; "I quarrel with the other women. I tried it after the fire, when so many of those poor shop-girls were burned out. I was a committee for something, — I forget what. One of the ladies said a hard thing about the poor girls, and I answered her; and so I hurt their feelings, and so I left."

"What was it?" asked Nordhall, smiling.

"Oh, not much; only she said if those

girls would do wrong, why, let them go and do it! She did n't think it was a lady's duty to consider any but worthy cases. If there's a word in the dictionary I hate, it is that 'cases'! And the girls in such peril, being left homeless all at once!"

"And you told her?"

"I told her I thought if I were a poor girl, left alone, and nobody cared for me, and I were burned out of home and work, and I saw a bright-looking dance-house, and it was warm, and I was cold, I thought very likely I should go in," said Reliance, quietly. "So after that," she added, "I thought I would n't try to work in societies. Then I'd rather people did not know everything I do. I like to put shoes on a barefoot child without telling of it."

"You have been busy lately?" he asked her, hesitating.

"Have I?" she reflected. "Yes; very, I believe. I had n't thought much about it. Only I do not like to see people suffer, if I can help it. That is all." She sighed.

"You have" — he checked himself. He thought he would not tell her that he saw a change in her. It was an indefinite thing, — a delicate irradiation of the eye, a firmer settling of the lip, a keener accent in a quicker voice; yet these slight tokens were only like the alterations of color on a bay's surface when the whole day is gray. Nordhall regarded her fine and unhopeful face a moment, and said no more.

Presently he asked her how "Mr. Janet" was getting along.

So then she laughed.

"You always call that poor girl's father Mr. Janet! His name is Griggs. He is doing finely. I've looked after him a little. He only needed friends. I saw him every day for a while."

"You're setting a premium on drunkenness!" murmured Nordhall impulsively. He had never spoken to her just like that; and as soon as he had done

so he hoped she would not notice it. Indeed, it seemed that she did not. She was leaning back in her chair, musing. Her thoughts were already far away from him. She was sitting by the long, low, open window, for it was summer, and the strong salt air drove into the drawing-room. She had tied a white lace handkerchief at her throat, over her warm and heavy widow's weeds. Outside, Madam Strong was tending the hollyhocks: these were of gold and rose and silver; one was a rare brown or wine-color; it was taller than the rest, and nodded in the wind. Kaiser was in the garden, too; sunning himself at the feet of the gardener, who weeded industriously. Brisk and cheerful sounds came up; the lonely old home had melted with the genial season. Madam Strong wore her garden gloves, and a Chinese silk sun-bonnet adorned her head: this was a concession to the Creator, which always filled her household with a certain responsive laxity of emotion; it seemed phenomenal that anybody could do anything which would induce so stately and benevolent a lady to forget the Dorcas babies, and dig at the roots of hollyhocks in unbecoming if expensive nankin. Even Kaiser rolled on her dress when she put on that sun-bonnet, and she said, "Kaiser, Kaiser!" with a dignified but tolerant bend.

"It is midsummer," said Nordhall, looking idly out over the head of Reliance. Her crown of brown hair drooped so near him that it seemed he felt rather than saw the wind stir it; the full, bright braid seemed to breathe. So idle was his mood that he was startled when she started murmuring, —

"It is midsummer, and the hay is down!"

But then, by a sensitive chance, he too remembered: —

"It is midsummer, — all the hay is down.

Close to her bosom press I dying eyes,

Praying, God shield thee till we meet in Paradise!"

Neither spoke. Nordhall was sorry for

her. But he thought bitterly how subtle were the memories of the mourning, and how hard it was for human tenderness to wend its way among them. She seemed to him like those gorgeous and mystical sea creatures that float upon the surface of tropic waters, throbbing with nerves that stretch and strike at every colliding object; but woe to the swimmer who dares cross the purple current where they pulsate! Their lightest filaments, touching, shall cause him an exquisite agony.

Who could help her? Who know where the pulse beat, when the nerve would quiver? She had a world of unknown sensations. He could not enter it; he never had.

Presently she raised her head, and saw him watching her. She surprised him. She had never seen him look like that. For out of his eyes there sprang a fugitive look that bade defiance to his grave and guarded face. It was a feeling set free; and it was the feeling that only a man knows, and knows only for a woman, and only for her when she is pure and fair and is denied him. But it was a feeling of which the man is no more intelligently aware than he is of the look.

If we wished to be metaphysical, we might call it sub-conscious.

Reliance was used to the calm glances of this good man; to his kindness and friendliness and care, to the sad affection by which he protected her.

Had it been any other than he she would have said that *this* was the face of one who admired her: not because she was John's wife, his friend's wife, but because she was a woman and herself.

She put the thought to herself in these simple words. She remembered, with bewilderment like that of a transmigrated soul recalling its last stage of existence, other times when other looks of other men had wrought in her the same recoil and inquiry. She was too fair a woman not to be experienced in

reading the countenances of men. As it was, the young widow pondered, saying to her disturbed heart,

"But it is only Charley Nordhall!"

Yes, it was only Charley Nordhall, himself now, her dead husband's friend, gravely regarding her, quietly asking,

"Won't you walk about the garden? It is too pleasant to stay in-doors."

He brought her hat, which hung in the hall, — he was quite at home at Madam Strong's. Reliance put it on in silence. She followed him meekly. She felt perplexed and not unashamed, as if she had assumed or presumed what no woman would who did not overvalue herself. Her shocked feeling gave way.

This was Charley Nordhall: helping her in a fatherly manner out among the flowers, asking her questions about all her poor people, and stopping to assure Madam Strong that the facts she had heard about the homœopathic doctor were quite correct.

They walked down under the horse-chestnuts, and spoke of the beauty of the elms. They stood together by the gate. Nordhall talked awhile about Mr. Janet. Reliance remembered how rich and ready was his interest in all her little ways of passing life. For philanthropy was not as yet a passion with Reliance; she visited poor people because she felt it to be her duty, and she was glad to do her duty. She liked to talk about them, but had not reached the point at which she could talk of nothing else. She chatted calmly.

Nordhall watched the development of her feeling for Mr. Janet and his neighbors carefully, as he would have watched the growth of other or more intense emotions.

"And yet," he thought, "it grows upon her." He felt a vague envy.

They stood among the bushes which arched over the front gate, and looked across the garden. Bees upon the blossoms made a faint din in the vivid air. The gardener sang at his work. Madam

Strong had removed her gloves, and was resting from her labors on the grape-vine settle under the elm that had been pierced by lightning, but had grown the greener ever since. Kaiser came half-way down the path as if to meet them, changed his mind, and lay down lazily, yawning ineffectually at the flies, with his head upon his white forepaws. The hollyhocks blazed in the sun, — rose and gold and silver white, and the brown one taller than the rest.

"That one is like a *baton*," said Reliance, looking about with a little cheerful smile. "It beats time for all the others. Look! It is like seeing music that you cannot hear. It is a pleasant day!"

Nordhall was glad to hear her speak like this. His eyes and heart ached to see her there in her black dress, in the color and the light, among the bees and blossoms. All his soul rose and befriended her. He tried to think if there were anything he could do to make her happy that he had forgotten; anything John would have wished him to do, — *did* wish, perhaps, if he were there that moment. He wanted to do what John would like. Then she, looking up, recognized by an intuition the loyalty and unselfishness of his unspoken mood. Without knowing why, Reliance felt happier just then than she had all day. She felt safe. It seemed as if in almost any grave shadow of the blossom-burdened lawn she might look, and she should find John.

When her mother-in-law sent the gardener out to urge Mr. Nordhall to dine, she pressed the invitation herself. The gardener was singing still. He sang: —

"Hearken, my heart, and wonder
What thought in the leaf may be!
Go ask of the bud, and ponder
What message it brings to thee.

"Hearken, my heart, and greet her,
Loth and late, loth and late, though she be!
How shall my soul go to meet her,
Who never will hasten to me?"

"What are you singing, Jacobs?" asked Nordhall, abruptly.

Jacobs said it was a song he heard a lady sing once, — a lady where he worked. She had a powerful fine voice, and she practiced at the pianer a good deal. He caught it weeding petunias. It always made him think of it to see a petunia.

"*Petunias!* Let us say a morning-glory."

"*Sir?*" asked Jacobs.

But Reliance was walking on before, in her black straw hat, stopping to speak to Janet, who had come out to meet her.

Janet looked at her affectionately while she talked.

Nordhall glanced about him with a calm delight. He felt at home. It all seemed like a scene in a cheerful German novel, where the people were so much in gardens. He thought of Goethe's ladies, Lotte and Friederike. When Kaiser heard the dinner-bell and they all went in, it seemed as if they had been doing this every day just so, and would go in again to-morrow and to-morrow, past the pink and white and yellow hollyhocks, and the tall one with the wine-red heart.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

SARA BERNHARDT.

THAT comparisons are odious some one said long before Shakespeare's time, although, I believe, the saying has been traced no farther back; but the fact that it was used by his contemporaries and the form in which he puts it into the mouth of Dogberry show that it must have been well known when Much Ado about Nothing was written. Such odiousness as there is in comparison springs from a consciousness that men and women should be judged simply by what they are, liked or disliked for themselves, and not because they come near or fall short of the merit of some other person. There is reason in this feeling, unless comparison is provoked by imitation or by pretension; and yet the very essence of criticism, itself merely the rationale of appreciation, is comparison, — comparison either with an ideal standard or with instances of long-established merit of high order.

In the criticism of literature and of art, both these comparisons are usually made and insensibly mingled. Comparison of this kind is inevitable, and within certain bounds it is fair. The temp-

tation to carry it beyond reasonable bounds is very great in the case of an artist like the distinguished French-German-Hebrew actress who is now visiting this country professionally, and who had a French-Hebrew predecessor so eminent that the shadow of her great name stretches from beyond the tomb across the threshold of the Théâtre Française. Nor has she been brought before us in such a manner as to disarm this sort of criticism.

When I took my seat in Booth's theatre to assist at Mademoiselle Sara Bernhardt's performance of Adrienne Lecouvreur, I was as thoroughly prejudiced against her as I ever allow myself to be against anybody or anything. First, there was my memory of Rachel, as fresh and clear and sharp as if I had seen her yesterday; and although I did not forget that nature is exhaustless, and that great phenomena, including great artists, are sure to be followed by other phenomena equally great, yet I could not but remember that in all the arts there have been periods peculiar in rich production followed by periods of cor-

responding barrenness, and I could not but doubt that the great mother had so soon brought forth one who was worthy to be named with Rachel, as I heard Mademoiselle Bernhardt named. Then there were the announcements of her coming, or rather of the coming of her *toilettes*, — of her gowns and her stockings, of the number and variety of which latter integuments the descriptions were instructive and highly edifying, — the publication of the particulars of her contract, and all the gossip and tattle that was kept a-going in the press about her most trivial actions. Nor was the conduct of our British cousins toward her without its depressing effect. Surely the general public and the high society of London have rarely appeared in a less admirable light than on this occasion. The extravagance of their behavior was quite equal to that of the people of New York on the first visit of Jenny Lind, with this difference: that in the latter case the object of the demonstration was not only of the highest distinction as an artist, but a person of estimable character and irreproachable life, and that no such attentions were offered her in New York by people of the best social position as were showered upon Mademoiselle Bernhardt, in a kind of frenzy, by people of the highest rank in London. The photograph of “Mademoiselle Bernhardt et son fils” has not yet, at least, proved to be a *carte-de-visite* that opened the doors of “society” in this country.

Then there were the portraits themselves, photographic and other. Surely nothing could be less likely to awaken a desire to see the original. Even the pencil of Bastien Le Page, the greatest portrait-painter of the French school, could do nothing to refine the lines and elevate the character of that face. And as I recollected in how comparatively modest and reserved a manner Rachel had made her entrance upon the American stage, the result of the reflection was anything but favorable to the actress

who was brought forward as the worthy occupant of her vacant pedestal.

When, as I sat in this mood, Mademoiselle Bernhardt finally appeared, all my unfavorable impressions were deepened. A face which at the first glance appeared almost ignoble and quite incapable of lending itself to the expression of the finer and grander emotions; a figure deplorably deficient in all womanly beauty; a carriage equally without grace and dignity; nothing worthy of remark but a flood of wavy golden-brown hair deliberately poured down her back, — this was the woman, this the tragedian, I had come to see. Her drapery hung upon her like bunting on a flag-staff on a breezeless day. Such curves as she had curved all the wrong way; and as a mere physical phenomenon it is somewhat startling to find concavity where convexity is the order of nature.

Fifteen minutes had hardly passed before I found my mental attitude toward the actress changing rapidly. While Mademoiselle Bernhardt remained in repose and was only herself in a somewhat grotesque and ill-borne costume, she was the least attractive person on the stage; but when she began to speak and to move as Adrienne, under the influence of the incidents of the scene I found myself at once interested. When she recognized Michonnet, — her first manifestation of feeling, — and owned to the gossiping abbé her obligations to her humble master and adorer, I felt at once that she possessed the power both of nature and of art, that she could both know and do. At each step in the progress of the scene I became more and more absorbed in watching her manifestations of thought and feeling; and before the curtain fell upon the first act I felt and heartily acknowledged that I was in the presence of one of the most charming actresses I had ever seen, and one, moreover, the nature of whose power had not been worthily nor, it seemed to me, correctly set forth in any criticism of her

that I had met with. This appreciation of her was heightened as the play proceeded, and confirmed by subsequent opportunities of observation.

Sara Bernhardt is not a great artist; and I doubt that by any study or effort of which she is capable she will ever become a great artist. Perhaps, however, it would be more correct to say that she is not an artist in the grand style, and that by the limitations of her nature, moral and physical, she is incapable of that style. Her power, strange to say, is chiefly a personal power. Of intellectual force, or even of intellectual subtlety, she suggests but little; and her moral nature seems to be as thin and weak as her physique. You are interested in the feelings and in the experience of the woman: feelings which hardly rise to the dignity of emotions; experience which is hardly beyond the range of the occurrences of every-day life. Her exhibitions of love, of joy, of grief, of feminine petulance and feminine perplexity, of delight in life, of interest in all the little incidents which go to make up social intercourse, — these it is which make the charm of her acting: and in this department of her art the present day has not seen her superior, — hardly, I believe, her equal. Under the influence of these feelings her face becomes transformed, almost transfigured. I have never seen on the stage, or in real life, a countenance so changed and so elevated by passing from repose into action. The face which before seems like the faded picture of some other face, not lovely, becomes instinct with intelligence and charged, surcharged, with expression. You then see that her eyes are really fine; they become large and brilliant, full of meaning and of light; and her mouth has a sweet expressiveness which, when compared with the character of its lines in repose, is marvelous. No actress that I remember is her equal in the assumption of a look of ecstatic joy. Inspired and

remoulded by the expression of this emotion, the eyes and lips of that mean and almost sordid visage, which defies the skill of painters and shames the art of photography, become angelic, worthy of Raphael's conception of a cherub. Such a radiation of purity and tenderness, such an abandonment to simple, confiding, all-absorbing happiness, is rarely seen portrayed in any form of art, — rarely even in very nature. There is almost a childish *naïveté* in her look. When, as Adrienne, she throws herself into Maurice de Saxe's arms, and putting her hands upon his shoulders looks up into his face, it is not the love of an actress of experiences that she expresses; it is that of a pure young girl in her first love, who in her first lover sees and worships a demi-god. When, as Frou Frou, she sits upon her father's knee, and gives vent to her delight at the proposal of marriage that promises to remove her sister from the household in which she has usurped *her* place, it is less the relief of a jealous woman freed from the tormenting presence of her rival that we see than the delight of a nature which seems incapable of suspicion in the anticipation of a coming joy. And it is this light, sweet girlishness of her emotional expression which makes Frou Frou the most charming and completely satisfactory of her impersonations. She is fully capable of sounding the little rippling flood of Frou Frou's thin and feeble but captivating nature, which "like shallow streams, runs dimpling all the way." When she gets into deeper waters her plummet is too short.

All through this play her action, that is, her movement on the stage, her gesture, the little tricks of her face, the management of her drapery, the very twisting of her wiry fingers, is full of significance. In all this detail the keeping of her impersonation approaches the marvelous. She charms and satisfies by doing that which a really great artist would not do, — that which a really

great artist would be above, and which would therefore prevent a really great artist from assuming this part, which has not the boldness of outline, the largeness and simplicity which are required in the subject of great histrionic art. Frou Frou is a *genre* picture, and therefore properly and even necessarily descends to details that would be offensively impertinent in a heroic composition. The peculiar fitness of Mademoiselle Bernhardt for this department of her art is shown positively and negatively in Adrienne Lecouvreur. That play, poor as it is (and indeed, except in furnishing opportunities to actors, most modern French plays are very poor), demands for the representation of its principal personage a wide range of power. Adrienne is to love her hero with fervor and abandonment of self; she is to love old Père Michonnet in a sweet, confiding, half child-like, half patronizing way, and this phase of the character Mademoiselle Bernhardt presented with a charming skill which, with all my memories of the great Adrienne in mind, seemed to me quite unsurpassed, if, indeed, it were not unsurpassable; for it left nothing imaginable to be desired. But Adrienne is also to be a great tragic actress, who sees herself robbed of her lover by a great lady, a princess, with whom she is brought into direct contact; she is to be jealous with the jealousy of Juno; she is to stand on a plane above that to which any mere *grande dame* can mount, and look down thence upon her princely rival; she is to use the words of Phèdre to pour out scorn upon that rival in the presence of the husband whom she has dishonored. Here Mademoiselle Bernhardt, tried not by comparison with any other actress, but by the ideal standard which is formed upon an examination of the structure of the play, falls notably short of its requirements. She has not naturally the mien of a great tragic actress, nor can she assume it; her jealousy is fretful and distress-

ing to see; she snaps and snarls at the princess as one cat snaps and snarls at another; and in the scene from Phèdre she raves and shrieks, and shakes her finger in the princess's face in a manner which is not only quite undignified, but which would not be tolerated; which is indeed *peu convenable*. There is no reserve in her action in this scene, no withering implication of more than she says, no concealment of the dagger which she means to make her rival feel; but, on the contrary, we see a screaming, impotent scold, who takes an opportunity to unpack her heart with words and give "that woman" a piece of her mind. To the representation of the nobler side of Adrienne's character Mademoiselle Bernhardt is quite inadequate.

Of the grand, the heroic, the truly tragic in general, she is incapable; not intellectually, perhaps, but morally and physically. She may have an intellectual perception of the heroic, but she lacks that breadth and strength and richness of soul, that firm and self-poised mien, the result of a complete physical soundness and stability (for it is not necessarily accompanied by physical force), without which the grand style is impossible, — without which, indeed, even dignity (not inner dignity of soul, but that dignity which impresses others) is impossible. The very same attitude which expresses dignity in the great blood-hound in Landseer's well-known picture expresses impudence in the little terrier. Mademoiselle Bernhardt is over weighted by tragedy. Sharp-shooting is a fine art in arms, and is deadly business; but in vain will you bombard a fortress with rifles.

Mademoiselle Bernhardt's constitutional deficiency for certain departments of her art is, it need hardly be said, much more apparent in tragedy than in mere *drame* (to use a French term which means a realistic dramatic composition, not either tragedy or comedy, and which may have a serious catastro-

phe), more in the classic than in the romantic drama. Wherefore her Phèdre, the only classic tragedy in which she has appeared here at the time of the writing of this article, is the most inadequate of her impersonations, although it is one of the most interesting of her performances. It is interesting in a certain way and to certain people, because it embodies, although imperfectly, a fine conception, and is in a measure informed by the intelligence of a great histrionic genius. But, as grand tragedy it is a conspicuous failure. It is Frou Frou playing Phèdre; poor little Frou Frou in her private theatricals attempting the grand rôle of Rachel. I shall not censure Mademoiselle Bernhardt's performance of this character; for it is really not her fault that she cannot play it, no more than it is her fault that she cannot put up a fifty-six-pound weight. She has not the moral breadth of nature or the physical stamina for the part, which she plays like a love-sick Mabelle girl in a consumption, and yet with constant suggestions of her great predecessor.

Rachel was slender, but she was not attenuated. She produced no impression of ill health or of feebleness. On the contrary, she was lithe, compact, and firm, and always looked well settled where she stood. It seems as if a puff of wind would blow Mademoiselle Bernhardt off the stage, as if a gust of anger or of derision would topple her morally in the dust. Hence chiefly her great unfitness for the impersonation of such a character as that of Phèdre, which to sustain it requires the force of a great personality. Phædra's story is not quite so well known as that of some other noted Greek women; for the poets have shunned it. Most of the readers of *The Atlantic* probably know the tale of lawless love and implacable revenge which Racine made the subject of this tragedy: how Phædra, the wife of Theseus, the legendary Greek hero, became enamored

of Hippolytus, his son by a former marriage, and being repulsed by him accused him to his father of a hideous crime, and afterwards ended her own life by poison. Racine varied from the old story by making Phædra's nurse Œnone, instead of the queen herself, accuse Hippolytus to Theseus of the guilty passion which she alone had felt, and has thus restored some sympathy to a heroine who needed all that she could command. The undertaking of such a character as Phèdre in the present day showed the audacity of Rachel's genius; for she restored it to the modern stage. If the tragedy were played as Racine wrote it to be played and saw it played, chains and bristling sentinels would be required to keep a modern audience in their seats during this dispensation of big-wigged tragedy. The Phèdre of Racine is little less than ridiculous; yet the Phèdre of Rachel, speaking Racine's words, was terrible. The fine, smooth verse which he wove so painfully and so prettily, she used only as a canvas, which she covered from our eyes with pictured scenes of passion. Her performance was in truth but a series of such scenes, somewhat disconnected. It has been called statuesque; but her country has produced one great painter whose learning, whose severe classical taste and antique grace, took form in pictures to which her impersonations might be better compared; for were the figures of Nicolas Poussin endowed with life, they would speak and move with the accents and the action of Rachel.

Phèdre is for one reason, if for no other, a character difficult and dangerous to attempt. The play opens on a high key. The heroine makes her first appearance before us with a soul consumed and a body shattered by her devouring passion and the wrestlings of her soul and sense. As Rachel tottered upon the stage we looked wonderingly forward in vague and vain conjecture as to what could be the end of such a

beginning; for it seemed as if the climax were already reached. And so, in truth, it was; but it was not ended. Her Phèdre was a prolonged climax of agony, through which she revealed the stages of passion and hope and hate and despair by which she had reached it. Her Phèdre died, indeed, but only that the tragedy might end. Her poison was needless. It was because her veins were burning with a fiercer, subtler venom that the tragedy began; and she herself had begun to die before she confessed in our hearing the thought for which alone she lived. Rachel made us know and feel all this. When Rachel played characters like Lady Tartuffe, she looked like a thoroughly bad and utterly depraved woman; when she played Phèdre she looked like a female fiend. And this not because of any change wrought in the lines of her face by "making up," but because of the expression she assumed. She did not look thus when she came off the stage in the course of an act, nor before she went on. This fiendishness of look made one near to shudder at the hell of mortal hate that flamed into her face as she shrieked, "*C  none, qui l'eut cru ; j'avais une rivale !*" Her cry, "*Aricie a son c  ur, Aricie a sa foi !*" was like the utterance of the agony of a damned soul. When she cursed C  none we did not wonder that the guilty nurse cowered before her, and fled to drown her memory of all this woe in death.

Of this grand, dreadful, almost painful impersonation Mademoiselle Bernhardt's is a weak imitation, a pale, faded copy: whether a deliberate imitation or not I shall not say; whether direct or not I cannot tell, for I do not know Mademoiselle Bernhardt's age. But the traditions of Rachel's Ph  dre live in the criticism of her day; they live in Paris in the memories of all lovers of the drama who have reached middle age; they live in sketches and in painted portraits; and above all they live in the *foyer* of the

Th   tre Fran  aise. On those traditions Mademoiselle Bernhardt has formed her Ph  dre; seeking, nevertheless, we may be sure, to give to the impersonation some individual traits of her own imagining. But in this respect she has been able to do very little. Nor is it at all surprising, or in the least to her discredit, that her Ph  dre is essentially a copy of Rachel's. Rachel's conception and impersonation of that character was not only grand and strong and vivid beyond that of any other actress who has attempted it, but it was the result of a perception of the only ideal of the character that made it tolerable in art. A Ph  dre in whom bad passion and deadly hate were aggrandized by an intensity and sublimation of fiendishness that made her a demi-goddess of the infernal sort was at least terrible and wonderful; a Ph  dre with a touch of true womanly feeling would be revolting. Ph  dre must not need forgiveness; she must be incapable of repentance. To admire Ph  dre, to endure her, we must have no sympathy with her. This was Rachel's Ph  dre, and thenceforward there can be no other.

As to Rachel's Adrienne Lecouvreur, I shall ask the indulgence of my readers for repeating here a passage from an article which I wrote on the night of her first performance of the part in this country, just twenty-five years ago. It will have at least the interest of showing the instant impression made by her in the character upon a young and comparatively inexperienced critic of the drama. "The play is familiar in its scope and spirit, and *genre* painting, whether with pen or pencil, has always more admirers than falls to the lot of high art. Her impersonation of Adrienne was no less finished and youthful than of Camille [in Racine's *Les Horaces*] or of Ph  dre; but for that very reason it was less grand, less imposing, less thrilling; indeed, the part is quite unworthy of Mademoiselle Rachel's tal-

ent. True, in her scenes of jealousy there were some fine tragic touches; but these were faint reflections of Phèdre's consuming passion; and at the last, when Adrienne is dying by poison, although the acting was consummate, the effect was almost too dreadful to come within the legitimate aims of art, and the means were too physical and too imitative to be worthy of such an artist as Rachel. The bursts of jealousy and the struggles with death were, however, the telling points of the impersonation with the large audience which her fame in this character had assembled. But to us there was a far purer and more perfect enjoyment to be found in the more delicate exhibitions of her art which were scattered freely through the play: such, for instance, as the tone and manner and expression with which, when Maurice tells her that he had said that she expected him at the theatre, she replies, 'Imprudent, me compromettre!'—entire forgiveness and unutterable love being conveyed with the reproach, which yet is sadly earnest; or again, when, having knocked once in vain at the door where her unknown rival is concealed, and having repeated her summons with success, '*au nom de Maurice de Saxe*,' she exclaims with such an outburst of adoring love and child-like confidence, 'Je savais bien que rien résisterait à ce talisman!'"

A criticism written at midnight, two miles from the writer's home, to be published the next morning without revision in proof, may well be judged leniently as to its style and even as to its opinions. But in the latter respect I really find no reason for change or modification after this lapse of time. And here I find a censure which I made mentally while witnessing Mademoiselle Bernhardt's performance of the same part, quite unconscious that I had already given it utterance in my long-unseen and quite forgotten article on Rachel's Adrienne: it is that upon the death

scene of the poisoned actress. This is dreadful, and should exclude the play from the repertory of an artist of high aims. I know that death scenes are in high favor with certain lovers of the drama; but when they are of this painful, this shocking character, they should be set apart exclusively for the entertainment of that sort of spectators to whom it was the crown of the evening's enjoyment to "see Kirby wrap himself up in the American flag and die all over the stage" at the Bowery theaytre. We cannot expect such scenes as that which ends the sufferings of Lear,—"Prihee, undo this button," is a grand touch of simple pathos, possible only to one hand,—nor even such as those upon which the curtain falls in Hamlet and Othello,—the latter of which was grossly materialized, and therefore degraded, by Salvini; but the exhibition of a young woman in the combined agonies of despair and empoisonment is simply horrible; and mere horror has no proper place in art. To hear this poor girl shrieking out, "Je ne veux pas mourir!" and praying at the top of her voice, and in the midst of her physical agony, that she may be allowed to live, is a scene from which it should seem that the least sensitive nature would desire to flee. Nor is it truthful. There is set up for it the plea of realism; but it is no more real than it is ideal. Death does not come thus in nature. Adrienne dies screaming; and with the accents of frantic protest and entreaty and torment upon her lips she suddenly drops dead into her chair. A realistic conformity to nature would show her exhausted and silent for some time before she breathed her last breath. Judged from any point of view the scene ought to be hissed; but the majority is against me, and it is applauded.

Here, as elsewhere in this play, Rachel was greatly superior to Sara Bernhardt; for she managed the scene with consummate art and delicacy. But even

she could not raise it to the level of great art; it is essentially too low and too material. I am not sure, however, that in the lighter, more joyful, and more playful scenes of this drama Sara Bernhardt is always the inferior. For Rachel, strong in intellect and in passion, was weakest in the expression of pure womanliness. In this she was like most French actresses, who, according to my observation, although they can be jealous with both fierceness and *finesse*, can play the grande dame, and excel in coquetry, fail in the portrayal of what we Anglo-Saxon folk mean by womanliness pure and simple. But, strangely enough, when we consider what she is, this is Sara Bernhardt's forte. The expression of confiding love, of a sweet, tender joy, of purity, of all the little charms of woman's ways which minister so much to the daily delight and happiness of those around her, are manifestly natural, or at least easy and pleasant, to this actress. Her facial capability seems here to find its true scope and almost its limit. In the simulation of any emotion grander or stronger she falls short of a high aim. There we see that she is merely trying to do what others have done before her, and to do it more or less as it was done by them. Briefly, Mademoiselle Bernhardt's art is very fine, but its elements are simple and its range is narrow.

In the expression of pure womanliness, a great actress who has recently made her exit from the stage of life, Mrs. Charles Kean, who won her reputation as Ellen Tree, had probably no equal. I did not see her in the first flush of her womanly charms; for she had become Mrs. Kean, and was on her second visit to this country, before my theatre-going days began. But even then, in the expression of the beauty of womanhood, she was peerless, — far beyond any other actress that I ever saw. The woman in her was so strong that whatever she played, through such a wide range as Viola, Queen Constance,

and Lady Macbeth, that was the chief feeling to which she gave expression. She excited the respectful love, the devotion, of every man in her audience. In *Twelfth Night*, when as Viola, disguised in her page's dress, she attended on the Duke Orsini, she filled the stage with the sense of her concealed love for him. As Constance, in *King John*, she had hardly more than one scene, — that in which the princess pours out her grief and love over her little son Prince Arthur; but she made (if indeed Shakespeare before her had not made) that the great scene of the play, the one around which all the others centred, and she filled the hearts of men and women alike with sweet sympathy with her great maternal tenderness. And even in *Lady Macbeth* she managed to show — perhaps I should rather say that such was her nature that she could not help showing — that her womanly devotion to her husband, her hope for him, her ambition for him, were the springs of her action. This was more nature than art with her, more impulse than acting. When, in the banquet scene, which is interrupted by the appearance of Banquo's ghost, she begged the guests to withdraw, that they might not be too close witnesses of the king's discomfiture, she descended from her dais, and passed down among them with a look upon her face, as she turned from one to another, in which troubled love and womanly anxiety struggled sorely and strangely with queenly dignity. She was one of the very few actresses that I have known personally; and I spoke to her one day about the expression of her face in this scene. She listened with evidently unfeigned surprise, and said that she did not know of it, and had not heard of it before; that the look was brought into her face unconsciously by the action of the scene. It was not what is queerly called among the actors "business." When I lauded her personation of Constance she replied, "Why, I've nothing to do but to

cry over a baby." I answered that she always brought tears to my eyes. She gently laid her hand on mine (she was old enough to be my mother), and said, "I'm glad to hear that; for when I play that scene I always weep real tears myself." In the *Gamester* — a drama now laid aside, I suppose, forever — she was the *gamester's* wife: and the villain of the play, who sought her ruin as well as her husband's, told her that her husband loved another woman. She turned, looked him in the face, and simply said, "I don't believe it." As she did this, her expression of wifely love and confidence was so radiantly beautiful that a thrill of delight touched every heart,

and after a just perceptible instant of silent appreciation the house exploded in such a thunder of applause that the performance was interrupted for the moment. This presentation of the greatest charm of womanly nature I have never seen in a French actress. Rachel never approached it. Perhaps she would not condescend to it, finding it too tame for the purposes of her art; possibly it was foreign to her nature and beyond her ken. But it has seemed to me that *Sara Bernhardt* has it in her power to compass this department of her art, and that she would do well to abandon for it the realm of tragedy which nature has not fitted her to tread.

Richard Grant White.

A LOOK AHEAD.

PROBABLY the uppermost thought now in the mind of the American people concerning national politics might be represented by an interrogation point. They are asking a question, and are asking it of themselves, because pending the incoming and organization of the new government they cannot properly put it to anybody else. The question is, What is likely to be the course of General Garfield's administration, and what results may it be expected to produce? President Hayes once wisely said that every administration leaves its mark upon the institutions of the country. In the interval between the election and the inauguration of the new president it is only natural that people should indulge in speculation as to what the character and direction of the next mark is going to be. No administration resembles another. Each has its own individuality. Not to go back beyond the memory of comparatively young men, think how great was the difference between the administration of Lincoln

and that of Johnson, and then how marked was the change from Johnson to Grant! It is not always a change of political principles which makes the difference. Mr. Hayes and his surroundings and tendencies differ radically from General Grant and the peculiarities of his administration, though there was no break in the continuity of party ascendancy when one went out and the other came in. The truth is, our presidents are not mere gilded figure-heads, typifying executive power, like some European monarchs, but are themselves living fountains of power, and can exert a potent pristine influence upon legislative and public sentiment. They can be negative if they choose, and drift with the stream; but if they possess strong characters and well-defined purposes, there are few crowned heads in the world who can shape the national will and mould the national institutions to so great an extent as they.

Therefore people ask, What is the new government which comes in on the

4th of March going to do? Being a young people, we are a hopeful people. We always look forward to a new administration with ardent anticipations. We think the new president is going to set the country forward a long way, and we have a right to expect a great deal of General Garfield. He is a man of real force of character, and a more thorough training in statesmanship than any previous president ever brought to the duties of his office. We know that he is a man of both thought and action, — a close student of other men's ideas, and a vigorous original thinker. We remember how early he began to make a thorough study of government; how, when elected to the Ohio legislature, he set out to trace a dollar from the pocket of the taxpayer to the state treasury, and thence out into all the possible forms of public expenditure; studying the laws that authorized each transfer, and the purposes for which the money was applied. We know that he carried this method of research up to the national government, and during seventeen years in Congress became thoroughly familiar with all its ramifications. He knows every pin, wheel, and lever in the government machine. He will not have to spend half his term getting acquainted with the apparatus he is to manage. His energies will be free from the first to give it right direction. Then, Mr. Hayes leaves no rubbish for him to clear away. The public offices are filled with trained, competent, and honorable men. The machinery is clean, well oiled, and in good working order. There are no loose screws, or rusty wheels, or clogged bearings.

The most important problem which will fall to the new administration will be the Southern question, — modified a good deal by Mr. Hayes's course, it is true, but nevertheless essentially the same problem with which General Grant struggled for eight years, and which he received as a legacy from his predeces-

sor. How shall the people of the old slave States be brought fully to accept the results of the war; to look upon the black man's right to vote as just as good as the white man's; to respect the right of every man to his own judgment in politics and to the expression of his own views; to cultivate tolerance, that fine flower of a high civilization; to permit the national division of the voting element into two parties, which is the only healthful and safe condition of things in a popular form of government? The state of the country cannot be regarded as satisfactory until it is just as safe, respectable, and comfortable for a man to be a republican in the South as it is for a man to be a democrat in the North. There must be an end to all forms of proscription and unfriendliness on account of political opinion. A member of the party which saved the Union must no longer be made to feel that he is an alien in a part of the country he helped rescue from destruction. It is a national disgrace if in any portion of the Union a citizen is forced to conceal his sympathy with one of the great political organizations in order to succeed in his business, or enjoy pleasant social relations, or enter upon a public career. This sort of thing has got to stop, and General Garfield's administration will no doubt do all that it can wisely and constitutionally do to bring it to an end. It will be aided in this work by the conditions developed under President Hayes. The so-called let-alone policy of Hayes has favored the fading out of old animosities and prejudices in the South, and the growth of a desire in the more intelligent classes of the population for tolerance, honest elections, and the manly strife of well-balanced political organizations. Probably it was the best possible preparation for the ultimate solution of the problem. The ground had to be left fallow for a time. Now it seems ready for plowing and sowing. A more positive policy

can be tried, with hopes of success. By this I do not mean a forcing process by harsh laws. The attempt to reform the South by act of Congress was a dead failure. There are people who want to try it again, — narrow-minded but perfectly honest people, who will urge their views upon the new president with pertinacity, — but it is safe to say that General Garfield will not be moved by them. The influence he will exert for good will be persuasive rather than oppressive. His attitude towards the South has always been friendly, sensible, and conservative, while thoroughly republican. The election laws may perhaps be strengthened by making them applicable to country districts as well as to the towns, which would be in harmony with the principle upon which they are based; but no political legislation specially aimed at the South is likely to be adopted.

An Atlantic article published before the opening of the recent campaign said that the solidity of the South would be broken in one of two ways: by its success in getting control of the government, which would lead to dissatisfaction and quarrels about the distribution of patronage; or by its becoming convinced, through repeated failures, that it could never succeed in its ambitious dream of power. It now looks as if the defeat of the democratic party in the recent election has started the process of disintegration. Many of the leading Southern journals are disposed to give up the fight, and hint at the wisdom of abandoning the alliance with the Northern democracy. Wise politicians in every Southern State see that a political scheme based upon the unity of the weaker section of the country is a mistake, because its inevitable result is to unify the stronger section in opposition to it. The new administration will be able to do much towards stimulating the growth of this sentiment. First, it can let it be understood that there is to be complete amnes-

ty for past political action in the South, and that men of character who are now willing to come forward and help build up a new republican party in that section are to be treated with cordiality, and are not to be distrusted because of the former party connection. There will be trouble in taking this course, because old republicans, who have borne hostility and ostracism for their opinion's sake for many years, will want to monopolize the favors of the president, and will naturally object to the immediate recognition of new converts; but the necessity of bringing new elements into the republican party in order to create a strong opposition to democracy in the South will doubtless be fully understood by the president. Gratitude to heroic men who have been faithful to their principles in the face of personal loss and danger must not stand in the way of the accomplishment of the great end of bringing the South up to the Northern level of political tolerance.

It may be that something more will have to be done than giving hearty welcome and recognition to all elements willing to help in a new order of things at the South: it may be that a substantial earnest of Northern good-will towards the beaten and baffled section will have to be given in the form of internal improvements, carried on with money appropriated from the national treasury by republican votes. Not that the South wants to be bribed to divide into two parties, but because it is distrustful of Northern feeling, and needs to be convinced by some conspicuous act of generosity that the stronger section cherishes no hostile sentiments. The democrats, since they obtained the control of the appropriations, have expended a great deal of money on petty river and harbor improvements in the South, but they have inaugurated no important work, like the Mississippi jetties and the Texas Pacific Railway, both of which are the fruits of republican legislation.

It is not difficult to say what works yet remain to be undertaken, that are essentially national in their character, and yet would be especially beneficial to the South. One, at least, will at once occur to mind, namely, the improvement of the channel of the Mississippi, and the reclaiming of the vast areas of swamp land now rendered worthless by the overflow of its waters. This work would take a long period of time and cost a very large amount of money, but in the end it would enable vessels of heavy draught to go up to St. Louis, and it would gain for agriculture an area of exceedingly rich territory, capable of supporting five millions of people. To plan and carry on an undertaking of such gigantic magnitude would be a task worthy of the highest statesmanship. Another project might be mentioned, which, though not ranking in importance with the Mississippi improvement, would still be of far more than local value: it is a ship canal across the Florida peninsula, which would save six or seven hundred miles of navigation between New York and New Orleans, Mobile and Galveston.

Next to the Southern question, financial matters are likely to be the most important subjects occupying the new administration. The public debt is in excellent shape now, and the policy of Secretary Sherman will no doubt be substantially the policy of his successor. Some legislation will be needed to meet loans falling due and to carry on the work of refunding, but all will be plain sailing. The principles governing the management of the debt—a scrupulous fulfillment of all obligations, and a reduction of the interest rate to as low a point as will command a market for the bonds at par—have been fixed with the coöperation of General Garfield as a member of Congress, and will of course suffer no change during his presidential term. The future of the greenbacks is a question not so easy to determine, and

one which may lead to a great deal of controversy. In the absence of other financial issues, this may come to the front of political discussion. We may be tolerably sure that the republican victory in November disposed of the project for the destruction of the banks, which was advocated by the greenbackers and by a considerable majority of the democrats, but the question of the permanency of the present system of a mixed currency of treasury notes and bank notes is still an open one. The republican party is divided upon it. A considerable portion believes that the government should always keep afloat a large volume of redeemable notes, “to steady the currency,” as they express it. Another portion believes that treasury notes are a positive evil, and that the government should wholly retire from the business of furnishing the country with a paper circulation. General Garfield’s action in Congress has been in the direction of an ultimate withdrawal of the greenbacks, but it is very doubtful whether a majority can be got in Congress for the passage of any measure of the sort. The new administration may not be required to face the question, from the want of sufficient force in Congress, and thus it may drift over another four years’ period.

The tariff question is not likely to be a troublesome one. The republicans made protection a leading issue in the recent canvass, and their victory is an assurance that the existing system of customs duties will undergo no radical change. Defects in it may be corrected, but whatever new tariff legislation is adopted will be in the direction of extending the protective system and remedying its abuses, rather than in that of setting it aside. We shall see no “tariff for revenue only” during the next four years. So far as the influence of the administration is brought to bear upon this question, it will be to favor duties high enough to protect all

important national industries, but not so high as to foster monopolies.

A question of very grave importance remains to be mentioned, — that of making a radical change in the method of choosing the president and vice-president, so as to avoid the danger of a disputed election. The vices of the present system brought the country close to the brink of civil war in 1877. Awkward and indefinite in the first place, this system is outworn, and is wholly out of gear with our modern political methods. The electors are mere voting machines. There is no provision for settling a controversy as to who are really entitled to act as electors in any State. It is an open question whether the vice-president should count the electoral votes, or whether he is a mere clerk to open the returns, while the power of counting or rejecting rests in the two houses. If the latter position be assumed, it is an open question whether the concurrence of the two houses is necessary to count a return, or whether a rejection can be effected by the action of one of the bodies.

After we had got safely over the rocks in that dangerous winter of 1877, all thoughtful men believed that the electoral system would be changed before another election came around. A number of the best minds in Congress addressed themselves to the task of maturing measures for reforming a plan which everybody saw to be faulty and perilous. Several valuable bills and constitutional amendments were drawn, but nothing came of them. The reason was that the democrats, who had control of Congress, believed that the old system would work for their advantage in the election of 1880, because, having the count in their hands, by virtue of their majority in the senate and house, they could settle all disputed points in their own favor. This is not an unfair statement. Everybody who is familiar with the recent course of events in Washington knows it is true.

And the democrats cannot be blamed for being peculiarly selfish and unpatriotic. They did what most parties would have done in a like case. They wanted to win in 1880, and were not disposed to sacrifice any point in the game. If the republican majority in New York had been twenty-five hundred, instead of twenty-five thousand, they might have found reasons to satisfy their own consciences for throwing out the returns of that State, and declaring General Hancock elected.

Constitutional changes and legislative enactments in the direction of a less complicated, more direct, and less perilous system of electing the chief magistrate and his possible successor must of course originate in Congress, but a president who is strongly convinced of the wisdom of a change can do much towards encouraging and moulding such measures. We may take it for granted, from General Garfield's public utterances and from the experience he gained as a member of the electoral commission, that he will do all that he can properly do to bring about this very important reform. The times are ripe for it. One house of the new Congress will be controlled by the republicans by a narrow majority, and the other by the democrats by a majority still narrower. A measure for the partisan advantage of either party will have no chance of getting through. The question of changing the method of electing presidents can therefore be treated as a non-partisan affair, and can command the attention of the most statesman-like intellects on both sides.

Leaving the field of speculation about the measures likely to be favored by the new administration, let us, in conclusion, look for a moment to its probable general character. General Garfield is eminently a practical politician, and we need not fear that he will make a visionary administration, reaching out after the impossible, or trying to take ten steps at once. He knows

the politicians perfectly, understands the temper of the people, and will neither overleap his mark nor fall short of it. He is a scholar who for thoroughness and breadth of culture has had no equal in the White House since the younger Adams. We may therefore expect a dignified, scholarly administration, which will command the cordial assistance and support of the journalists, men of letters, and institutions of learning. He is a closer student of political economy than

any president the country has ever had, and we may expect that the industrial and commercial interests of the country will enjoy the advantage of intelligent consideration at his hands. He is a home man, devoted to his family, and we may look for a continuation of the pleasant, wholesome, unpretentious home life which has made the White House a centre of good social influences during the presidency of Rutherford B. Hayes.

THE LONG DREAM.

THE summer will come with a fresh perfume
Where all the brown leaves are lying,
And the windy air with a blush and bloom,
Like a shuttle blown through a silken loom,
In the delicate foliage plying.

The morning will gather its colors anew,
As sweet as a girl's promise,
Of green and golden and rose and blue,
To weave fresh violets out of the dew
As bright as the ones stolen from us.

As I lie at ease in my last repose,
All the beauty about me woven,
Like the cunning of sense that inward flows,
I shall feel in the blush that dyes the rose
And the germ when its husk is cloven.

And the rootlets find their way under-ground
Through the toils of the season's malice,
Till I know how the coil of sense is wound
To the far-off stars in the depths profound,
Where Earth seems a golden palace.

But you will not know of the watch I keep
Where the flow of the senses all pass,
Like a dreamer, who hears the stir and creep
Of the wind, while gently I lie asleep
Under the broad-leafed catalpas.

Will Wallace Harney.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

IN considering the peculiar merits of a work of such importance as the *Illustrated Longfellow*,¹ the second volume of which is just issued, it is not the artistic quality of the publication alone that deserves recognition. First of all, the original idea of producing an edition of the works of Longfellow which should be a worthy monument to his genius was as happy as it was timely. At no period in the history of the country has there been such a wide-spread, healthy interest in art in all its forms as during the past few years. The public appreciation of good illustration was never before half so much developed as at present. The countries old in the history of art do not produce nearly as high an average degree of excellence of illustration as that found in the American publications. The time is ripe, then, for the best use of the artistic talent of the country. The field for the exercise of this talent is in the publication in question certainly the most congenial one that could be selected, for it embraces a great variety of subjects, foreign and domestic. Those of Longfellow's poems which are inspired by events in the history of the country have been familiar to the young generation of artists from their school-days on, and have doubtless lost none of their stimulating influence on the imagination, but like other poems from the same pen have grown dearer with long acquaintance. To call upon American illustrators was to summon, then, ready assistants in the work. It is safe to say that no project of the kind ever met with more favor among artists, or found more sympathetic coöperation, than this. It was talked over in the studios as a rare opportunity to place a

drawing in the most attractive and favorable surroundings. In much the same way that the painters look forward to the gratification of seeing their pictures in a permanent gallery in the best of company did the illustrators enjoy the prospect of seeing their work in these volumes; for it must be remembered that one of the greatest disappointments of an illustrator's experience is that most of his best work is swamped, after an ephemeral popularity, in the great mass of illustrated literature. The conditions under which the artistic contributions to the volumes were conceived and executed were, it is apparent, just those which assured the success of the work at the start.

Upon glancing at the volumes, one feels first that a great part of the decorative aspect of the pages is due to the beautifully drawn titles, headings, and tail-pieces by Mr. L. S. Ipsen. Done with few variations from the same general character in the combination of forms and ornaments, they are still wonderfully free from monotonous repetition either of arrangement or of motive of design. The fertility of invention of many of the titles is indeed remarkable, and the uniform good taste shown in the adaptation of the spirit of the composition to the subject of the poem which they introduce is worthy of all praise. A good example of dignified and stately design, quite in keeping with the poem, is the half title of *Christus*. The decorative border around the *Epilogue* is a rich and graceful combination of vines and flowers with the symbols of faith, hope, and charity. In this, as in all the rest, Mr. Ipsen depends for the decorative effect on the beauty of the forms and the tasteful combinations of them; not on the startling oppositions of tones, or on curious contrasts, which are the

¹ *The Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

sole qualifications of much of the popular black-and-white decoration of the day. Mr. Ipsen's decorative work has elements of lasting beauty.

Probably no artist has entered more into the spirit of his work than Mr. C. S. Reinhart, whose figure of the laborer kneeling at the cathedral door is one of the finest in the book. In his drawings for the *Golden Legend* he has given not only variety of type, but many different methods of execution, thus adding to the interest of his contributions. He would probably be less satisfied himself with the full-page of Prince Henry and Elsie than with the figures of the prince and Lucifer, or with either of the spirited compositions of the carousing monks. The full-page is meagre and somewhat flat, while the others are full in form and composition. The two drawings of monks above mentioned, with another of the procession, although less studied in respect to tone than some of the rest, are very cleverly grouped and faithful in expression. Mr. Reinhart's types are particularly good. For example, it is interesting to compare the Barabbas in Prison with the drawings of the monks, and notice the number of distinct and characteristic types accurately given. Next to Mr. E. A. Abbey, — the absence of whose charming work is to be regretted in any collection of representative American illustrations, — Mr. Reinhart gives the best satisfaction on any subject he is called upon to interpret.

Frederick Dielman introduces in almost every one of his drawings superabundance of incident and a multitude of accessories that recall the studied compositions of the German painters, and the habit has doubtless its reason in the German training of the artist. These accessories have the picturesqueness of color, which is tempting to the painter, but has little real value to the illustrator. Mr. Dielman's full-page of Mary Magdalen would do very well for a study of a theatrical odalisque, but has

little which harmonizes with the subject. His Daughter of Herodias is open to the same objection. A common fault with Mr. Dielman's figures is the ungraceful proportion of the head to the rest of the body. Not wishing to err with those who believe they secure grace and dignity by the extraordinary length of the figure, Mr. Dielman often falls into the mistake of exaggerating the size of the head. Very attractive is the soaring angel in the *Golden Legend*. Mary at the Well looks like a pretty peasant girl of the Tyrol. The interior of the Odenwald farm-house is a capital study. The full-page of Friar Pacificus in the Scriptorium falls short of being very good only by the monotony of the tone. It is easy to see that the artist has sacrificed the simplicity of the effect to the temptation to multiply and elaborate the details of furniture and surroundings.

The influence of early training is also apparent in the drawings of Mr. Will H. Low. His compositions have frequently a certain *naïveté*, no matter if the general scheme be a conventional one. The Bride, the Bride and Bridegroom, and Helen Asleep on the Balcony, in the *Second Passover*, are decoratively arranged, hinting of the compositions of Alma Tadema. The Two Maries has a peculiar charm, notwithstanding the ill-proportioned figures and the material character of the angel.

Most of the groups of biblical subjects are by W. L. Sheppard, and are Oriental in everything but spirit. There can be no agreeable middle ground between the dignified and impressive treatment of subjects of this class and the realistic interpretation of the same. Mr. Sheppard has given to his work many touches of good Orientalism, and shows at times an appreciation of line in the grouping of his figures, even if it is tempered by an indifference to the laws of perspective, but for the most part his compositions are academic and undignified. It is evident from his *Burns at the Plow*, by

far the best of his drawings, and from his Martin Luther, also good in its way, that he is much more at home in that range of subjects.

The colonial subjects are treated in the main by three artists, Mr. A. B. Frost, Mr. F. T. Merrill, and Mr. J. W. Ehninger. The first contributes three illustrations to the Landlord's Tale, and though the gay Sir Christopher looks more like a Western trapper in semi-Spanish costume than an English gentleman of the seventeenth century, credit must be given to the excellence of the drawing and the good arrangement. Mr. Ehninger's drawings for Giles Corey have the great merit of conscientious interpretation of the subject. The groups are well put together, and the compositions are always intelligent. A good example is Martha and Corey at the farm-house door. It is drawn with precision and care. The only reason why these illustrations are not entirely satisfactory is that they are made with too little sympathy with the period in the history of the country. Mr. Ehninger does not give us the personages of Cotton Mather's time, but rather sturdy burghers of some foreign country. Perhaps it is too much to expect that the type of face be particularly distinctive, although that may well be insisted upon in any high standard of illustration, but it is certainly not unjust to criticise such manifestly operative groupings as Mr. Merrill has given in his illustration of John Endicott. But the drawings, however theatrical, are never illegible, and it may be said in their favor that they are neither pretentious nor affected in arrangement. Among the great variety of drawings those by Mary Hallock Foote are prominent for a peculiar grace of line and delicacy of treatment. The full-page of Thalia before the Masque of Pandora is the least successful of the list, although there is an attractive sparkle in the light and shade. In the Hanging of the Crane she is seen

to better advantage. The young couple seated reading together in one chair is charmingly done, and there is unusual grace in the figure of the maiden in the orchard. The treatment of both of these is very artistic. Mr. A. Fredericks, beside the illustrations to the Masque of Pandora, furnishes several to the Kermos, notably a full-page of a potter at his wheel. With a good deal of spirit Mr. Fredericks joins a facility that rarely degenerates into conventionality. He is a skillful draughtsman, and composes with taste. Mr. W. H. Gibson, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, Mr. F. B. Schell, Mr. J. Appleton Brown, Mr. Ernest Longfellow, and others contribute landscapes, many of which are exceedingly creditable to artist as well as to engraver.

Much of the interest in the volume is in the inviting comparison between the works of different artists and the varied treatment of the different engravers. Mr. A. V. S. Anthony, who has supervised the arrangement of the work, has engraved several of the landscapes and figures. Friar Claus, by Reinhart, is a good rendering of tone, and J. Appleton Brown's landscapes, with some smaller pieces, are cut with real feeling. Perhaps the best interpretation of textures is T. Cole's engraving of Low's Bride, in which the veil thrown over head and shoulders is most skillfully cut. The same engraver has treated with equal skill the drawings for the Hanging of the Crane. A good example of Mr. Henry Marsh's unequalled delicacy with the graver is the ornamental border of flowers around the short poem Delia. Mr. W. J. Linton's vigorous hand is readily recognized in several landscapes, and Mr. S. S. Kilburn, Mr. W. J. Dana, and other well-known engravers have assisted very creditably in the work. The volumes make an interesting period in the history of American art, and possess a unique value for future reference. The press-work is admirably in harmony with the character of the publication.

A History of Painting¹ falls naturally into comparison with The History of Art, by Dr. Wilhelm Lübke, issued from the same house two years ago. They are alike in their derivation from German sources, in liberal scale of plan and bulk of contents, and quite similar in general aspect. The house of Dodd & Mead, we should say, was entitled to special credit for its ready adventuring into expensive works of this kind for some time past. It chooses to put upon the market, instead of syllabub, something of permanent interest and value, which supplies at the same time the charms of pictorial embellishment and ornate bindings demanded by the holiday season. If there be some mere makers of presents—as there will be, in the genial temper of the time—drawn to make purchase of this History of Art by its covers and general air of attractiveness, in addition to those who will appreciate it intelligently upon inspection of its contents, so much the better. The propaganda is of a sort one need not at all regret to have assisted by any such small favoring circumstances. It is to be hoped that the History of Painting may flourish to the full measure of its deserts, beside the many pretentious volumes of little meaning with which it will come into competition.

Of the work as proposed we have as yet but one half, although that is complete in itself. The volume received carries us from the earliest times through the mediæval period. A second volume, containing the history of painting during its great age, that of the Renaissance, or, as it is here anglicized, — somewhat needlessly, it would seem, since the French form has passed so fully into common use, — Renaissance, is promised later. It is not feasible to say what changes may be operated in the account

of this second period, where most of what we now understand as comprised in painting really had its origin; no doubt, some supplementary chapters may be devoted to *technique*, rather in the abstract; but at present it is a history mainly of paintings and painters, — of the achievements of art rather than, in any special sense, of its processes. That is to say, it is a popular and really historical treatise, and not a disquisition on technical methods, which a professional artist might enjoy or find useful more than others.

Professors Woltmann and Woermann deal much less in philosophic bases and remote origins than Professor Lübke. Their narrative, if not more straightforward, devotes itself less to what “necessarily must have been,” which gives them the fuller opportunity to display what actually was. They have comparatively little to say of the overflow of certain rivers, the trend of certain uplands, as absolute causes, a tendency which we were inclined to note as a fault, at the time, in Dr. Lübke, since it seemed to result in concepts much too lucid and indisputable, as human affairs go, and to reduce human phenomena too entirely to a matter of charts and tables of mean temperatures. Not that the philosophic tracing of situations to their origins is to be disparaged; on the contrary, nothing is more dignified and useful; and the preoccupation of Lübke, where he deals with the demonstrable and reasonable, is something demanding warm appreciation. Of the two, he will take the more pains, as in the pictured chronicles on the walls of the ancient Egyptian monuments, which Semper has called “colossal writing-tablets,” not only to explain what is transacting in the varied scenes, but the theory (that of metempsychosis, for instance,

my of Arts, Düsseldorf. Edited by SIDNEY COLVIN, M. A., Slade Professor of Fine Art in the University of Cambridge. With Illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1880.

¹ *A History of Painting, Ancient, Early Christian, and Mediæval*. Vol. I. From the German of the late DR. ALFRED WOLTMANN, Professor at the Imperial University of Strassburg, and DR. KARL WOERMANN, Professor at the Royal Aca-

as bringing about the extraordinary consideration for the dead) from which the transactions arise.

The History of Painting is not at all so copiously illustrated as the History of Art, but as it has, for its single department, a quantity of letterpress which was shared in the former work with two others, namely, sculpture and architecture, it is vastly more exhaustive in its specialty, and the proportion of illustrations to letterpress cannot be greatly different. The illustrations, though of no especial elegance, are of an unhackneyed character, and the amplitude of the page, together with the frequent practice of setting the blocks lengthways upon it, enables them to be of large size. Rather recondite papyri and missals, as well as monuments, have been drawn upon: as in the Egyptian caricature, at page 20, where there is a ridiculous procession of animals that might have figured in the conceits of Alice in Wonderland; and the leaf from a psalter of the beginning of the tenth century at page 225, in which a surprising reminiscence of classic shapes, Apollo, the nymphs and satyrs, under Christian guise and of classic ease, has sprung up, or has survived, when all around are the conventional swaddled poses, the lean ribs, and woe-begone visages of ascetic mediævalism.

Whether there be a shade of difference in the handiwork of the two *collaborateurs*, or it be only the greater novelty and opportunity for simple statement in this portion, the section devoted to the ancient world, intending particularly the classic world, — the division of labor taken by Dr. Woermann, while Dr. Woltmann (who has since died and left the completion of the work to Dr. Woermann, and others) reserved the larger and probably more difficult portion of the task for himself, — will probably be among those most favorably received. The story of Greek and Roman painting has a fascinating quality

from its unique circumstances. It might be supposed — such is in fact the supposition most prevalent, from the paucity of remains — that there had been no classic painting of consequence, and that the section on this head might be proportionally brief. There exist, however, in the works of the most reputable classic writers, found veracious in other particulars, such accounts of painters and painting of their day as to compel the belief that the art had reached a high degree of perfection, even judged by present standards; and that if examples do not survive, it is only that they were overwhelmed, and perished like everything else ephemeral around them, including dwellings and almost all the belongings of domestic life, in the tremendous devastation by human rage and the elements. The story is gathered from classic literature. It is the business of the ingenious investigator to weigh, sift, and illustrate it by analogies to be found in the scanty remains so strangely preserved at Pompeii and Herculaneum, under the ashes of Vesuvius.

Dr. Woermann, availing himself much of Brunn, who had already established his authority in this field, brings to his treatment the taste of the connoisseur in art and the erudition of the scholar. Whoever will go to the original sources of information, in the classics, will find himself aided by the author with copious directions. Dr. Woermann follows the advance of the Greek painters, from the conventional, flat-tinted figures of the Egyptian frescoes to accurate drawing, the discovery of perspective (through the necessities of scene-painting, a point the more for panegyrists of the stage to include in their reckoning), of illusion by *chiaroscuro*, and of solid and realistic grounds, with the sympathy of one who knows what each of these steps means, and takes account of the groping as if it might have been of his own experience. At the end, it can hardly be doubted,

from weight of evidence, that a point had been reached parallel to the attainment in the sister art of sculpture at the same time, and only falling short of that of the modern period by lack of the perfected method of painting in oils, since discovered. One Aresteides had prices for his pictures — one hundred thousand dollars from the king of Pergamos for his Dionysos — to which the compensation of the Meissonniers and Bouguereaus is but beggarly. Nikias declared — and it is a motto worth consideration at least, still, — that the artist should not fritter away his skill on insignificant objects, but rather paint battles of cavalry and sea-fights. And Pliny reports of Ludius, who flourished under Augustus, that he painted “villas, colonnades, examples of landscape-gardening, woods and sacred groves, reservoirs, straits, rivers, coasts, all according to the heart’s desire; and amidst them passengers of all kinds, on foot, in boats, driving in carriages, or riding on asses to visit their country properties; furthermore, fishermen, bird-catchers, hunters, vintagers. Or, again, he exhibits stately villas to which the approach is through a swamp, with men staggering under the weight of the frightened women whom they have bargained to carry on their shoulders; and many another excellent and entertaining device of the same kind. The same artist also set the fashion of painting views, and that wonderfully cheap, of sea-side towns, in broad daylight.”

There is no part of this first volume of the History of Painting which will not well repay perusal, and it may confidently be expected that the second will surpass it in interest. Prepared with the advantage of the latest discoveries in the field, excellently translated, and ably edited by Professor Colvin, — occupant of the fine-art chair under the Slade foundation at Cambridge, like Ruskin at Oxford, and favorably known by his writings in *The Portfolio* and elsewhere,

— it is difficult to say why it should not take rank in English, when completed, as in the tongue from which it is derived, as the standard authority on the subject.

Miss Humphrey has made some fifteen views for a poem¹ that celebrates the charm of a mood of indolent, very slightly pensive reverie, and pulsates with sunshine and balmy airs. It is a reverie in the American manner at not too advanced an age; that is to say, the romantic young American, unless engrossed by personal considerations, is likely in such a mood to let his fancy drift to the places he deems the most beautiful in the world, and these are pretty sure to be in the Italy of tradition. The soul of the poet, in the lines so very much quoted, —

“Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay.”

Miss Humphrey follows it thither, and presents a bright view from a Neapolitan terrace; some cliffs, apparently at Castellamare; a glimpse of the bare, volcanic lands of Vesuvius, with the ominous smoke above; a bright Ischia, again, in which the sparkling whites of the reflections under the island and the shallop in front have a tricky effect, — a certain suggestion of the drippings of sperm candle, then some miscellaneous scenery; and at the end a charming allegorical female figure (head and bust) lying among lily pads. The poem is of a superficial, descriptive sort, except for the one nice touch of pensiveness in the stanza, —

“*Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.*”

The artist interprets this by two small ships going in opposite directions, done with quite the literalness of the illus-

¹ *Drifting*. By T. BUCHANAN READ. Illustrated from designs by MISS L. B. HUMPHREY. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1881.

trated paper or a cut from a spelling-book, and two appended scenes, in which a water-fall is streaming down in the Arctic regions, and the land has less an appearance of being covered with snow than that in the tropics. Miss Humphrey is unequal, but she is so good in the figure in the lily pads, and in the child with the gamboling kid on the cliffs at Capri, that one inclines to ascribe the defects elsewhere to careless or even intentional slighting of her work.

In treating Tennyson's *Dream of Fair Women*,¹ as it is a piece of literature of a nobler and more reflective cast, a higher order of ability was demanded. It has been sought from twenty different artists, among whom the thirty-eight designs are distributed, but not with uniform success, so far as the fair women themselves are concerned, — the memorable figures of the world's greatest crises, with whom the poet supposes himself to fall in, in a twilight wood.

In the minor vignettes, the landscapes of Rix, J. A. Brown, Martha Simpson, and particularly a chalk-and-gray-paper morning effect by Hopkinson Smith, very freely rendered by the engraving, are all good.

A nice effect of light falls on the white gown of Mary Hallock Foote's Fair Rosamond, — one of the large illustrations; and Reinhart's Joan of Arc, though too mature, and flustered by the nimbus of divine ordination to her mission, which comes flying at her head like a dinner-plate, is a bold, nobly poised figure, — probably the most artistically engraved, with its landscape background, in the series.

But the Helen by J. M. Cameron — she who says of herself,

"I had great beauty: ask thou not my name;
Where'er I came I brought calamity" —

is sufficient to carry off much more com-

¹ *A Dream of Fair Women*. By ALFRED TENNYSON. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1880.

² *Monuments de l'Art Antique*. Publiés sous

monplaceness than there is about it. The illustrator who could do this remarkable head should not have been curtailed to a single effort. The draping and attitude recall the Cenci. The lighting is beautifully limited and inclosed in a breadth of darkness, in the Rembrandtesque manner. The woman for whom "many drew swords and died" turns back over her shoulder, spread with her loose hair, "the star-like sorrows of immortal eyes." A really distinguished effort has been made here to realize the greatness of the character. It has succeeded, in an expression which is pathetic, subtle, penetrating, and haunting to a degree.

M. Rayet is one of those, decidedly, who holds the *banal*, the simply pretty, in wholesome contempt. His collection,² on this account, is not at all likely to find its market with the Philistine. The plan adopted for it allows him the greatest liberty of choice, and in the first installment (of the five, in which the series is to be completed) he has selected largely from very much damaged examples, headless and limbless in the figures, for the just appreciation of which thorough connoisseurship is needed, and has supplemented these with others of a pronounced archaic sort. That his bias throughout will not be greatly different may be gathered from a few of his prefatory remarks. He says, "We shall publish nothing not of interest from the point of view of art, but we find of interest all that testifies to a sincere effort, a real sentiment, even when the hand is still maladroit and does not render the thought full justice. The rude and awkward *naïveté* of the primitive masters has nothing repulsive for us, while we find the vulgar facility of the artists of the decadence irksome. We shall have recourse to the early periods often, therefore, but shall rarely

la direction de M. OLIVIER RAYET, Professeur Suppléant au Collège de France. Livraison I. Paris: A. Quantin. 1880. New York: J. W. Bouton.

come down very late. When we leave Greece of the fifth and fourth centuries, our preference will be for the Egypt of the Pharaohs and Assyria of the Sargonides, rather than the Rome of the Cæsars."

All this will give the work novelty and value. The latitude of the scheme is such that, at the end, the possessor will not have any one period or number of periods, or series, of an existing gallery complete, but a choice collection from many, made under the guidance of one whose able writing, in the accompanying letterpress, shows him to possess knowledge, enthusiasm, and widely extended scholarship. Each plate,

even, is complete in itself, with its letterpress paged for it alone, and might take its place in one part of the large folio *livraison* as well as another.

There are mechanical facilities now—and these, with the later discoveries in archæology, are the excuse for a repetition of the enterprise—that Winkelmann and Müller, when they undertook the collection of the monuments of ancient art, could not have dreamed of. The plates are beautifully made by a heliographic process, which, besides absolute accuracy, reproduces the texture of chipped and broken marble, of bronze, and of terra cotta, in the Tanagra figurines, to the point of illusion.

ZOLA'S ESSAYS.

ZOLA's new book¹ is of the nature of an argument in defense of himself, his method of writing, and what he believes will be the method of future novelists, and to this is added a very bitter denunciation of his foes. If there is any subject about which men will talk with interest, it is about themselves, and this volume is but another confirmation of this already widely-known truth.

His theories, as expressed in this book, illustrate the disadvantages of a rigidly logical nature, such as that which distinguishes the French. Since the general turn of thought at the present day is in the direction of science, he joins, as a volunteer, the advanced band of scientific men, and boldly announces that his novels meet contemporary thought more than half-way, because they are strictly scientific. His way of proving this is certainly new: Claude Bernard, in 1865, wrote a valuable statement of the need of studying medicine in a scientific in-

stead of an empirical manner, and now Zola advances the theory that what is true of medicine is necessarily true of novel-writing, and indeed of all literature, and that the only thing to do is to give up treating literature as in any way an artistic thing, and to look upon it as simply a science. This theory he undertakes to prove by, as it were, holding on to Claude Bernard's skirts, and applying to literature what that eminent authority said about medicine. It is to be noticed, however, that Zola overlooks one possible analogy that might have occurred to another writer; for he says nothing about the fact that medicine has for its sole object the cure of bodies, and that if literature is like medicine it must concern itself with the cure of men's morals. This possible point of resemblance he disregards, confining himself merely to the question of method.

What Claude Bernard said about the proper method of studying medicine, of investigating the action of drugs, and the countless phenomena of life in health

¹ *Le Roman Expérimental*. Par EMILE ZOLA. Paris: Charpentier. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

and disease, is of great importance and of undoubted truth. Zola urges similar methods on the part of novel-writers. He says: "We of the naturalist school submit every fact to observation and experiment, while the idealists acknowledge mysterious influences that elude analysis, and they consequently remain in the unknown, outside of the laws of nature. . . . All that we do not know, that eludes us, is the ideal: we are continually endeavoring to diminish the ideal, to win truth from what is unknown. We are all idealists, if by that is meant that we busy ourselves with the ideal. Only, I call idealists those who take refuge in the unknown from the pleasure of being there; who like only the most uncertain hypotheses, and refuse to submit them to the test of experience, under the pretext that the truth is in them and not in things. They, I repeat, do a vain and evil thing, while the observer and experimenter are the only ones who work in behalf of the power and happiness of man, by rendering him gradually the master of nature. There is no nobility, or dignity, or beauty, in ignorance, in falsehood, in the pretension that one is greater the deeper one sinks in error and confusion. The only grand and moral works are those of truth." Again, "We are not chemists, physicists, or physiologists; we are simply novelists who rely on the sciences. Certainly, we do not pretend to make discoveries in physiology; . . . only, before studying man, we think ourselves not justified in refusing to take into account new physiological truths." "Our task is the same as that of the men of science. It is impossible to establish any legislation on the falsehoods of the idealists. But on the true documents which the naturalists will produce in time, doubtless, it will be possible to establish a better form of society, which will live by logic and method. From the moment we are true, we are moral."

These are inspiring words, and they

give one a good opinion of Zola's sincerity, although one cannot make out in exactly what respects the novel of the future is to surpass the one with which we are already familiar. The doctrine of heredity is the most precise instance we have given us of the influence that science has upon fiction, yet it is hard to see how it will be possible to enact laws from the facts that novel-writers give us. If the making of laws is to depend on statistics, novels cannot expect to count for much in comparison with blue-books, and when novels become scientific we have reason to fear that scientific books will become works of fiction.

What novels can do and novels have done is to affect enormously men's opinions concerning a great many important questions. Uncle Tom's Cabin, for example, was of incalculable service to the cause of emancipation, Tourguénieff's Hunter's Sketches helped the abolition of serfdom, and there can be but little doubt that A Fool's Errand has been a most effective "campaign document" during the last few months; yet science has received but little aid from the literary qualities of these books. They have rested on facts, it is true, but their influence has been on the emotions of their readers. They do something which is outside of the accomplishment of any scientific books. It is impossible to collect statistics of the degradation that slavery, for instance, causes. We may read the number of illiterate persons in a given country, but we form thereby as dim a sense of the gloom of ignorance as we do of the terror of bereavement from reading the tables of mortality of, say, Moscow for three years ago. The books that are mentioned above have no scientific value, but what we may call their emotional value is great; and, to take the one of the highest literary merit, it is Tourguénieff's imagination that renders his book a piece of real artistic work, especially in com-

parison with the somewhat formless texture of the other two.

After all, this medication of literature which Zola advocates is only of use so far as it is an appeal in favor of realism in literature. He declares he is making the world over again, when in reality he is but knocking the legs from under the romantic school. Victor Hugo seems to him the incarnation of all that is unreal in literature, and he feels a natural craving to substitute for that writer's brilliant inventions something familiar to human beings. When he says that poetry is to be deposed, that it is to be henceforth only a sort of orchestra to grind out music for the naturalists who shall be working, one can but smile at the way Zola's hobby-horse has run away with him. When we think how broad and magnificent is the stream of literature, we are amazed at the complacency of this Frenchman who says it is only to work his mills in future, and not water the shores where poets like to roam.

When Zola descends from these somewhat vague generalities to the firmer ground of fact, it is interesting to see what he has to say about his friends who imitate him, and his enemies the critics. About these last-named gentlemen he writes with especial severity. He has been accused, it seems, of fondness for the gutter, and he defends himself from this charge by saying that his aim is to portray not merely low life, but all the strata of society; and he carries the war into the territory of the newspapers that have attacked him by giving a few short extracts illustrative of their improprieties. Then, too, with much cleverness, he takes some old criticisms of Balzac, and lets the reader see how the writers of the present day do but repeat in their denunciations of him the long-forgotten abuse of Balzac. And in speaking of Balzac he strengthens his ground that observation is of the first importance for a novelist by show-

ing how at times Balzac's imagination was fantastic and clumsy, while his observation was, so to speak, infallible. He says, "I confess that I have no admiration for the author of the *Femme de Trente Ans*, for the inventor of the type of *Vautrin*. . . . That is what I call Balzac's phantasmagoria. I have no greater fondness for the aristocratic society which he invented out of the whole cloth, for, with the exception of some few grand types which his genius divined, it makes the reader smile. In a word, Balzac's imagination, which led him into all sorts of exaggeration and a desire to make over the world anew, I find irritating rather than attractive. If that had been all his outfit, he would be only a morbid specimen and a curiosity in our literature. But, fortunately, Balzac had the keenest perception of reality that has ever been seen. His best novels prove this; the *Cousine Bette*, . . . *Eugénie Grandet*, . . . *Père Goriot*, the *Rabouilleuse*, the *Cousin Pons*, and many others." This is discreet criticism, and so far forth as they encourage novelists in the careful study of life, words like these cannot fail to be of service. When, too, Zola shows the flimsy unreality of Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*, he does good work; but he appears to stray from his beat when he blames all use of the imagination, and affirms that the novel-writer can busy himself solely with observed facts. Take, for instance, if his statements deserve disproof, Alfred de Musset's *Caprices de Marianne*, a little play which certainly is wholly a work of the imagination; how can any one, who does not trim his views of fact to suit his theories, maintain that it belongs to an inferior order of composition, and that it would be improved by full realistic details? The imagination, without a substratum of truth to nature, is apt to become simply melodramatic; with truth to nature, it gives us the masterpieces of all the literatures of various times. Now to assert

that the imagination is an obsolete thing is like saying that henceforth perspective must never be used in pictures, because it is of the nature of deception; that artists must content themselves with arranging things in different actual planes.

When one sees what novels of his contemporaries Zola takes occasion to praise, one feels able to prefer old-fashioned errors to his new theories. Huysmans, Paul Alexis, Edmond de Goncourt, are writers of considerable merit, but even if we add Zola to their number we do not find that the revolution in literature is so great as has been said. Their main importance is, so to speak, a local one; they lead a school which comes in good season to teach French novelists that their artificial way of writing unreal novels is a device of the past, but it is hard to escape the impression that they have a certain fondness for unsavory subjects. If it were possible for them so far to alter human nature as to slay the imagination, they would do

harm to literature, and they never will do much good to science; but their sole effect will be to encourage the study of nature, which is the ground on which the imagination must rest.

Meanwhile, however, Zola's book will be found very entertaining reading. He denounces the French fondness for beauty of form, and he writes with a carelessness of it that is more effective than the neatest and most polished of epigrams. He speaks from a full heart; he takes himself very seriously, and believes most thoroughly that Balzac's mantle has fallen on his shoulders. If we could only take his word for his excellence, the matter would be very simple; but while we have his definite statement of his superiority to every one else, we have, on the other hand, the novels themselves, and they sometimes fail to convey the same impression. Of his volume about them, however, there can hardly be but one opinion; it is entertaining and exceedingly readable, but it is not full of wisdom.

SOME POLITICAL NOVELS.

THERE are other reasons besides weakness of will which lead people to prefer novels to congressional documents or tables of statistics, even when both have reference to the same problems. Literature has this immense advantage over official reports: that it may take into account the forces which every one knows to be efficient, but cannot reduce to figures, and there is opportunity for such selection in art as shall give one swiftly the really vital points in a great political or social situation. There is no reason in the nature of things why a novel may not be a very truthful and very cogent political argument, since man is a political animal, and the novel

excludes nothing which concerns the essential elements of human society. The novelist, too, ought to be more impartial than the political orator; it is his business to state things as they are, not to plead a cause; he gives a microcosm, and gives it most perfectly when he maintains the proportions, on a smaller scale, of the larger world. Judge Tourgee's *A Fool's Errand* commended itself by its freedom from partisanship; even in its recital of gross outrages, it was always ready with an explanation, which was not an exculpation, but a reference back to historic causes and transmitted character. A somewhat different account must be given of Bricks

without Straw,¹ where the author seems to us to have come down from the position which he had taken, and to enter the arena as a somewhat angry and impatient officer of justice. The title of the story intimates the moral. In his former novel he was intent on discovering the folly of the Northern gentleman who undertook his part of the work of reconstructing the South; in this he wishes to show the freedman bidden assert his freedom and citizenship, while yet the means of sustaining the new character is withdrawn from him. The negro's sole ally, so to speak, is the Northern school-mistress, and the author has just missed a fine opportunity for dramatic success and poetic justice. Nimbus, with his honorable material ambition, and Eliab Hill, expressing the latent spiritual force of a delivered race, are both fine conceptions. If Molly Ainslie, the beautiful school-mistress, had been truthfully conceived and delineated in relation to these, there might have been an exceptionally dramatic and representative epitome of recent history. Unfortunately, Judge Tourgee felt it necessary to constitute himself a special champion of this girl, and to justify her to the Southern gentleman, instead of recording her truthfully and unaffectedly. Accordingly, besides the love passages between her and a lay figure of a young Southerner, he has given her special accomplishments to conciliate Southern tastes. He has seemed to say, See, here is a Northern girl who can ride a splendid horse; you must n't think only Southern girls are brave and daring; and in an off-hand way, that she may not be taken as an exceptional case, he remarks, "Even in her New England home she had been passionately fond of a horse, and while at school had been carefully trained in horsemanship, being a prime favorite with the old French riding-master who

had charge of that branch of education in the seminary of her native town," — in Berkshire, where every one knows, of course, that French *émigrés* are attached in that capacity to most of the high-schools. She is made to take a daring leadership of the blacks in an impending riot, and avert the consequences in a manner calculated to fire the susceptible young Southern heart; and she has a perilous ride on a fiery steed for more specific purpose of the same kind. Finally, she is gifted with a lordly pride, as a match for that of the mother of her lover, and the disdain of the Southern lady is answered by the haughtiness of the Northern. All this cheap melodramatic business makes the novel commonplace, and weakens one's confidence in the political tract.

Nevertheless some of the scenes illustrative of the struggles of the freedman to make his tale of bricks are very effective. The acquisition of a name, the sanctification of marital relations, the effort for an education, the ill-starred assertion of manhood suffrage, these are described with much nervous and humorous power, which makes one regret that the author should have been, as he apparently was, more eager to make a campaign tract than a work of imagination and description, which should survive the presidential election of 1880. Indeed, there are glimpses of better thought. It is a pity that the author's suggestive and forcible comparison of the Northern town with the Southern fiction of the same, given at the end of the book, should not have had an earlier and more component part in the story. He has left out of view, besides, what history demands as a completion of the picture, — the scenes of negro political ascendancy, and the disgraceful alliance with the baser Northern element. In one of his books he complains that the North joined in the hue and cry after the "carpet-bagger;" but the North detested what was detestable, and applied

¹ *Bricks without Straw*. A Novel. By ALBION W. TOURGEE, LL. D. New York: Fords, Howard and Hulbert. 1880.

that name not with the indiscriminate-ness which he charges upon the South. Upon the whole, one will find many admirable sketches of negro life in the book, some good portraiture of Southern blood, a few earnest protests against political folly, excellent suggestions as to radical causes, but no compact and well-studied statement, in fictitious form, of a great subject, and a specimen of novel-writing which is hardly worth serious attention. There are marks of hasty writing everywhere. The strong points of *A Fool's Errand* are repeated here with weakened force; the blemishes and structural short-comings of that book are made emphatic.

The value of *A Year of Wreck*¹ as a contribution to our political history is perhaps not as great as it was to the characters who survived the experience, and lived, according to the postscript, to look back fourteen years afterward with the calmness of prosperity upon an apparently profitless investment. It is a narrative, told without much art, of a small party from the Northwest who were allured by visions of sudden wealth to a cotton plantation on the Mississippi in 1866. All possible misadventures and discouragements seem to have been compressed into that year. The people among whom they lived, the soil in which they planted, the water they drank, the air they breathed, all conspired to defeat their purpose. They were attacked by innumerable foes of nature, and the civilization in which they had encamped was hostile to them. The result is briefly summed up in arithmetical form in the preface:—

Promise	\$108,000.00
Result	6,564.27
Deficit	101,435.73

Yet the strongest impression made upon the reader is that all these obstacles combined scarcely equaled the difficulties

raised by the ignorance and folly of the persons who engaged in the venture. The author, who sometimes writes in the first person, sometimes in the third, apparently has little compunction in playing Dogberry to the public's Conrade. The book contains, no doubt, a picture which is reflected in other men's fortunes who undertook a like experiment, but it is hard to believe that many embarked in the enterprise of Southern colonization who were so utterly disqualified by former experience and training for the life they were to lead. The view of Southern anarchy here given is scarcely more valuable as a historical contribution than the failure of these innocent cotton planters as a lesson upon the folly of expecting success without the use of the most ordinary means. The writer has not the skill to select from the multitudinous events of a disastrous year those which shall remain in the memory as typical and valuable, and yet has attempted to animate his narrative, so that we have a body of fragmentary incidents, with just enough attendant fiction to make us hesitate about accepting the whole as a veritable experience. Yet, after all, ungracious as it is, we are forced to think that the author could scarcely have told a story reflecting so hardly upon his wisdom, unless it had been substantially true.

The experience of these luckless cotton planters is of larger dimensions than that told by a young man and his wife in *How I found it North and South*.² This can scarcely be called a political novel, but is conveniently classed with books that treat of personal experience in agriculture in the two sections. Here, the young farmer and his wife are not unused to the work. They make no sudden and rash change from city to country life, but return to farm-work in Massachusetts after a trial of city life.

¹ *A Year of Wreck. A True Story. By a Victim.* New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

² *How I found it North and South; together with Mary's Statement.* Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1880.

The larger part of the little book is taken up with the narrative of the young man, who relates in detail his experience in carrying on a milk farm, and then, discouraged at this, his attempt at winning a rapid fortune in a Florida orange grove. The latter part of the book is occupied by the wife's account of their first trial of farm life immediately after marriage, and before their ten years in the city. It is an odd way to make a book, and we advise readers to get a clearer chronological view of this matter-of-fact couple by beginning with Mary's Statement.

The low key in which the whole story is pitched renders it an eminently safe book for those who know of farming and orange groves only by hearsay, and fancy that the life in either way would have great charms. The story is so homely and plain that we easily believe it to be in accordance with fact. It would not be worth any one's while to

imagine anything so uneventful and dull as the life of these people. Yet the very simplicity of the narrative has a faint attraction for the reader. Occasionally a little show of humor relieves the pages, but the chief joy which the reader gets is in a contemplation of the patience and sincerity of the young farmer and his wife and children. Here is a life which thousands of families may be living to-day, — honest, toilsome, hard, and to the ordinary view unlovely and hopeless; yet what a solid basis it offers for a nation's prosperity! The contrast between the river life as shown in *A Year of Wreck*, and of the Florida life as hinted at in this book, with the close, scraping existence on a New England farm is very striking and suggestive. Transplant the stocky virtues compelled to thrive in such barren soil into the luxuriant ground of more fertile regions, and what possibilities of national well-being are presented!

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

MR. SIDNEY LANIER has followed his *Boy's Froissart* of last year with an equally acceptable *Boy's King Arthur*.¹ The second book lacks the special historical basis which makes *Froissart* so real, and boys as well as older people will be likely to feel the vagueness and lack of form which remove *King Arthur* from history and place him in literature. It is in English literature, not in English history or tradition, that these stories have taken root, but for that very reason they have a value for us not so apparent in *Froissart's Chronicles*. It will be for philosophers hereafter to explain the sympathy which the busy

nineteenth century has with that mythical England, fighting not for empire but for ladies and honor: enough for us that the stories, freed from the alloy of a too frank generation, deposit deeds of chivalry and adventure crowned by that wonderful legend of the *Sancgreall*, surely the most poetical that sprang from mediæval simplicity. Mr. Lanier asks the somewhat pointless question in his preface, Will the time ever come when *Hamlet* will be a boy's tale? — as if there were not certain eternal relations between youth and literature which make the young, whether in age or in society, to appropriate the ad-

¹ *The Boy's King Arthur*. Being Sir Thomas Malory's History of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Edited for boys, with an In-

troduction, by SIDNEY LANIER. Illustrated by ALFRED KAPPES. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

venture, not the reflection, the ideal, not the speculative. It is a rare good fortune that such stories as these should be brought within reach of children, whose hunger might otherwise be appeased by the lower forms of adventure, which are allied with insolence and mere lawlessness.

In editing the book Mr. Lanier has shown excellent judgment: for in the first place he has ordered the confused succession of Sir Thomas Malory's book, and grouped the chapters according as they relate to this or that knight; then he has carefully dropped out of sight all grossness, and he has quickened the narrative by the omission of episodical or dull chapters, the condensation into a paragraph of his own of what was drawn out unnecessarily, and the erasure here and there of superfluous sentences and words. Any one who has rambled through the apparently incoherent chapters of Malory will appreciate this service which a wise and sympathetic *littérateur* has rendered. He has not taken liberties with the text, but has corrected the looseness of the previous editor. The illustrations are defective in point of subject. The violent is emphasized, and the gentler phases which belong to an interpretative art are disregarded. But their shadowy character is fitting to these morning twilight stories.

The art in *King Arthur* is like tap-estry to our modern eyes, and there is plenty of photographic flatness in the ordinary art of the boy's book. Here, for example, is Mr. Noah Brooks's *The Fairport Nine*,¹ which is a matter-of-fact story of boy life, forgotten almost before it is finished. A succession of adventures and pranks, sometimes amusingly told, with plenty of harmless nonsense,—one gets this, and asks fairly for a little more from so frank and honest

¹ *The Fairport Nine*. By NOAH BROOKS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

² *The Worst Boy in Town*. By the Author of *Helen's Babies*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

a writer. Is it quite worth while to tell so easily these rambling incidents, which seem half drawn from memory, without going just a little behind them for that recollection of life which a grown man has a right to share with his boy readers? What is the use of his growing up if he merely repeats in such a book his boyish experience, without casting back a little light from his manhood? It is not preachment that we want, but the help that comes from the older friend who does not efface his age when he makes companions of the boys.

Mr. Habberton, we must complain, in his sympathy with the baddish boy,² lays the blame for his misconduct on anybody but the boy himself. To account for Jack being the worst boy in town he makes his father, a country doctor, to act as if he had neither recollection of his own boyhood nor common intelligence of character. There is one touch of humor and nature in the book in the secret determination of the boy to surprise his parents at some future day by an act of magnanimity, but the story is a caricature, and an offensive one, and its chief effect must be to suggest new tricks and devices to ingenuous youth.

Miss Alcott's *Jack and Jill*³ has the merits of her writing more conspicuously than the faults. There is the generous confidence in children which she always shows, the rosy light in which she looks upon the hobbledehoy period, and the persistent lesson of kindness, charity, and amiable sacrifice. The scenes are lively, the incidents varied, and a cheerfulness predominates which is justified by the unflinching success of every character in the book. Yet there is nothing like real character drawing, and the air of life in the book is secured not by an endowment of the persons represented,

³ *Jack and Jill*. A Village Story. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

but by the animation and cheeriness of the author. Nor can we altogether find satisfaction in the suppressed love-making of these young people. The author protests that she is only drawing the picture of a natural society of boys and girls who are soon to be young men and young women, but there is a self-consciousness about the book on this side which impairs its simplicity. We are, no doubt, unreasonable readers; we object to the blood-and-thunder literature, and when in place of it we have the milk-and-sugar we object again. What do we want?

We get something, certainly, of the real thing in Mr. Stockton's new book for children.¹ Here the principal characters are two boys and a girl, of the same age as Miss Alcott's heroes and heroines. Is it a difference of locality which makes the difference in their ways? These are from the Middle States, and we cannot see but they are quite as well bred as the children of Harmony Village, yet they have in their favor a charming unconsciousness of the future. The relation is wholesome, frank, and matter of fact; there appears not to be a suspicion of ulterior love-making, while there is the heartiest and most natural friendship. The incidents turn upon travel in the Southern waters, and once given the notion of a boy of sixteen being sent off with one just a little younger as an amateur traveling tutor, and all else follows simply and in good taste. The adventure is not highly spiced, except in one instance, and then the author shows his literary conscience by a restrained use of an exciting event; but the novelty of the situations is always enough to retain the reader's interest. Mr. Stockton's dry humor and innocent badinage make a capital ac-

companiment to the story, and we commend it heartily as a bright and honest book for both boys and girls.

New Bed-Time Stories² is a further collection by Mrs. Moulton of short stories. The title suggests their use at the hour when children have ceased their activity and are composed for the night. They are short enough to be read by the mother or aunt before the child drops asleep, and they carry no horrors for the freighting of dreams. We doubt a little whether they would be quite as acceptable at lunch-time, say, for they are rather sentimental, and lack the freshness and sturdiness of a thoroughly good story. We find the same fault, too, with some of them which affects Miss Alcott's stories: the girls and boys gravitate toward one another with unerring facility and velocity.

Mr. Griffis, who has been acceptably before the public as an authority upon Japanese subjects, offers for the amusement of children some Japanese fairy tales,³ which are always curious and occasionally pretty in their fancy. There is a singularly charming conceit in the story of *The Fire-Fly's Lovers*, where the innumerable lovers in the insect world were promised in turn the hand of the Fire-Fly, if they would bring to her a spark of fire. Each, accordingly, rushes at candle, lamp, coal, phosphorus, or any giver of spark, but each perishes in the flames, for they are only base-born lovers, and the Prince of Fire-Flies alone succeeds, for he brings the fire on his own person. There is in most of the stories a total absence of the moral element, and one discovers a play of fancy, commonly, rather than a work of imagination. There are frequent reminders in these Japanese stories of familiar fairy tales, but it is a little difficult and

¹ *A Jolly Fellowship*. By FRANK R. STOCKTON. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

² *New Bed-Time Stories*. By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

³ *Japanese Fairy World*. Stories from the Wonder-Lore of Japan. By WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS. Illustrated by OZAWA, of Tokio. Scheenectady, N. Y.: James H. Barhyte. 1880.

unsafe to institute close comparison with Western fairy tales, for much has first to be assured of the competency and the trustworthiness of the narrator. Schoolcraft's *Algic Researches* illustrate well the perils of one who seeks for legends in another race. The stories are slight and unartistic in form, and rather meagre in suggestion.

It is not a wide remove from Japanese fairy tales to travels in Siam and Java.¹ Mr. Thomas W. Knox follows his volume on Japan and China with a similar one for these countries, in which the same personal apparatus is used. It has become so much a matter of course for books of travel for the young to contain description and narrative set in a frame-work of colloquy and personal adventure, that writers who are profusely informed and properly equipped for the substantial part of the work adopt all the machinery which has become familiar, apparently without stopping to consider how qualified they are to use it. In this book, for instance, of four hundred and fifty large pages, profusely illustrated, all the apparatus of Doctor Bronson and his two wards, Frank and Fred, is entirely superfluous; it only impedes the narrative, and makes besides a naturally rather stiff style more stiff by showing the author without lightness or dramatic skill, where those qualities are essential to success. The boys cannot be told apart, and there is scarcely any difference between their speech and that of the older people's. Something more is needed than the form of such a book to make it lively, and it is a mistake to suppose that young people do not care for travel except under the fiction that they are traveling in com-

pany with other young people. However, there are enough pictures and facts to fill the most voracious of boy readers, and his memory will have to do the work of selection which the author has failed to perform.

The method of Mr. Davenport Adams illustrates the point we have made. Mr. Adams is an industrious book-maker, and in *Some Heroes of Travel*² he has gained space for a wide range of incident by refusing to encumber himself with any fictitious apparatus. He confines himself, with one exception, to the exploits of modern travelers, and after a digest of Marco Polo he gives a *résumé* of the narratives of Mr. Ruxton in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains, Dr Barth in Central Africa, Mr. Atkinson in Siberia, Sir Samuel Baker at the sources of the Nile, Major Burnaby in his ride to Khiva, and other equally famous and well-known travelers. The choice might have included the Arctic regions, but the editor seems to have confined himself to books which have been less served up to boys than others no more famous. The chief value of such books is where they create a demand for the fuller narratives.

Mr. Coffin,³ who has won a large audience of boys, brings them a book which is conceived with the idea of disclosing some of the forces as well as the facts of our history. He casts his eyes over the colonies, and seeks for those pregnant incidents which are both dramatic in their action and expository of historic ideas, but it is a little unfortunate that he should present history always in a striking attitude. The book is a succession of shouts, and both scenes and pictures are liable to be hysterical. Per-

¹ *The Boy Travelers in the Far East. Part Second. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Siam and Java, with Descriptions of Cochin China, Cambodia, Sumatra, and the Malay Archipelago.* By THOMAS W. KNOX. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1881.

² *Some Heroes of Travel; or, Chapters from the History of Geographical Discovery and En-*

terprise. With Maps. Compiled and rewritten by W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; New York: Pott, Young & Co. 1880.

³ *Old Times in the Colonies.* By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1881.

haps all this is hypercritical, and we should take shame at condemning a historical book for sensationalism, when we are always proposing to fight fire with fire, and to win boys away from very spicy fiction by offering them equally animated history. Nevertheless, we still believe that history depends for its interest upon other charm than declamation and a half-ranting style. We are a little afraid that the young people who ride Mr. Coffin's galloping horse will get to the end of their journey with expedition, but with rather a confused recollection of the objects they passed on the road.

It would be but a vain and futile almanac which should prophesy a new year, unless about the same time there appeared a fresh Bodley book to confirm the promise, according to the usage now five years established; or if the new year did happen to come without the Bodley book, we do not see how the children could be expected to welcome it. We never can imagine what the Bodley avatar is to be, from autumn to autumn; but that is an affair which we confidently leave to Mr. Scudder (if we may mention his name in this connection), and we are never disappointed. If Mr. Bodley had not gone abroad, this time,¹ leaving his family to a summer of excursions and local history in the Old Colony and the White Mountains, but had gone to the moon instead, and had written home letters from that little-frequented field of travel, we should have

been equally, but no better pleased. He and they, wherever they are, are always entertaining; their adventures are charmingly told and their surroundings sketched with a light and graphic hand; the stories and poems which they happen to bring in show always a catholic taste and an absolute gift for divining what will please children and teach them something. How or by what right the illustrations get where they are, and whether they suggest the text, or the text suggests them, is a secret of the author's clever workmanship into which we will not too nicely inquire; it is enough that they successfully complement each other, and seem always to be just what the children would naturally be interested in at the given moment.

In work which is so largely and frankly one of compilation, the wonder is that the author is so well able to characterize and maintain the characters of his people, whose chief business is often merely to narrate, or to sing, or to read aloud, or to listen; but the integrity of each of the original group is perfectly respected, and from time to time there is a new personage added who entertainingly differs from all the others. Mr. Scudder makes a desperate feint of dismissing our old favorites, at the end, by speaking of the children as in the course of nature ceasing to be children; but we trust he will not so easily get rid of them. If they must grow up, we shall hope to have the Bodleys in their second childhood.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

Few men have been more thoroughly the product of the soil than Horace Bushnell. The fact that he was born

¹ *Mr. Bodley Abroad.* With Illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

and bred in New England, that he lived and thought upon a granite foundation, was apparent to every one who came in contact with him; and yet above and beyond this was the personality of the

man himself, the unique way in which his vital force reached the world, and this was so marked that no one who had once met him in the free play of conversation, or had even heard him preach, could forget his speech or his presence. This personality cropped out as decidedly in his theological writings as in the less formal exhibition of his thought. It gave strength and power to his work. Not the head of a school of theology, not in any sense a leader, rather solitary among thinkers, his personality was comparatively stronger on account of this isolation, and what was peculiar to him in mind and character was thus always seen to advantage.

The biography of such an indigenous man ought to open the sources of his strength and exhibit his personal and mental growth, and this has been admirably done by his daughter in the *Life and Letters*¹ she has edited. What is inmost in such a man always goes into his books. The solitude of thought betrays him into confession to himself, and what fits him for this solitude can be traced through boyhood and youth until it takes on full proportions in ripening manhood. It is from this point of view that Dr. Bushnell's biography derives its chief interest. The story is fascinating in itself. It shows how an exceptionally bright New England boy made elbow-room for himself in the wide world; but its chief value is in revealing the steps by which he became a strong and independent thinker, the hardening of the muscle and the tempering of the mind for the growing thoughts. Horace Bushnell was born on the 14th of April, 1802, in Litchfield, Conn. His parents were religious and belonged, the father to the Methodist, the mother to the Episcopal, Church. "If ever there was a child of Christian nurture," says his younger brother, "he was one; nurtured, I will not say, in the formulas of theology as

sternly as some; . . . not nurtured in what might be called the emotional elements of religion as fervently as some, but nurtured in the facts and principles of the Christian faith in their bearing upon the life and character; and if ever a man was true to the fundamental principles and the customs which prevailed in his early home, even to his latest years, he was." His mother and his grandmother had a large part in the fashioning of his mind and heart. His love of conquest was first awakened at the district school, where, as a smaller boy, he was made the butt of the school bullies. Awakening suddenly to this fact, he chose the roughest and most intolerable of the number, and thrashed him thoroughly in the presence of the whole school. He got education out of everything. He knew how to "put extortion upon common things," and press the wine of life out of them. When only a boy he had belonged to a debating society, and thenceforth was always eager to be in the centre of every group of intelligent talkers. While preparing for college, he refused to be a monitor over his fellow-students, saying that he was at school not to watch other students, but to study; and, while awaiting the beginning of his freshman year at Yale, he built a solid stone dam above his father's mill, which stands firm to this day, though the mill itself has fallen to pieces. He was restlessly active all through the period of youth, and every day had its characteristic incident. In college he lived the life of a scholar, original, retired, peculiar, independent, who had an interior life, with which neither stranger nor friend could intermeddle, — never less alone than when alone with himself and his books. He was mature for his years, and even then had the peculiar style of writing which marked his riper work, and had put on record in a college essay his ambition to leave behind him a name that should be remembered. He was an excellent de-

¹ *Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell*. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

bater, a leader in all college sports, and went by the name of "Bully Bush." He spent a year in the editorial charge of the *Journal of Commerce* after leaving college, remarking that he would rather "lay stone-wall any time" than teach school, and after passing through a season of intense religious doubt, while a tutor in college, at length reached sure ground, and entered the New Haven theological school, of which Dr. N. W. Taylor was then the head. Here he found a bracing mental atmosphere in which he felt at home. It was to him a seed-time, and some of his essays at this period became the germs of his later thought. It was characteristic of him that he attempted to prove the existence of a moral Governor of the universe in a fresh way, and that he put fresh thinking into everything that was taught him.

His first and only parish was in Hartford, where he was ordained in May, 1833. Many of his earlier discourses were published in the volume entitled *Sermons for the New Life*. They were modeled essentially upon the old-school plan shorn of its Calvinistic severity, and discussed the ethical side of Christian experience from a broader and higher plane of thought than was then common; but they were in those days and since sermons which the preacher could distinctly call his own, and which marched upon essentially the same lines as those which Newman was then preaching to wondering and delighted audiences in the pulpit of St. Mary's, Oxford. They were always written out in full, and read, never extemporized, never committed to memory. He knew how to control the effect of his services so that prayers, hymns, lesson, text, and sermon converged to a central point, and heightened the impression of the leading thought of the hour.

The earlier period of his pastorate was a seething time. He published little and thought much. It was not until

1846 that he appeared as an author, and then it was chiefly in the rôle of a theological reformer, opposing the intense individualism of the prevalent theology, and emphasizing the organic life of the family, the church, and society at large, wherein no soul lives or acts alone as a unit. The church in New England had recognized no gradual growth into Christianity, and his *Christian Nurture* was a rare and influential plea in behalf of the children of the flock. Heresy was snuffed in it, and Dr. Bushnell was soon surrounded by hostile brethren, who were destined to have plenty of work on their hands in trying to count up the heresies of an original thinker and confine him within the pale of orthodoxy. Two years later the commotion reached its height, when, in close succession at Cambridge, New Haven, and Andover, he quickly laid bare his opinions upon all the central issues of Christianity. The occasions came unsought, and his thought simply rose to the opportunity of utterance. For the next quarter of a century there was no peace for this theological athlete. He never swerved from the positions which he had taken in the beginning, though he and his congregation found themselves almost ostracized from their brethren; nor did he descend into the angry arena of debate. The body at length moved round to him, as it became leavened with his thought, not he to the body. He thought out by himself the methods by which the Calvinistic system could be supplemented with the truth which it had ignored, and was simply in the vanguard of the thinkers of his day, not founding a school, not departing from his individuality as a Christian thinker, not doing more than scattering seed-truths abroad in his books, and yet in this way doing as effectual work for his generation as Edwards or Channing did for theirs. The book in which *Nature* and the *Supernatural*, *The Vicarious Sacrifice*, and *Forgiveness and Law* were as latent

thought was God in Christ, to which he prefixed an elaborate essay on language, embodying in it peculiar views of the relation of words to thoughts,—views which are in some sense the key to his opinions, though it cannot be said that they have been adopted by others. All words, in his view, are only incarnations or *insensings* of thought. They are more or less inaccurate as representations of thought, and hence truth is never so well expressed or rounded out as when it is presented paradoxically. Looking at theological disputes from this point of view, he reached the higher plane where spiritual truth is enfranchised, and sought to do his own work, as it were, in the still upper air where men substantially agree. If the word may be allowed, he created a theology of his own; he lived in the atmosphere of speculative thought; his books were the outgrowth of his own spiritual experience; and nothing is more valuable in his Life and Letters than the tracing of this spiritual growth by the hand of his daughter. He stood in New England in some sense where Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, stood in Scottish religious thought, as the prophet of a new day, as the softener of old traditions, as the spiritual interpreter of the thought which men were feeling out for. He ventured out again and again upon the ragged edge of so-called orthodoxy, and was ready to recognize the truths presented by the liberal thought of the time; and, if he erred, it was the error of the head, not of the heart. "My hope," said he in a letter to Dr. Bartol, just before his God in Christ was published, alluding to that work, "is not that it will convert anybody to me or my ways, but, what is dearer to me by far and more welcome, that it will start up inquiries of a different type, and lead to thoughts of a different character from those which have occupied the field of New England theology, and so to revisions, recastings, new affinities, more

faith and less dogma, and, above all, to a more catholic and fraternal spirit. I expect to be set upon all round the circle; and yet I have a confidence that a class of men who have heart enough to go into the æsthetic side of religion, and eyes to see something besides propositional wisdom, will admit that I have some truth in my representations." The book did stir up men to take issue against him, but the author kept silent, never replying to his critics, simply dropping his thoughts into the world, and leaving them to take care of themselves and assert their power. All through the painful controversies of that generation, Dr. Bushnell behaved like a Christian and gentleman, and, much of the time, was too deeply absorbed in the development of his own thought to pay much heed to the contest which he had originated.

The year 1848—the year in which he delivered the Discourses that gave the key to his theological position—was the central point in his life. It was a year of great experiences, great thoughts, great labors. At its beginning he had reached one of those headlands where new discoveries open to the sight, and his own heart had been subdued by the recent death of his son. He felt that God had taken his son, and revealed to him more distinctly than ever before his own eternal Son. It was this serene faith which guided him henceforth not more through the heat of controversy than through years of ill health, brought on by overwork and continued down to the end of his life.

Dr. Bushnell was a growing man to the close of his career. Book after book took shape in his busy brain, and occupied every hour in which he was fit for work. His speculative activity was ceaseless, but it was chiefly in the direction of theology. He threw into these speculations his energy, his imagination, his reason. He had all the furnishings of great work in this direction, and great

work he did, work of its sort unequaled by any American, work veined through and through, with his peculiarities of style and thought, and yet work unique of its kind and not more venturesome than inspiring. It is said that it takes a man of strong imagination to make a great theologian. Edwards and Channing were men who curbed the imagination that it might obey the dictates of reason; but it was this faculty which they used to hold up spiritual truth before the eyes of men, and in a manner it created the truth by which they lived. Dr. Bushnell, with all the hamperings of his creed, had a superb imagination. It enabled him, though largely a solitary student, to enter into the intellectual and spiritual life of his time, and gather into himself its lines of thought, without becoming a man of affairs, and it is this faculty which endows his writings with a certain amount of permanent vitality. Dr. Bushnell worked, singularly enough, along the lines of catholic truth as held

in the great Christian creeds, without seeming to be aware that some of his work had been very ably done before him. He liked to be independent in his religion as in his politics, and could never bring himself to call any man master; but if he sometimes worked out conclusions which were not new, it will be difficult to find any theological writer four time, save perhaps Maurice, and Stanley, and Jowett, who has done more to set men to thinking on the chief problems of the spiritual life. Opinions will vary as to the value of his theological ideas, but there can be but one thought in regard to the robust manliness and rich genius of the man himself. His biography reveals a man who was much alone, whose mind was mostly engaged upon religious themes, whose range of activity was within quite definite limits; but take him for the work he did, it is the story of the inner life of one of the strongest and truest men who have ever sprung out of our New England soil.

THE ORIGIN OF RELIGION.¹

THE enormous difficulties in the way and the costly outfit necessary to prosecute the study will prevent any considerable number of men, in any generation, from becoming Egyptologists. But there is evidently a great and increasing interest on the part of the reading public in the discoveries, deductions, and inferences of the learned explorers who are slowly re-creating the fabric of the Egyptian empire. The labors of Lepsius, Brugsch, De Rouge, and others have been largely devoted to the collection and coördination of facts. Dr.

Brugsch, in particular, has imitated the patience as well as the marvelous constructive skill of the comparative anatomist in arranging the *membra disjecta* of Egyptian history. He has put kings and their edifices, statues, poets, generals, and expeditions in something like chronological order, — has given a *backbone* to parts whose relations have been heretofore wholly conjectural. Whatever merit may be claimed for other great scholars, this is the great distinction of the author of Egypt under the Pharaohs. But Dr. Brugsch and most of his associates take so many things for granted that the general reader is apt to be lost for want of lucid explanations. They mention the Rosetta Stone, the

¹ *The Origin and Growth of Religion, as illustrated by the Religion of Ancient Egypt.* By P. LE PAGE RENOUF. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

fragments of Manetho, and the Tables of Abydos, as if no one could be ignorant of them.

Professor Renouf is kindly considerate. He begins by detailing the sources of our knowledge of Egypt in the classic authors and the patristic writings. He tells us of the general ignorance that prevailed and of the tomb-like silence of the monuments before Champollion found the key to their interpretation. Then we see the Rosetta Stone, a tablet of black granite, on which an inscription in three languages is engraved, "in the sacred characters, in the vernacular, and in Greek." He shows that the glory of the discovery which has opened to us the history of the most ancient civilized kingdom is Champollion's alone. "The sacred characters" are the hieroglyphics, and "the vernacular" are the cursive modifications in common use by scribes, and commonly called demotic. The key once found, the work of interpretation went on rapidly. Many volumes have been published, and still there are great numbers of mural inscriptions as yet undeciphered.

In a similarly clear manner Professor Renouf deals with the intricate questions of chronology. He asks his auditors whether they would not ordinarily accept the evidence of a head-stone in an English church-yard as to the date of its erection and (*prima facie*) as to the age of the person commemorated. He points out the apparent trustworthiness of the stones which were erected to perpetuate the names and deeds of kings. He shows how different inscriptions in different localities and in widely differing times confirm each other, or supply words and sentences destroyed by accident or violence.

Like all other persons competent to form an opinion, Professor Renouf accepts without hesitation the direct and irrefragable testimony of the monuments as to the extreme antiquity of the king-

dom, evidently considering that the highest figures B. C., given to Mena the founder, will come nearest the true date. His observations upon the evidence of the royal list of Abydos are sensible and convincing.

It would be impossible in a brief notice to summarize his account of the gods of Egypt. It is evident, however, that in his opinion there was, in the time of the early dynasties, a purer conception of a First Cause, as well as a purer code of morals, than prevailed later. The sublime precepts so often quoted from the Book of the Dead had their origin probably not later than the reign of Men-kau-ra, builder of the third pyramid. The highest ethics are observable in the oldest literary performances, as in that of Ptah-hotep. As time went by, there was an increasing tone of epicureanism. We pass by the vague and conflicting myths which finally took form in so many deities, and observe that the older writings appear to teach something very like the doctrine of one God.

Observe the directness and force of the ascriptions:—

"The great God, Lord of heaven and of earth, who made all things which are."

"O my God and Lord, who hast made me and formed me, give me an eye to see and an ear to hear thy glories!"

"He judges the world according to his will; heaven and earth are in subjection to him."

"Every one glorifieth his goodness; his tenderness encircles our hearts; great is his love in all bosoms."

"When I open my eyes, there is light; when I close them, there is darkness."

"I am yesterday, I am to-day, I am to-morrow."

It does not matter that such adoration is addressed now to Amon, now to Ptah, and now to Osiris; for it is evident

from the italicized line following that each name in the mind of the worshiper was only a symbol for the creative and sustaining Power, of which the titular deity was a representative:—

“That which persisteth in all things is Amon. This lordly god was from the very beginning. He is Ptah, the greatest of the gods. . . . *Each god hath assumed thy aspect.* . . . Thine is the kingdom of heaven, and the earth is at thy will. Thou art youth and age. . . . Thou art heaven, thou art earth, thou art fire, thou art water, thou art air, and whatever is in the midst of them.”

Professor Renouf calls this Pantheism.

Evidently there was a time when the Egyptian mind conceived the idea of a great Original, and set it forth in as clear terms as was possible in the unscientific language they had to use. Dialectics began with the Greeks. Afterwards, traits and attributes were differentiated, named, and worshiped; but still the primal ideas of the oneness of the great force of the universe remained. It is the same sun that rises and sets, but the Egyptians adored him as Ra at his rising and Tum at his setting. (Tmu is the form Renouf gives it.)

As an illustration of the same tendency in modern times, we can see that the position of the mother of Jesus in the Catholic church to-day is quite different from the regard entertained for her in the early Christian centuries. The real Mary was a sorrowing mother. The Blessed Virgin is a *quasi* deity.

Most reflecting persons will question, and, we believe, will wholly reject, the sweeping statement in the concluding lecture, that neither the Jews nor the Greeks derived any of their ideas of religion from Egypt. The professor is a shade too positive to retain our confi-

dence. The Greek Pantheon, we know, was quite unlike the assembly of the gods of the Nile Valley; but why not insist that the art of Egypt was not the parent or precursor of Greek art? That the alphabet was not a development of the hieratic characters, but was invented by Cadmus? As to the Jews, although there are remarkable exceptions, the resemblances of the noblest passages of their sacred writings to those of the unknown Egyptian sages and psalmists are too many and too striking to be disposed of by an *ipse dixit*. The names and attributes of God, to go no further, prove clearly the intimate relation between the thought of Judea and that of Egypt. The mass of evidence collected by Dr. Brugsch and the authentic documents printed in the Records of the Past will outweigh a great many passionate negations.

Even if there were no such direct evidence, it is contrary to all we know of human development to suppose that an empire like Egypt, with such art and architecture, such philosophy and poetry, and other fruits of intellectual effort, should for long ages—certainly for more than three thousand years—dominate over the whole known world, and yet leave no perceptible trace of its ideas upon a people so near its sea-coast as the Greeks, or upon the small tribe of desert-born slaves which it held in its service for four hundred years. The supposition is unreasonable.

The history of ideas is the most important part of our heritage from the past, and that there has been, in the main, a gradual development is the surer part of our knowledge.

After all, one finds it necessary to be self-poised, and not to be upset by every new dogmatist. Recognizing this, the reader will derive a great deal of pleasure from the book.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

LONGER ago than it is important to state, we found ourselves, after our first trip on the Rhine and a pleasant visit to Wiesbaden (that was before it was converted and died), in the station at Frankfort, on our way to Baden-Baden.

There were four of us in the compartment of the railway carriage, the other two being French. Looking out upon the platform on which people who were late comers were running about anxiously hunting for seats, I thought I saw a face that could not be mistaken. Stepping to the door, it seemed only an act of politeness to say to the person who had drawn my attention, "If you are looking for a seat, you will find room in here." With a hearty "Thank you!" he at once got into our compartment, and made himself comfortable in two seats.

Our last comer was not of a particularly remarkable appearance, *per se*. Rather heavy and massively built, well up in years, of a ruddy complexion and a knowing look, he foreshadowed that he might not be an unpleasant traveling companion. Excepting his defective nose, he strongly reminded me of that genial and whole-souled man and writer, Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, author of *Rab and His Friends*, upon whom I once had the impudence to call, unprovided with a letter of introduction. The defective nose of our last comer was a blemish on his fine face, but if it could have been re-formed or mended the world would have been dissatisfied, for it was one of the marks by which it knew William Makepeace Thackeray. Some English writer has remarked that he found Americans in their own country and on their travels inclined to be taciturn. I have seen it repeated indefinitely that the English traveler on the Continent is worse than taciturn. I

have not found it so, whether it be in Russia or Africa. Still, it might be said that there was some risk in inviting any Englishman, possibly Thackeray, to a *tête-à-tête*, for that's what my action amounted to. If I had known what I afterwards learned from a friend, that Thackeray, in crossing the Atlantic, held everybody at arm's-length, probably my alacrity in attempting something like an "interview" would have been very much less. But on that score there was nothing to regret. I really don't know what is said about Thackeray's moods. He had a life-long sorrow, and was frequently, like Balzac, driven to write to distract his mind. At this time, in any event, we were in luck. With a courage (if it was not something else) that we have never ceased to wonder at, we suppressed (perhaps did not feel) any movement indicating that we felt overshadowed by the presence of a greater than a king. Perhaps his behavior was a direct recognition of the civility shown him; at any rate, a capital lunch, ample for two, and an Englishman besides, completed his conquest *ad Hoc-Heimer*.

When I saw Mr. Thackeray pass our carriage door I knew him, and therefore captured him. Desirous of making way for him, I remarked to my fellow-travelers, a Frenchman and his wife, "I would like to make a place for Mr. Thackeray." The fact that I named Mr. Thackeray made no impression, apparently, upon my French friends. I annotated my remark by saying, "Mr. Thackeray, the celebrated English author." Same indifference. Having hailed Mr. Thackeray and got him installed, as a preliminary remark I referred to my effort to explain his status to my neighbors, and to the impression I had made. He laughed, and said,

"Oh, it takes fifty years for an English reputation to travel to France." (Indeed, something strongly confirming that view happened only *last year*. To a congress of literary men called to meet in Paris, invitations were sent out to foreign authors of distinction to be present, and among them to Thackeray and Dickens!) He discussed the reasons for the American Revolution, — claiming that the resistance of our ancestors to the Stamp Act was unjustifiable. I am afraid the case for the defense was weak, for at that time, being a college graduate, I think I had studied almost everything a man ought to know for his literary salvation except American history. The interest of the conversation centred on his treatment of women in his works. It being represented that he took a low view of female character, his reply literally was, "Would you have me describe them other than they are?" That of course provoked a discussion as to the facts. He became communicative about himself; he spoke of his candidacy for Parliament, what it cost him, — a large amount of money, which he named. He stood for the University of Oxford, and was beaten by Sir Robert Walter Cardwell, who was afterwards, I believe, unseated for bribery. I asked him how they took his treatment of the Georges in England, in those killing lectures. He said the aristocracy had cut him. He spoke particularly of Lord Wensleydale, the Baron Parke of the lawyers. He and Wensleydale had long been friends, "but after the lectures," said Thackeray, "he cut me completely." It may be recollected that Wensleydale was of obscure origin, and was made a "law" lord. An attempt was made to make him a *life* peer only; but that step raised an outcry on account of the innovation. The matter was bridged over by making him a full peer, and as he had only a daughter it amounted to about the same thing.

I remarked to Mr. Thackeray that he had ventured no criticisms upon our people after his return home; and that I should be glad to know what displeased him most in our ways. He replied promptly, "The abuse heaped by the newspapers on one another; and it was n't cleverly done, with the exception of a Philadelphia editor, and I told them to keep watch on him." If Mr. Thackeray could come again, what would he say? The remarks which were, perhaps, of the deepest interest related to the style of authors. One sentence can never be forgotten: "If I were to write as I would like, I would adopt the style of Fielding and Smollett; but society would not tolerate it." He went on to say that Sir Walter Scott had done much to vitiate public taste by his romantic style.

The discussion now going on between realism or naturalism and sentimentalism or idealism is here foreshadowed. Of course we have to condemn much that Fielding and Smollett wrote, and what Zola writes, because they speak too plainly, grossly, if you like; but it remains essentially true that their style, as a style, is now fighting for recognition with some chance of success.

Thackeray has, to my mind, not only been influenced in his style by his models, Fielding and Smollett, but by the style in which fiction is treated by the best French authors. The condensed, incisive, epigrammatic, and natural style of Thackeray is clearly characteristic of the modern French school of fiction.

When the time came for us to change cars, he going south, we stopping at Baden-Baden, Mr. Thackeray was kind enough to say that he regretted the separation, and that he would be glad to meet us again.

— What shall we say of the much behandled Bartlett, who includes among his Americanisms "by the skin of his teeth"? Connecting it with the Book of

Job, may we not call it rather an *Uzism*? "Don't indulge in slang, my dear," I recently heard a careful mother say to her daughter, as the young lady expressed her satisfaction in having escaped an evil by the "skin of her teeth."

— A peculiar feature has appeared in various retail trades which may be regarded as an encouraging symptom of the artistic growth of the country. Formerly, when a frugal housewife bought a pound of tea, she had nothing in view save carnal gratification and the stimulation of sisterly good-fellowship. A tea-store at the present day offers an aspect widely different from that of similar establishments in by-gone years. You will see chests and Chinese paraphernalia if you examine closely; but these vulgar details are eclipsed by pictures flaring with color, framed as samples, and unframed for customers. The frugal housewife of A. D. 1880 buys her tea by the quantity, and sweetens it with a chromo. This is a familiar illustration, and undoubtedly the fact will be conceded that the average retail dealer studies not so much how to procure the best wares, but, subordinating earthy considerations, strives only to tickle the æsthetic palate of the community. The tendency is, however, still confined within retail limits. Probably it will ascend into the wholesale departments, and in time commercial quotations will be given not in commodities, but in chromos. None but stubborn conservatives will have any misgivings concerning this new phase of business activity. Taking it for a text, an essayist with the true German spirit in his soul might show how we are rapidly approaching a state of general culture which, in popular reverence for beauty, shall surpass that of the Athenians.

Perhaps it was from analogy that a similar innovation gave a new impulse to one branch of religious work. Time was when canvassers for Sunday-schools led a hard and bitter life. Fortunately

their compensation was in no wise dependent upon *per capita* results, but was fixed and as certain as many worldly things. Nevertheless, they toiled and took little. Vainly they threw out scraps of Hebrew history as bait; the scattering of crumbs broadcast instilled no appetite for the rest of the loaf.

The skilled missionary of the present day in the first place chooses his season. He does not address himself to the in-born craving for the marvelous, but is content with a single, forcible argument. Upon the distended retina of juvenile imagination he imprints an intoxicating vision, — a tree, tall and green and fragrant, that blossoms with light and bears strange fruit in late December!

The energetic preaching of this argument has met with great success, and, if one selects the proper time to happen into one or two of our mission Sunday-schools, he will be convinced that they are in a very healthy and vigorous condition. It is true, the story is related that of a class of eight boys who had been studying the biography of Jezebel during the month of December, and left her at the height of her success, only one was in at her death early in January, when she got her deserts. The other seven probably never heard what became of her. Perhaps they formed an erroneous and harmful impression that that wicked woman lived peacefully to a good old age.

But with those whose function ends with the actual gathering in, facts of this nature have no significance, and the only question is one of intrinsic morality. In the subject first alluded to this question, happily, does not arise. It is certainly unobjectionable to appeal to the higher instincts of mankind as a persuasion to proper regard for more homely wants and desires. But, when you come to the converse of the operation, tender consciences may well pause and hesitate in the decision. It might even be said that the offering of sensual

allurements as an inducement to religious observance is essentially Mohammedanism. But perhaps a sufficient answer is that such inducements are the only ones that will avail with Arabs of all nationalities.

— A few days ago I happened to pick up an old and well-nigh forgotten tale by George Sand, entitled *Lavinia*. It opened in a very spirited fashion, but had somehow a curiously familiar air. I could not rid myself of the impression that I had read it all before, and yet I was positive that the story under its present title had never come to my notice. I had not progressed far, however, before the mystery was solved: it was Owen Meredith's *Lucile* in French prose. The names, to be sure, had been metamorphosed, but the characters, whom they served as thin and ineffectual disguises, were essentially the same. Lord Alfred Vargrave in *Lavinia* is named Lionel, and his betrothed, whom he is just about to marry, Miss Margaret Ellis instead of Miss Darcey. The convenient cousin John is with George Sand the cousin of the heroine, and not of Lionel, but he is the same easy-going, devil-may-care fellow, though he is masked with the name of Henry. Even the situations are, with few exceptions, conscientiously copied and whole pages of the most animated epigrammatic dialogue are plagiarized, word for word, except where the exigencies of rhyme or metre require a deviation from the French original.

The first chapter in both books opens with a letter from the heroine, who has formerly been engaged to the hero, demanding that her letters be returned. In both cases ten years have elapsed since their last meeting, and it is needless to add that the result of the perilous *rendezvous* is the same. To convince the reader how daring the plagiarism is, I choose at random the scene in which Lord Alfred comes to fulfill *Lucile's* demand in regard to the old love-letters,

and print side by side George Sand's French and Owen Meredith's English text:—

LAVINIA.

Cette chambrette blanche et parfumée avait, en vérité, et comme à son insu, un air de rendez-vous; mais elle semblait aussi le sanctuaire d'un amour virginal et pur. Les bougies jetaient une clarté timide; les fleurs semblaient fermer modestement leur sein à la lumière; aucun vêtement de femme, aucun vestige de coquetterie ne s'était oublié à trainer sur les meubles; seulement un bouquet de pensées flettries et un gant blanc decousu gisaient côte à côte sur la cheminée.

Lionel, poussé par un mouvement irrésistible, prit le gant et le froissa dans ses mains. C'était comme l'étreinte convulsive et froide d'un dernier adieu. Il prit le bouquet sans parfum, le contempla un instant, fit une allusion amère aux fleurs que le composaient, et le rejeta brusquement loin de lui. *Lavinia* avait-elle posé là ce bouquet avec le dessein qu'il fût commenté par son ancien amant?

Lionel s'approcha de la fenêtre, et écarta les rideaux pour faire diversion, par le spectacle de la nature, à l'humeur qui le gagnait de plus en plus.

LUCILE.

VI.

This white little fragrant apartment, 't is true Seemed unconsciously fashioned for some rendezvous; But you felt by the sense of its beauty reposed, 'T was the shrine of a life chaste and calm. Half unclosed In the light slept the flowers; all was pure and at rest; All peaceful; all modest; all seemed self-possessed, And aware of the silence.

No vestige nor trace Of a young woman's coquetry • troubled the place;

Not a scarf; not a shawl;

On the mantel-piece merely

A nosegay of flowers, all withered, or nearly, And a little white glove that was torn at the wrist.

Impelled by an impulse too strong to resist, Lord Alfred caught, with a feverish grasp, The torn glove, and flung it aside with a gasp; It seemed like the thrill of a final farewell.

He took up the nosegay, without bloom or smell,

And inaudibly, bitterly muttered or sighed

Some rebuke to the flowers ere he laid it aside.

Had *Lucile* by design left the dead flowers there?

The torn glove? I know nothing. I cannot declare.

VII.

He turned to the window.

A cloud passed the sun; The breeze lifted itself, etc.

I flattered myself that I had been the

first to discover this unacknowledged relationship between Lucile and Lavinia; and I was duly conscious of my importance at the thought that I held the fate of so exalted a personage as the late viceroy of India in my hands. A friend, however, who is crammed with bibliographical lore, relieved me of this dread responsibility by informing me that the discovery had already been made in England, several years ago, but had for some reason failed to make a sensation. The public and the press seemed rather anxious to hush up the affair; perhaps because it impeached the honor of a British peer, and thus reflected remotely upon the national character. At all events, I have ascertained that on this side of the ocean Lucile is yet generally admired as an original production. Among the many to whom I have communicated my discovery not one was aware that it had been previously made; and some were even inclined to question the correctness of my conclusions, alleging that in all probability the resemblance was only remote and accidental.

— It is said to be a matter of speculation with naturalists why a turkey flies at a red rag, and bulls are inspired with fury at that splendid color. When they explain this fact, perhaps I shall find out why certain words exasperate me to an equal extent with these weak-minded animals when they see the tint I love best of all. I am supposed to be amiable to the point of folly, but when I encounter the expression "boyhood days" my amiability vanishes; "olden days" has the same effect; and if ever I commit murder it will be on some newspaper editor who persists in saying "an enjoyable time," and talking of "mine host" or "Mr. Smith and lady."

— In the November Atlantic, somewhere in one of those delightful Letters and Notes from England, Mr. White is surprised to find Madame de Pompadour's picture with blue eyes and fair hair. He says, "I had always thought

of the haughty, brilliant, scheming favorite of Louis XV. as a tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed woman." A rather long observation of human beings has driven me to another conclusion. I have found the worst feminine qualities almost invariably allied to the blonde style; not the green or gray eyed blonde, with straight, abundant hair and fresh coloring, but the sallow or pallid being, with light blue eyes and limp or waving hair, — an innocent-looking creature, with feline manners, *patte de velours*, and such claws! These are the women who delude and destroy men; who never forgive an injury or forget a slight; who smile and talk sweetly, and put on airs of meek piety or high art and refinement, but under all are scheming, unprincipled, false to the core. Did not Lucrezia Borgia have golden hair? Was not Lady Macbeth a Scottish woman, presumably with lint-white locks? Two of the worst and most brilliant women I ever knew had this style of complexion, and the lovely being whose picture was my childish adoration, who sat simpering over the library shelf in dear old uncle W.'s house, robed in satin and sables, her gold hair curling like a child's, her sapphire eyes as inscrutable as a deep spring, her rosebud lips soft and fresh as a baby's, and her taper white fingers crossed in her lap, was a virago, a drunkard, a woman without a symptom of principle, — the mystery and the curse of the old and honorable family she married into. Black-haired and dark-eyed women are quick-tempered, electric, generous, jealous probably, but full of relenting, and capable of being coaxed into or out of anything. Weak as to their affections, snappy as to their temper, warm of heart and hot of head, they are never very bad or very good, and are the delightful torment of every man who loves them and whom they do not love too much; but love makes slaves and fools of them, and they are ridiculously constant. It is the clear

gray eye, the thick, soft hair of flaxen or brown tint, the bloom of a tea-rose on a delicate skin, that inscribe the certificate of womanly perfection, — “a sweet assurance given in looks” that here is the real and ideal wife and mother.

— As to men marrying women older than themselves, are not modern story-writers a little responsible for this? I believe Dickens's *Dora*, to begin with, and a thousand repetitions of the same type, scare young men from giving their lives and homes into the hands of untaught girls, who have no idea of economy or comfort. Perhaps, again, the solution lies in the remark of a certain wicked deacon, who advised one of his friends to marry an old maid because she would always be so grateful!

After all, there is another point: age is not a matter of years altogether, any more than fascination is necessarily beauty; there are some people who never grow old. I have seen one of them, well over sixty, dancing a jig in the nursery, to the screaming delight of her grand-children; and I have seen, too, a young person of twelve with the forecast and management of sixty even about her paper dolls.

— The masculine world has been racked of late by the breaking of a financial bubble in Boston. It is not, of course, that misplaced confidence and culpable gullibility have never before fallen victim to fraudulent schemers, for “man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn,” and those who most loudly bewail this latest development can hardly have escaped in person some experience of pecuniary loss from such sources, to say nothing of the “countless thousands” of sufferers within their knowledge. In this case the special sting seems to be that the fraud emanated from and entrapped women. It is to be hoped that this legitimate, if somewhat disproportioned, horror will work reform of a pestilent evil in our house-

holds. The Nation, in one of the best articles called forth by the Boston catastrophe, makes the schools responsible for the ignorance of these recent sufferers. This is just, so far as the schools go or can be made to go, but is there not back of the schools a certain responsibility so inwrought with the very essence of paternity that it can never be righteously cast off upon our teachers, or clergymen, or statesmen?

In this matter of “financial education” (as in those other weighty matters of morals and manners which we are glad to see begin to insist on their rightful place in the curriculum of our schools) the uttermost that can be done by the most skillful teacher will be disappointing in its results unless backed and supplemented by home-teaching and home-practice. How our common schools, with their twenty minutes' recitations, can meet the obvious deficiencies of our common homes, in these particulars, is not an easy although an indispensable question for decision in this our day. Many a boy and girl recites glibly in the school-room not alone the Essentials of Grammar, but its most eccentric vagaries, who at home uniformly doubles negatives and divorces substantive and verb. Perhaps nothing short of genius in the teacher and special inspiration in the pupil can suffice to reveal to a child who hears only incorrect and rude speech at home that the rules of his grammar and rhetoric have the remotest connection with the language of his own daily life; and it would be passing strange if a similar obtuseness as to the practical application of manuals of morals, manners, and finance should not prevail were these to be added to the list of text-books. But it is in behalf of the better half of our households that this plan is offered, — better in wealth and intelligence and moral sense.

“I am amazed at the presumption of parents,” cried the principal of a famous young ladies' boarding-school. “They

send me their children again and again with the cool demand, 'Make my daughter orderly,' or 'truthful,' or 'gentle;' requiring from me during six months or a year of less intimate association and hampered opportunity what they have failed to accomplish for her in sixteen years or more of closest contact, and with every advantage of supreme authority and interest!"

But confining ourselves to the subject of financial education among our better families, where can it be so safely and thoroughly taught as at home and by the father, who, either as the custodian of inherited wealth, or the alert maker of his own fortune, has hourly opportunity not only to instruct theoretically, but also to point the moral and adorn the tale? It will require thoughtfulness and long patience to impart trustworthy theories, and much anxiety and occasional loss in subjecting them to the test of illustrative experiment, but surely the result will more than justify the outlay. It is easier for the husband and father not only to withhold this effort, but to confide all his business affairs solely to the grim silence of his safe and bank-book, and to lavish or dole (according to his natural disposition or passing mood) money for family bills without any word of instruction therewith; but he often purchases with this momentary ease to himself sad complications for his unenlightened family after his death, if not for himself through their ignorance beforehand. A man has no right to bring into such a world as this, and leave behind him when his own life ends, beings to whom money will be a necessity, without doing his uttermost to assure to them not only a competence, but the requisite knowledge and practice to keep and expend it wisely. Yet from thoughtlessness, misapprehension, or deliberate design the majority of men act all their lives on the plan of concealing from wife and children their true financial condition, and cherishing ignorance of money matters in these limp

dependents, as if that very ignorance were the Palladium of their safety!

Surely a man should not dare to make any woman his wife and the mother and trainer of his children who, though she may come to him ignorant through her parents' neglect, has not sufficient capacity to receive and profitably exercise his wise instructions in regard to the intrinsic value and proper use of money. If she be too dull or too treacherous to share his confidence in pecuniary affairs, alas for him and for those who shall be born of them in every graver concern of their joint lives! —

"What boots it at one gate to make defense,
And at another to let in the foe?"

But not a few men who would not think of affirming that "a mare could not be taught to pace," and do not really doubt woman's capacity and loyalty, yet act as if they so doubted in money matters at least. Their own families know less than the merest acquaintance of the amount and disposition of their property until death or financial ruin reveals all the past, and thrusts upon wife and child frightful, because unfamiliar, duties in the present and dread responsibilities for the future, for all of which they are utterly unfitted by previous education and habit. Not seldom in these last years of multiplied bankruptcy and defalcation has the bitter cry been wrung from the women of the stricken household, "If I had only known that we were living beyond our rightful income!" and again and again have these women, who were not trusted nor instructed financially in prosperity, taught themselves speedily, in adversity, lessons of thrift and the wise exercise of talents which if earlier learned and employed might have saved husbands and homes.

Sometimes through arbitrariness, — the determination to keep the reins of power in his own hands, — but often through mere short-sightedness and thoughtlessness, the majority of well-to-do men seem to go on through life ridi-

culing the stupidity and recklessness of women in business concerns, and yet never vouchsafing the least effort to make the women of their own households otherwise minded in these vital particulars. Suddenly death or hopeless insanity snatches the head of the family away, and the wife whom he had never allowed the least independent action in the investment or expenditure of funds, nor taught even how to draw a check or balance accounts, has thrust upon her, at a time when she is bewildered and broken by the loss of her husband, the entire burden of his property and liabilities. It seems at best a cruel kindness for one deliberately to make his wife executrix of property in regard to which, during their long life together, he has not made her the intelligent confidant and well-advised partner.

If your wife is incapable or incorrigible in money matters, it may or may not be your fault, but you cannot shirk the responsibility of your children's education to better opinions and practice. Better for your beloved daughter will it be to learn (even at the cost of some fortune and comfort on your part, and of much blundering and loss on hers), by practice under your watchful eye, how to expend a fixed income, with wise adjustment of all claims, personal, social, and charitable, than to let her go blindly on into a far more lavish inheritance without such instruction and practice. Let our schools teach the forms and minute technicalities of finance as indispensably as the multiplication-table, but let every able and loving father make sure, as the prosperous days go on, that his heirs thoroughly understand this wisdom of the schools, and most of all his own object-teaching at home.

— One of the most curious transformations which have come over the spirit of English fiction is the change in its attitude toward Americans. Time was when an American who ventured into an English novel did so only to be

sneered at, or at best to cut a grotesque figure: he was welcome in a low-comedy character to make fun, but as the heroic leading man making love he would be insupportable. This is all done away with, and the comic American has been thrust into the background, although he has not yet wholly disappeared. The favorite American now in English fiction is an American lady, and she is an example to all her British sisters. She is young and lovely and clever and highly cultivated and exquisitely dressed and immensely rich, and altogether charming. In Mr. Trollope's latest novel she plays a chief part; in *Miss Amelia* B. Edwards's *Lord Brackenbury*, where she is less important, she triumphs over the ill-mannered and antiquated representative of the English aristocracy; she has even come forward on the stage in Mr. H. J. Byron's slight but amusing comedy, *An American Lady*, and in an English adaptation of M. Sardou's *Rabagas*. Curiously enough, the coming of this amiability of the English novelist toward the American lady has been almost simultaneous with an extreme and growing discourtesy on the part of the American novelist toward the English gentleman. In Mr. Howells's novels and Mr. James's, and even in the photographic *Confessions of a Frivolous Girl*, the Englishman is pilloried for his ill-breeding. This is one of the sore points which Mrs. Sutherland Orr dwelt upon in her essay in the *Contemporary Review* on Mr. Howells and the *International Novelists*. From a study of the current fiction of the two countries, one might almost think that an English author describes an American whenever he wishes to evoke a charming vision, and that an American author, whenever he has need of a character without manners or with bad manners, unconsciously makes him an Englishman. The especial charge against the English traveler here seems to be that while he is here he "makes him-

self at home," — doing things, indeed, that he would hesitate to do at home; and that when he is at home, and his American host happens to be in England also, he is forgetful of his obligations and scarcely courteous. This accusation, that the traveling Briton, when once he gets him home again, is careless about requiting the hospitality shown him when abroad, is nothing new; I fancy that dozens of instances could be found scattered throughout the pages of English literature during the past century; but we doubt if the accusation has ever been more plainly presented than it is in Smollett's *Humphry Clinker*, which, it may be well to recall, was originally published in 1771. The passage is as follows:—

"Certain it is, we are generally looked upon by foreigners as a people totally destitute of this virtue [hospitality]; and I never was in any country abroad where I did not meet with persons of distinction who complained of having been unhospitably used in Great Britain. A gentleman of France, Italy, or Germany who has entertained and lodged an Englishman at his house, when he afterwards meets his guest in London, is asked to dinner at the Saracen's Head, the Turk's Head, the Boar's Head, or the Bear, eats raw beef and butter, drinks execrable port, and is allowed to pay his share of the reckoning."

Surely here is a frank confession, and a century old, too; even the Englishman we are told of in the *International Episode* did not behave worse than this.

—Several of my books are in the Tauchnitz Series, and this remark has more than once been made to me: "Does the law leave you helpless in this matter? Is there no way to keep Tauchnitz from pirating your books? Can't he be compelled to pay for them?" And when I reply, "Baron Tauchnitz never pirates anybody's books; never publishes a book without first getting the consent of the author or the author's heir; and publishes nobody's book without paying for it," the inquirer always seems surprised, and generally a little incredulous. But he has heard nothing but the truth, nevertheless. Tauchnitz is rigid about paying for every book he uses, and about having consent to publish. And more, the great German publisher not only pays for a book once, but—gird up the loins of your credulity, and prepare, for I am going to apply a good deal of a strain to it—there have been occasions when he has asked leave to pay for it a second time! Try to conceive of that, now, in this cast-iron commercial age! I received a letter from him lately, in which he says, "Your last book having sold more largely than I had calculated upon, I have the pleasure of forwarding to you my check for an additional amount." He had bought the book six or eight months before, and paid for it: in adding fifty per cent. to the original amount, he was paying what he conceived to be a moral debt. Legally, he owed me nothing. This is a man who should be spared harsh names and hasty conclusions.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Geography and Travel. The most important recent publication in this department is the new edition of Lippincott's *A Complete Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World*, which has been thoroughly revised, rewritten, and greatly enlarged.—*New Colorado and the Santa Fé Trail*, by A. A. Hayes,

Jr. (Harpers), is a collection chiefly of illustrated papers published recently in *Harper's Monthly*. Mr. Hayes prefixes the word *New* to his title as a reminder that the *Colorado* of Taylor and Bowles is already old. The book is a record of personal experience and observation, and professes to be

independent of any individual or associated interests. It is provided with a clew map. — *Summerland Sketches*, by Felix L. Oswald (Lippincotts), is further described by its sub-title, *Rambles in the Backwoods of Mexico and Central America*. It is an illustrated and picturesque account of extended excursions in the *alturas*, where vast tracts of woodland still remain. The reader is shown a Mexico which has scarcely known the Spaniard. — The Scribners have issued the second volume of Jules Verne's *The Exploration of the World*. It deals with the great navigators of the eighteenth century, and a generation which has grown up in ignorance of Captain Cook's voyages may here read the tales which once divided interest with Robinson Crusoe. — Mr. Oswald Crawford's *Portugal, Old and New* (Putnams), is neither an itinerary, a history, dissertation, nor diary, but gives in an agreeable style the impression produced on an intelligent traveler who was already fortified by an acquaintance with the history, language, and literature of the country. — A similar, but more formal work presents Holland and its People (Putnams). The author is Edmondo de Amicis, already known by his *Constantinople*, and he has given the results of his travel and study, freed from the accidents of his personal adventure. — *Current Views and Notes of Forty Days in France and England*, by John Swinton (Carleton), is a pamphlet in which the author's individuality is conspicuous. — Only a liberal construction permits us to class here *Ladies and Officers of the United States Army, or American Aristocracy*, by Duane Merritt Greene (Chicago: Central Publishing Company): a sketch of the social life and character of the army, which takes the writer especially among the frontier posts. — Dr. J. F. Clarke's sensible paper *On Giving Names to Towns and Streets* has been reprinted in a little pamphlet by Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

Poetry and the Drama. Mr. Edwin Arnold's *The Light of Asia* has been followed by a volume of *Poems* (Roberts), which find their inspiration largely in Oriental and Greek themes. — *The Flight into Egypt*, a narrative poem, occupies the most of a volume by Thomas E. Van Bebber (A. L. Bancroft & Co., Printers, San Francisco), and is preceded by a small collection of minor poems in the same volume. — The bicycle, besides its journal and various hand-books, has begun to give rise to a literature of its own: *Lyra Bicyclica, Forty Poets on the Wheel*, by J. G. Dalton (Boston: published for the author), is the clever title of a volume of parodies and imitations. — *Raymond, Lord of Ver* (London: Provost & Co.), is a drama of mediæval life in Normandy. — Mr. W. J. Rolfe continues his edition of *Shakespeare with King Lear*. We cannot find it in our heart to relegate these admirable little books to the department of education. They belong here as well as there. — The *Dramatic Works of Bayard Taylor* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) have been collected into a single volume, including *The Prophet*, *The Masque of the Gods*, and *Prince Deukalion*, with notes by Mrs. Taylor. — A volume of *Songs and Poems from the German*, by Ella Heath, has been issued by the Putnams; the translations are principally from Rück-

ert, Uhland, and Heine. — The lady who writes under the pseudonym of E. Foxton has brought together a volume of her poems under the title of *The Chapel and Other Poems* (Putnams). Readers of Sir Pavon and St. Pavon will not be slow to look for this volume. — *Echos et Reflets*, by E. Aubert (Paris: Boulangier; New York: Christern), is a volume of poetry by a Frenchman long resident in America, and drawing many of his themes from American life and history. — Mrs. Annie Fields' volume, *Under the Olive* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), draws its inspiration chiefly from the olive groves of the Ilissus. — Mr. James T. Fields has collected his recent poems into a volume of *Ballads and Other Verses* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). — Miss Lucy Larcom gives the title of *Wild Roses of Cape Ann* to a volume of verse, which will increase the legendary and poetical fame of that rocky coast (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).

Biography. *The Life of Charles Hodge, D.D.*, LL. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J., by his son, A. A. Hodge (Scribners), presents a man, chiefly through his autobiography, diaries, and letters, who has held perhaps the most conspicuous place of any theologian in the Presbyterian church in America. — *The Life, Times, and Correspondence of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin*, by W. J. Fitz-Patrick, LL. D. (Dublin: James Duffy and Sons) is a reissue in enlarged form of the work which appeared about twenty years ago, and an important contribution to the history of Catholic emancipation. — *Wrecked Lives, or Men who have Failed* (London: S. P. C. K.; New York: Pott, Young & Co.), is the title of two volumes by W. H. Davenport Adams, in which the careers of eminent men, as Rienzi, Wolsey, Swift, Savage, Chatterton, Robespierre, Heine, and others, are treated quite exclusively from the moralist's view. Poe is the only American who appears to have been found worthy to be classed with them. — Henry Boynton Smith, his *Life and Work* (Armstrongs), is a welcome record of the career of one of the greatest scholars in theology and history whom America has known.

Fiction. Tamenaga Shunsui was the Dickens of Japan, and like his Western parallel published his novels serially. Out of one which rambled through eighteen volumes, Shiuichiro Saito and Edward Greey have constructed *The Loyal Ronins, a Historical Romance* (Putnams). It is a direct translation, adapted, however, to the reader who asks to be interested rather than treated to a literal rendering. It professes to be more true to Japanese life than Mitford's *Tales*. — Auerbach's two recent stories appear simultaneously: *Brigitta*, in Holt's *Leisure Hour Series*, and the *Foresters*, in Appleton's *New Handy-Volume Series*. — *Mother Molly* (Putnams), by Frances M. Peard, author of the *Rose Garden*, is a historical romance in autobiographic form, the time being the latter part of the last century, and the scene on the west coast of England. — An anonymous novel, published by Roberts Brothers, bears the title *My Marriage*. — *Magdalen Férat* is Zola's latest story (Petersons). It is only less offensive than his previous books. — The latest novels in Harper's *Franklin*

Square Library are *Just as I Am*, by Miss Bradton, who shows poor taste in using a title half sacred in many people's eyes; *A Sailor's Sweetheart*, by W. Clark Russell, author of *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*, and like that book an argument in Plimsoll's hands; and *Three Recruits and The Girls they left Behind Them*, by Joseph Hatton. — In Harper's Half-Hour Series is a pathetic little story, *Missing*, by Mary Cecil Hay. — A new edition has been published of Mrs. Stowe's *Sam Lawson's Old Town Fireside Stories*, with additions (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). — A new novel by Henry Gréville, *The Princess Oghérof*, translated by Mary Neal Sherwood (Petersons), will be welcomed. — *The Strangers of Paris*, by Adolphe Belot, is followed by a sequel, *La Grande Florine*, translated by George D. Cox (Petersons). The *Osego Chronicles*, or, *The Kuylers and their Friends*, by Mary B. Sleight (Randolph), is a pleasing domestic tale. — *The Danbury Boom*, with a full account of Mrs. Cobleigh's action therein, by James M. Bailey (Lee and Shepard), is the latest of this special brand of American humor. — We wish we could be more sure that *Who is Your Wife?* is to be included in fiction. It is a little book, by Waldorf H. Phillips, LL. B. (New York: E. J. Hale and Son), which under the guise of colloquial sketches undertakes to illustrate the incongruities of the several divorce systems in the United States. The author seems more impressed by this than by the immorality involved.

Domestic Economy. A new edition has appeared of Marion Harland's *Common Sense in the Household* (Scribners), a book which has been worn out by excessive printing, and now reappears with additions and improvements.

Education. Mr. John Swett, principal of the San Francisco Girls' High School and Normal Class, has prepared *Methods of Teaching* (Harpers), a hand-book intended for those who propose or are engaged in common-school teaching, and dealing practically with their work. Methods in the whole range of teaching are described in detail. — Mrs. Farrar's *The Young Lady's Friend*, a book well known to our mothers before they were mothers, has been brought out anew by Porter and Coates of Philadelphia, with an Introduction by Mrs. H. O. Ward. The punctuation of the title-page, the scrupulous omission of Mrs. Farrar's name, and the ingenious composition of the introduction give the reader before unacquainted with the book an impression that the whole work is Mrs. Ward's. That lady is mentioned on the title-page as compiler of *Sensible Etiquette*. We know no sensible etiquette which justifies such a treatment of Mrs. Farrar. — Rev. Henry N. Hudson, the well-known Shakespeare scholar, has begun the reissue of his *School Shakespeare*, but as an entirely new work. Three volumes have been published, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, and *As You Like It* (Ginn and Heath), the first containing a general preface on English in schools, the second one on Shakespeare as a text-book, and the third one of suggestions on teaching Shakespeare. This last indicates well the editor's temper and his views as to Shakespeare for the young. It is strongly commended to those whom

it concerns, and the general reader will profit by an attentive consideration. A curious likeness to Mr. Ruskin's mind is discoverable in this expression of Mr. Hudson's. The volumes are very attractive in appearance. — *A New School Physiology*, illustrated and furnished with questions, by Richard J. Dunglison, A. M., M. D., has been published by Porter and Coates. — A useful book for teachers rather than for the class room is *School and Industrial Hygiene*, by D. F. Lincoln, M. D. (Blakiston, Philadelphia), one of the little series of American Health Primers, issued under supervision of Dr. W. W. Keen.

History. Old Paris, its Court and Literary Salons, by Catherine Charlotte, Lady Jackson (Holt), is a sketch of the Paris of the Seventeenth Century, that brilliant and classic period of French literature and society. — Rev. Joseph Henry Allen, lecturer on ecclesiastical history in Harvard University, has followed his *Hebrew Men and Times* with a somewhat similar book treating of the genesis of Christianity, under the title *Fragments of Christian History to the Foundation of the Holy Roman Empire* (Roberts). A chronological order is maintained in the papers, but they treat the general subject topically. — The second and final volume has appeared of Justin McCarthy's *A History of our own Times* (Harpers). It begins with a narrative of the Chinese troubles just before the Sepoy rebellion, and ends with a survey of the literature of the day. — Mr. Geo. H. Ellis, Boston, has brought into a neat octavo volume a report of the Proceedings of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Gathering in England, Departure for America, and Final Settlement in New England of the First Church and Parish of Dorchester, Mass., coincident with the settlement of the town. The anniversary was observed in the spring of 1880. — The *Early History of Charles James Fox*, by G. O. Trevelyan, Macaulay's nephew and biographer (Harpers), belongs rather to history than to biography. The subject has peculiar interest for Americans, and possibly some may even take a shame-faced comfort in a graphic picture of English political society when most brilliant and most venal. — Mr. Melville M. Bigelow's *History of Procedure in England* (Little, Brown & Co.) is a lawyer's examination of courts and the conduct of causes in Norman times, and as such presents certain phases of general constitutional history. — The American edition of *Epochs of Ancient History* (Scribners) is enlarged by a volume on *Troy, its Legend, History, and Literature*, by S. G. W. Benjamin, who makes special use also of Dr. Schliemann's investigations. The literature includes a digest of the controversy respecting the unity and authorship of the Homeric poems. It is furnished with a map. — The materials for American history have been enriched by the *Recollections and Opinions of an Old Settler*, Peter H. Burnett, the first governor of the State of California (Appletons).

Philosophy, Theology, and Religion. Professor J. P. Cooke's *Religion and Chemistry* appears in a new edition, revised (Scribners), and the author after a lapse of twenty years finds no occasion to alter the substantial argument of the book. — An-

other contribution to the discussion of science and religion is *The Creation and the Early Developments of Society*, by James H. Chapin, professor of geology and mineralogy, St. Lawrence University (Putnams). It includes an examination of the biblical account of the creation and first appearance of human society, and a statement of the results of recent anthropological investigation. — *The Eden Tableau, or Bible Object Teaching*, is called a study by its author, the Rev. Charles Beecher (Lee and Shepard). "He proposes," he says in his preface, "to attempt a more thorough and consistent application of the laws of analogic interpretation to one of the most interesting and vital portions of the Bible." — The Rev. Dr. F. C. Ewer, whose vigorous tract on the failure of Protestantism excited attention a few years ago, has put out a volume containing Four Conferences touching the Operation of the Holy Spirit, delivered at Newark, N. J. (Putnams). The author fortifies himself on the title-page behind the sanction of his bishop, the request of nine clergymen and an indefinite number of laymen in Newark, and the repetition by request in Boston, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn. All this caution leads the reader to look for Miching Mallecho. — *Scientific Transcendentalism*, by D. M., comes to us from Williams and Norgate, London. It is an inquiry into a knowledge of the mind as regards its highest manifestation. — *The Englishman's Brief on behalf of his National Church* (London: S. P. C. K. New York: Pott, Young & Co.) is a manual intended to cover the various questions in controversy. — A writer calling himself John B. T. sends a pamphlet entitled *Can the Air be at Rest while it is in Motion?* (New York: Livesey Brothers), explaining that if certain conclusions which he reaches are correct, the Copernican system, so far as regards the earth's rotation, is demonstrated to be false. — Dr. Schaff's *A Popular Commentary of the New Testament* (Scribners) has reached the second volume, containing the Gospel of John, by Professor William Milligan, of Aberdeen, and Professor William F. Moulton, of Cambridge, and the Acts of the Apostles, by Dean Howson and Canon Spence. The popular element is increased by the judicious use of illustrations and maps. The work avoids controversy, and is designed for those who ask to have the Bible explained, not defended. — From the Congregational Publishing Society, Boston, we have *A Pastor's Counsels to Young Christians in a series of Familiar Addresses following a Revival of Religion*, by Rev. A. C. Baldwin.

Literature. The Harpers have issued in uniform style with the works of Motley, Hume, Hildreth and others, an admirable and complete edition of Macaulay's *Miscellaneous Works*, in five volumes, edited by Lady Trevelyan. The set con-

tains all of his writings except the *History*, and is furnished with an analytical index. — *Four Centuries of English Letters*, edited and arranged by W. Baptiste Scoones (Harpers), is a reprint of an English book containing selections from the correspondence of one hundred and fifty writers from the period of the Paston Letters to the present day, and the letters are drawn from a great variety of sources: Cowper, for example, being represented by only seven and Nelson and Wellington by about the same number; there are but four from Dickens. The great number of writers makes thus a wide range of illustration. — *Hints for Home Reading* (Putnams) is a collection of papers by several writers upon books and their uses. They were originally published in *The Christian Union*, and intended to stimulate a love of good books and wisdom in the choice of books. Rev. Lyman Abbott, one of the editors of that journal, edits the book. — The series of *English Men of Letters* has been reinforced by Mr. Fowler's *Locke* (Harpers). — Mr. George H. Calvert has added to his Goethe, Wordsworth, and similar studies a volume entitled *Coleridge, Shelley, Goethe; Biographic Æsthetic Studies* (Lee and Shepard).

Art. Mrs. Fanny Raymond Ritter has translated, edited, and annotated a second series of Robert Schumann's essays and criticisms under the title of *Music and Musicians* (New York: Schuberth & Co.). The papers in this series are largely educational in their tendency, and comprehend Schumann's judgment upon a range of musical composition which extends from the opera to piano-forte music. — For fifty years Mr. James E. Murdoch has been on the stage in this country and in England; he has gathered his recollections of Actors and Acting during that time into a series of *Dramatic Sketches*, entitled *The Stage* (Philadelphia: Stoddart). The book has a portrait and also a biographical sketch of the author by another hand. — Mrs. Susan N. Carter has undertaken to collect into portable and inexpensive volumes the most pregnant and useful hints upon art which have been given by artists and scholars. Her first series of *Art Suggestions from the Masters* (Putnams) draws from Reynolds, Bell, Hazlitt, and Haydon,

Illustrated Books. The Putnams have issued an edition here of a pretty volume containing Washington Irving's *Little Britain*, *Spectre Bridegroom*, and *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, illustrated by Charles O. Murray. The English interpretation of the last story is closer in the figures than in the architecture. — A new edition of *American Poems* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) appears on larger paper, with a red-line border and with illustrations, taking it still further out of the range of mere text-books. Other illustrated books are reviewed elsewhere in these pages.